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TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT

MY LORD,

The name of Charlemont belongs to a brilliant period in Ireland's history, when England, unable to protect the people she had enslaved, told them to protect themselves, and the slaves forged their broken fetters into swords.

That was the glorious time when Ireland, Minerva-like, sprang completely armed from the wrong-headed Jupiter.

That period was partly the result of, and not far removed from the time and circumstances of which the historic portion of this story treats, and therefore I dedicate it to the worthy successor of the General-in-Chief of the Irish Volunteers. Your Lordship's family has ever stood by Ireland in the worst of times, and left a noble example that devoted patriotism is not inconsistent with spotless loyalty to the Sovereign.

A false outcry has too often been raised against Ireland, that she will "never be quiet":—let any one, in a candid spirit, look to her history, past and present, and he will admit that no country so misgoverned could enjoy tranquillity. If her history were better known in the land that rules her destinies, I think more of justice would accrue to her in public opinion; and therefore have the humble efforts of my pen been directed to sprinkle a few grains of instructive fact through the following fiction, hoping thus to coax the reader into a sense of even tardy justice to a country and a people amongst the finest in the world.

However much I may have failed in this object, I am sure your Lordship will give me credit for the honesty of the intention; and therefore, with the warmest expression of admiration for your Lordship's patriotic spirit, I commend my work to your notice, and dedicate it to your merits.

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's very humble,
and most obedient servant,

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Charles Street, Berners Street, London,
January 1st, 1844.*

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT £. S. D.

IF any reader should think the title of my book¹ an odd one, and mutter to himself, “£. s. d. ! — what does that mean ?” — to him I beg, in Irish fashion, to answer by putting another question, “What does it not mean ?” These Roman initials for Pounds Shillings and Pence, have a more extended meaning than could be treated of in a preface, — a deeper hold upon human affections than many would like to own. There is magic in this triumvirate of letters, which, representing money, governs the world. Youth and beauty are slaves to age and ugliness, by £. s. d. Valour and good faith are beaten by cowardice and treachery, through £. s. d. Wars have begun, and peaces have been bought, through £. s. d. National rights and national wrongs have been based on £. s. d. Where lies the root of most senatorial questions ? — In £. s. d. The aspirations which stir our souls, under the name of ambition, are too often but the illuminated letters, £. s. d. In short, the golden fleece is branded with £. s. d.

In placing Irish Heirs and £. s. d. in juxta-position, I have made an alliance quite in the spirit of a work of

¹ The original title at the heads of the pages was “£. S. D., and Treasure Trove.”

fiction, for, unfortunately, the Pounds Shillings and Pence are not, in reality, the invariable concomitants in Irish Heirships. Irish Heirs too often find themselves in the position of that particular one once described to an enquiring traveller by his Hibernian guide, who said that Mister So-and-So "was heir to five thousand a-year—that was spent." But such are the heirs for the author. There is nothing to be said of a man who inherits a fortune smoothly, lives a regular, respectable life, and dies decently and quietly in his bed. Out on all such! Were the world made up of these, what an unromantic world it would be! As Irish Heirs seldom have the luck to be such uninteresting persons as these who have raised my indignation, they are the heirs after an author's heart; and as their patrimonies mostly departed with their forefathers, waifs and strays and money found must be considered legitimate Irish Heirships; and with this declaration I start with a tale of Treasure Trove, as the first of the series of *£. s. d.*; and, as I very respectfully present *£. s. d.* to the public, I hope they will generously return *£. s. d.* to their obliged and grateful servant,

SAMUEL LOVER.

*Charles Street, Berners Street, London,
January 1st, 1843.*

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Etched by W. H. W. Bicknell from drawings by Samuel Lover

He Would be a Gentleman or, Treasure Trove

CHAPTER I

STRANGERS ON THE RACE-COURSE

MORE than a hundred years have passed since the hero of this story existed, and the wild and dangerous days of that period were more productive of romance than our tamer and safer times: we premise thus much, to account for some of the surprising adventures recorded in our story, and do not begin with our "hundred years ago," to induce the belief that our tale smacks of antiquarian profundity. By no means — we are not profound nor grand — even our HERO was of very humble origin; and, as far as the chances of his early position are concerned, had not the smallest right to be ever heard of out of the street he was born in, and certainly would have died unchronicled, but for his devouring passion for all that was genteel; in short — *He would be a gentleman.*

He was the son of one Denis Corkery, an honest, and humble, though wealthy trader, in the ancient town of Galway, and his wife, Mary, which sweet, poetic name, Denis *would* vulgarise into "Molly." This son of Denis, however, was christened Edward, in deference to his mother, who thought it more genteel than Denis. But Denis took his revenge, by never calling him anything but Ned.

2 *He Would be a Gentleman*

Ned, however, inherited, in the female line, a desperate hankering after all that belonged to the upper ranks. Even when a child, his very name sounded unpleasantly in his ear; he would mumble over "Corkery" to himself in disgust, and wish he was called Burke, or Blake, or Fitzgerald; or Macnamara. As he grew up, he looked wistfully after every well-mounted cavalier who pranced gallantly up the street, and the full-toned rumble of some grand family coach was music to him, while the sharp rattle of a country car was a nuisance. He would run to the counter of his father's shop, and listen eagerly to the more refined accents of a lady or gentleman customer, but he showed no desire for that place of business when vulgarians were carrying on their traffic. These peculiarities of the boy (whose mother died while he was young) were unnoticed by his father, a plain, painstaking man, who, having scrambled his way upward from the lowest class, had the ambition, so general in Ireland, to see his son possess "school knowledge," the want of which he so much regretted—and, perhaps, overrated, as men do other things of which they are not possessed. Accordingly, he gave him all the advantages of the best school within his reach, whereby the boy profited so well, that the master soon bragged of his pupil, and the father looked forward to the cultivated mind of his son with a prospective pleasure never to be realised; for all this but stilted the boy more and more above his natural level, fed the mental disease with which he was infected,—in short, to speak antithetically, *strengthened his weakness*. The more Ned learned, the more he liked *gentility*; and when, having learned just enough to make him conceited, he retired finally from school, his father's friends and acquaintances, whom, with a profuse hospitality, the father gathered round him, were looked down upon for their ignorance and vulgarity; and the more the youth grew, the more repugnance he showed to engage in his father's trading,

which could open to him no better company than the punch-drinking community amongst whom he was daily thrown. It may be questioned, how a boy should entertain a dislike to vulgar company, without ever having seen what was superior; many believing that we can only arrive at conclusions upon this subject by comparison. But the more observant may have had occasion to remark, that, in some minds, there is a natural dislike to everything coarse; and examples may be seen, even in the same family, of the wide difference often existing between children whose education has been equal, in their native adaptation to vulgar or refined habits. On a mind open to impressions, the slightest opportunities will suffice to stamp the difference between vulgarity and good breeding. In his father's shop, the boy had observed the contrast between the superior orders of his father's customers, and his father's acquaintances. The stripling, further grown, on the neighbouring race-ground, was not insensible to the difference between the daughter of a farmer on her pillion, and the daughter of a squire on her side-saddle. The more refined accent of the one fell on his ear more graciously than the broad brogue of the other; and what produced a coarse laugh in the country girl awoke but the smile of the lady. Such things will always make their impressions on intelligent minds, let those who like say nay; for occasional glimpses of refinement may sometimes effect more results in a sensitive shopkeeper, than an academy of punctilio could produce upon an obtuse man of a higher grade. But, be this as it may, such an action was going forward in young Corkery's mind, however it got there, and soon began to produce unhappiness between the father and son; not that the latter ever openly expressed his feelings, but the former was shrewd enough to see, almost as soon as the other felt, this growing repugnance to the consequences of his station; and many was the accusation of "Puppy," and "Jackanapes," hurled at poor Ned by the indignant

4 *He Would be a Gentleman*

trader, who, occasionally, when moved overmuch, relieved his mind by indulging in sundry curses on the hour that “put it into his head to rear up his own child to be ashamed of the *father that bore him*.” Now this was not fair to the youth, for it was not true, and only aggravated the cause of disunion.

Did the stripling wish, in return, he had never been educated? — No. To whatever trials and troubles one may be exposed by education, however much it may render the feelings by cultivation more sensitive, and, consequently, more liable to be wounded, I believe none who ever possessed the prize would relinquish it. The utmost the young man ever ventured to retort, was the natural question — if his father could expect that education would not make some difference in him?

“To be sure, I think it should make a differ. It should make you more knowledgable; but, instead o’ that, it’s a fool it made o’ you. And it should make you conversible; but, instead o’ that, it’s the devil a word you’ll say to anybody, — thinkin’ no one good enough to spake to you. And it should make you more ’cute in thrade, by rayson of fractions, and aligbera, and the cube root; and a betther marchant, by rayson of jogriphy, and a knowledge o’ foreign parts, and the like o’ that; but it’s thinkin’, I am, you turn up your nose at a marchant, my young masther; and it’s po’thry, and pagan hist’hry, and panthenions you have crammed your numskull wid, till there’s no room in it for common sinse, at all, at all. What is it you’d like to do wid yourself, I’d like to know? I suppose you’d fancy an aisy life, and would like to be put ’prentice to a bishop — eh? Or, maybe, it’s a jintleman all out, you’d like to be? Well becomes you, indeed! — owld Corkery’s son a *jintleman*, and his owld friends laughin’ at him!”

If the son attempted to slip in an apologetic phrase, as “Indeed, Sir!” — or, “’Pon my word, father!” — he was silenced directly with a “Whist, whist, I tell you!

—howld your tongue — did n't I see you lookin' at Miss Macnamara the other day? Bad luck to you — how dar you lift your eyes to a Macnamara — the owldest blood in the counthry? The dirt on her shoes is too good for you, you puppy!"

"Indeed, Sir ——"

"Whist, I tell you! — shut your face, and give your red rag a holiday — you're too fond o' waggin' it, so you are. The consayted dhrop's in you, I tell you. What am I to do wid you? Thrade's not good enough for you! How genteel we are, to be sure! — your sarvant, Sir! I suppose you'll want to *turn prodistint* next. You'll be of the *ginteele religion*, I go bail. I would n't wonder! 'Faith, you'll go to the divil yit, Ned. Oh, wirra! wirra!"

The end of these frequent bickerings was, that Ned, to escape from his father's trade, his father's reproaches, and his father's friends, requested permission to go a voyage with the captain of a trading ship whom the old man chanced to know in the course of his business. This was not quite to the taste of either of the parties — the father disliking it decidedly, the son only looking forward to it as a step to something else. The latter, by reading romantic scraps of sea voyages, got his imagination inflamed with the charms of nautical adventure. The former made a long calculation that a voyage in a trading ship was at least a step towards commerce, and hoped that when his son should be sufficiently tired of "sailing," as he called it, he might settle down into a mercantile man.

Under these circumstances it was agreed between the parties, that three months should elapse before the decisive step should be taken, after which time, if Ned found he could not settle down to business at once, his father consented to let him try the sea. During these three months, therefore, Ned had more liberty and fewer reproaches than he had ever known in his life — the

6 *He Would be a Gentleman*

father hoping, by such indulgence on his part, to make the shore more agreeable, and the sea less tempting; and Ned was not slow to take advantage of this leave.

Among other amusements, Ned especially loved horse-racing; and a forthcoming trial of strength between some of the best horses and most dashing bloods in the country promised rare sport, and set the pleasure-goers on the tip-toe of expectation. At the approaching races, one match beyond all others excited most interest, between two very celebrated horses to be ridden by their owners, both of sporting notoriety, but of very different characters,—the one being rather conceited and stand-off in his manners, the other familiar and frank; the former being satisfied of his great attraction among the fair sex,—the latter quite as anxious for, but not quite so sure of, their smiles; Mr. Daly being perfectly certain he had but to ask and have favours, while young Kirwan (or *Kierawaun*, as the admiring peasants called him) was grateful for as much as was granted. They were both handsome, only that the good looks of the latter were increased by the expression of gay good humour that played on his sportive countenance, while the *temper* of the former often militated against more than his good looks.

On the day of the race in question the neighbouring town poured forth the sport-loving portion of its inhabitants, and the peasant population were, as usual, in great force, on the race ground. As the hour of trial drew near, so did the ponderous carriages-and-four of the gentry, with the gay cavalcade of the rank and *younger* beauty of the neighbourhood, whose heavy saddles, studded with silver nails and ornamented with gold fringe, marked a distinction in rank which the plainer equestrian appointments of our time do not indicate. Amongst *these* beauties was the identical Miss Macnamara, to whose pretty face Ned had been accused by his indignant father of lifting his eyes, and maybe Ned

was not there in time to catch the first glimpse of the graceful Amazon as she cantered up the course toward the group of carriages and glittering cavalcade that clustered round the winning-post.

But ah! — fleeting is the triumph of beauty! — even the triumph achieved over the hearts of despairing burghers. Before Miss Macnamara had arrived, a newer and more commanding *belle* had displaced her in the heart of the susceptible Ned, who stood transfixed as he gazed on the face of a young and lovely girl whose beauty attracted universal attention, as she took up her place beside a stern-looking man of middle age, whose costume of somewhat heavier cut than that of the gentry surrounding, and bronzed visage, imparted a foreign air to his appearance. A servant, mounted on a stout horse, was in attendance upon them, and many questions passed amongst the assembled throng touching “who they were;” but no one knew. Ned took up the closest position he could maintain near them, and while he feasted his eyes on the unknown beauty, little dreamt of the damage he was doing to his heart all the time. — It was that sort of entrancement which woman alone can achieve, and which tongue or pen cannot tell, and those can only know who have felt; therefore we shall say nothing about it, but leave it to the imagination or sympathy of the reader to guess or feel how Ned was suddenly enslaved.

A shout disturbed him from his trance; — it was the appearance of the racers, who paced before the assemblage of the *élite* as they passed onwards towards the starting post. The usual bustle of the moment prevailed — the admiration of the horses, the expression of hopes for one, and doubts of another, the excitement of betting, the watchfulness of the start; and then, as the changes of the race round the plain were perceptible, the intenser interest of the brief struggle, till the last breathless moment of suspense, when the straining steeds, urged to

8 *He Would be a Gentleman*

their utmost energies, are seen coming up to the goal — the sod resounds beneath their rapid stroke — the thunder increases — the very earth trembles — they seem to fly! — they are past!! — a shout rends the sky!!! — the race is over.

Brief pleasure! — not so the pain for those who have lost their money. Such were races then — as they are now — *only they were somewhat honester.*

That race being over, the most interesting contest of the day was next in succession. The company had not long to wait; — a cheer announced the approach of Mr. Daly, who, mounted on a splendid horse and exquisitely dressed, approached the principal group of spectators. He paraded up and down for some time, manifestly pleased to exhibit himself and his horse, and a furtive glance cast into the principal carriages betrayed his desire to know how much he was admired.

While he was thus amusing himself, a thundering shout, mingled with roars of laughter, disturbed his serenity, which was soon overcast by an expression of the darkest anger as he saw the cause of the cheers and the merriment, which were provoked by the appearance of young Kirwan, cantering up towards the group of rank and beauty on a shaggy little pony without a saddle, while he himself was attired in a coarse frieze jacket, tied round his middle with a straw rope, while on his head, instead of a hunting cap, a peasant's *caubeen*, with a *gad*¹ for hatband, holding a *dhudeen*² was rakishly stuck on one side. From under this hat Kirwan's sportive smiles displayed his white teeth, as he rode laughing up and down along the line of carriages, whence answering mirthful recognition was showered upon him, while his rival horseman could not conceal his rage at thus having his trim attire ridiculed as it were; he approached Kirwan, and said with as much calmness as he could command, —

¹ A peeled osier twisted.

² Stump of a pipe.

"Do you mean this for a joke or an affront, Mr. Kirwan?"

"A joke, to be sure."

"It is a very bad one, then, Sir."

"Sure an affront would be worse?"

"It *may be so*," said the other, putting spurs to his horse, intending to gallop to the starting post; but the horse, an ill-tempered animal, instead of obeying this summons as it was meant, plunged violently and engaged in an angry struggle with his rider, who finally conquered, however, and rode him to the post.

This was all Kirwan wanted: — he knew the horse and rider were both ill-tempered, and his grotesque dress was assumed for the purpose of provoking the fury of the animal through the vanity of his master, and thus, with a horse of inferior power, but gentler nature, securing the winning of the race. After making a few jokes with the ladies, who were yet enjoying his absurd costume, he cantered his pony after his angry rival, and, on arriving at the starting post, alighted, and sprang into the saddle of the racer, which was there held in waiting for him.

After some false starts, arising from the sulky horse of Mr. Daly, "Whip, spur, and away!" were successfully answered to, and off went the competitors. But the tussle between Daly and his steed were fatal to his hopes. — If there be a time when horse and man should, as the Mexicans imagined, be one animal, it is in the race: if they go not together, they go not at all. — For a time the race was contested, but the temper of Daly's horse once roused, was irretrievable, and the brute, bolting at the last turn, Kirwan won in a canter.

The shouts of *Kierawaun! Kierawaun!!* were deafening, and Daly made the best of his way to the stables.

Immediately after this race, while Ned was bestowing his attention on the fair unknown, the gentleman with whom she rode addressed some words to her, and after-

wards to their attendant, and she at once cantered off the course, followed by the servant, while he of the bronzed visage followed, in an opposite direction, in the wake of the crowd, which, as soon as the heat was over, rapidly cleared the course, and hurried to an adjoining field, where cock-fighting occupied the intervals between the races. The cock-pit was very simple in its construction — no regularly levelled platform for the combatants nor inclined planes of seats for the spectators. The fairest portion of a pasture ground was taken for the field of battle — a circle, marked by fresh-cut twigs stuck in the earth, around which gentle and simple crowded and got a sight of the sport as best they might, — the gentle mostly mounted, it is true, who thus overtopped their neighbouring pedestrians; but often, as a late arrival on horseback placed the new comer beyond the point of view, he would dismount, and leaving his horse to the care of some *gilly*, push amongst the mass of the peasants, who made ready way as his presence declared him to be of the upper class, while, if “the handlers” within the ring caught sight of such a personage, they urged the populace to give place by strong representations of their unworthiness to see the sport before their betters.

“Back out o’ that, Dimpsy, I tell you! — Is it stoppin’ his honour o’ Menlough you ’d be?”

Dimpsy made himself as small as possible, and the Blake came forward.

“Cock you up, Shaughnessy, and is it you ’ud see the cock-fight afore the quality? — Make way for his honour, Misther Lynch.”

Shaughnessy squeezed back, and Mr. Lynch pressed forward, while another handsomely dressed candidate for the front row followed in his wake.

The handlers shouted, “Way for his honour the honourable Misther Daly — hurra! for Dunsandle! — way I bid ye!”

While such exclamations were ringing on every side,

and the crowd swaying to and fro, Ned had obtained a foremost place amidst the bystanders around the ring, and observed, conspicuous amongst the horsemen, him of the foreign aspect.

His attention, however, was more forcibly arrested by the presence of a blind man, who struggled hard to keep a foremost place in the ring, and whose endeavours for such accommodation everyone of the peasantry seemed willing to aid, while kindly expressions towards his pitiable state were mingled with merry allusions to the utter uselessness of one deprived of sight occupying a front rank to *see* the sport. But at the same time that this mingled pity and merriment went forward, there seemed to exist a degree of respect towards the man, quite at variance with pity or jesting, and difficult to account for, but for the leathern pouch at his side, whence some ivory-tipped tubes of box-wood protruded, and showed cause for the affectionate attention of the peasants. — He was a piper; and who, in the Land of Song, would not stand well with the minstrel? — one ever prized in Ireland, through the most endearing associations, either as the traditional transmitter of ancient bardic effusions at the wake, the mirthful stimulator of nimble feet at the fair, the contributor to love or fun in musical plaint or planxty; or, perchance, the exciter of sensations darker and more secret, by the outpouring of some significant strain which had hidden meaning in its phrases, and bore hope and triumph in its wild cadence.

All the influence arising from such causes *Phaidrig-na-pib*¹ held pre-eminently; and “Stand fast, Phaidrig,” and “I’m with you, Phaidrig,” and “Hold by me, Phaidrig,” were amongst the ejaculations which greeted the piper, as offers of assistance were made to him on all sides. The “dark”² man was pitied, though the blind witness of cock-fighting might make food for

¹ Patrick of the Pipes.

² A phrase applied to the blind.

mirth. But though he could not see, he took deep interest in the savage sport, and would bet on the fate of the battles, enquiring only who was the owner of the birds, and what their colours; on knowing these, his knowledge of the various breeds of the cocks would decide him in backing the combatants, and mostly he was right in his selections.

The ring was now crowded to suffocation, and a movement between the handlers promised a commencement of the encounter, when a fresh commotion in the crowd indicated another struggler from the rear to the front. He was caught sight of by the officials within the ring, and "Room" was called for his honour Misther Bodkin; but the serried mass seemed too compact to admit of another being. "Arrah, boys, is it keeping out Misther Bodkin you'd be?"

"Faix, and if he was a needle instead of a bodkin, 't would be hard for him to get in here," said Phaidrig.

"Sure, he's like a needle in one respect, any how," returned the handler — "he has an eye in him; and as you have not, you might give him your place, and stand behind."

"Sure, if I'm blind, that's a rayson I should have a front place," says Phaidrig, "as a man with eyes has a better chance of seeing."

The crowd paid the good natured tribute of a laugh to Phaidrig's pleasantry upon his own misfortune, and the handler sought another person to displace for his honour Misther Bodkin, who at length got into the front, and the battle began.

The usual hasty offers and acceptances of wagers on the contending birds rang in rapid succession among the mounted gentlemen in the crowd, and those who held the front standing-places in the circle. It was the first time Ned had ever seen a cock-fight, and his attention was distracted for a time between the fierce conflict of the birds and the sounds of triumph or dismay which

followed the blows or the falls of either, and the bets which were offered or doubled in consequence; but all these gave place at last to observation of the blind man, whose excitement surpassed that of all others as the fight proceeded, and who appeared by his exclamations to know, as well as those who could see, the vicissitudes of the battle; his sense of hearing seemed to give him the power of distinguishing between the strokes of the combatants, as an occasional exclamation of "Well done, red cock!" sufficiently proved; and the crow of each bird seemed as familiar to his ear as the voice of an acquaintance.

The fight between the first pair of cocks was over, and a fresh pair produced: as they were brought into the ring; one of them challenged, and on hearing his bold clarion-like defiance, Phaidrig's countenance brightened, as he exclaimed, "That's the cock for winning — I know his shout — 't is the Sarsfield breed."

"That is not the name I give the breed," said a handsome cavalier, of noble appearance, who was mounted on a splendid horse.

"But that *is* the breed, my lord," said Phaidrig, nowise daunted by the voice of the nobleman; "sure I know it, egg and bird for long ago — and what better name could a bowld breed have?"

Phaidrig's answer was relished by the crowd, who evinced their pleasure by a low, chuckling murmur, over which the voice of the nobleman was heard rather reprovingly to the piper, telling him "his chanter¹ was too loud."

"Sure the noble Clanrickarde should be the last to turn a deaf ear to the name," retorted Phaidrig, "when one of the fair daughters of De Burgo was wife to the bold Sarsfield."

"Put down the cocks," said Lord Clanrickarde, anxious to terminate the parley.

¹ The principal pipe of the set.

As the birds were set opposite to each other, the strange cavalier exclaimed, "Five guineas on the black bird."

As the Pretender was known to be often designated in Ireland under the *sobriquet* of the "black bird," every eye was turned towards the stranger as he uttered the words, and angry glances, as well as those of admiration, were bent on him, — the angry ones openly, from the consciousness that those who gave them were backed by authority, — the others, timidly and furtively, as indicating an unlawful desire.

A stern horseman beside the stranger, in answer to his offered bet, said, "The black *cock*, you mean."

"The black bird!" returned the stranger.

"The cock!" repeated his neighbour.

"A cock is a bird, Sir, I believe," the stranger returned coldly, and then repeated his bet, "Five guineas on the black bird!"

"Done!" said his stern neighbour, more influenced by the spirit of political opposition than cock-fighting.

This altercation had so far operated on the handlers, that they paused in their duties, and the battle did not begin until the word "Done" had been uttered; then the birds were let loose, and rushed eagerly on each other.

An interest was imparted to the contest, beyond that of the mere sport, from the words by which it was precluded; and the spectators saw in the two cocks the champions, as it were, of two parties; and hopes and fears, almost superstitious, were attached to each stroke of the combatants, whose blows were exchanged fiercely and rapidly, for both the birds were high game. At last the black received a double stroke of his adversary's spurs, which brought him to the ground, and a cheer of triumph rose from the surrounding gentry, as the handlers rushed forward to disengage the birds.

"Two to one on the red!" cried several gentlemen,

and another cheer arose on their part, while a breathless silence reigned amid the crowd of peasants, foremost amongst whom Phaidrig-na-pib bent his head over the ring in the act of eager listening.

"'T was only a body blow, you say," muttered Phaidrig to a neighbour.

"Yes," whispered the other.

"Then, no matter," said the piper; "he'll bide his time and hit his match in the head. I know the breed well — they always strike for the head."

The birds were again set in opposition. The black went in boldly, and made a vigorous dash at his enemy.

"Well done! he's strong yet!" muttered Phaidrig.

A bold bout now ensued between the birds; their wings flapped fiercely against each other, and some ugly blows were exchanged, but it was evident that the double stroke the black had received was telling against him; he bled profusely, and exhibited symptoms of weakness, yet still his courage failed not, and he continued to exchange blows, until another heavy stroke from the red brought him down, and a fresh shout of triumph rose from the gentlemen.

"Behold the fate of your 'black bird' now, Sir!" said he of the stern visage to the stranger.

"A battle is not lost till it is won, Sir!" was the answer.

A dead silence ensued, during which the handlers were counting time, for the victorious red cock, having disengaged himself, was left to tread the field in triumph, while his sable adversary lay drooping on the ground, which was stained with his life-blood.

For a few seconds, the red eyed his stricken foe, and stood as if on guard, in expectation of a fresh attack; but when he saw his head gradually droop, he seemed at once to understand that so bold an adversary must be beaten, or he would return to the assault, and with an air of conquest he stepped proudly towards him, and

standing right over him, flapped his wings, and raising his head to its proudest height, he crowed his triumph over his fallen foe.

The sound acted like magic on the dying bird. The trumpet of victory could not more have stirred the heart of a vanquished hero. It was manifest the cock could not have struck another blow, if his enemy had not crowed over him; but the insult roused him at his last gasp, and the defenceless position of his foe placed him within the reach of vengeance. And vengeance was the work of an instant; he made one convulsive spring from the ground, and his spurs clashed together through the brain of his exulting adversary, who dropped dead under the expiring victor. A wild shout rose from the peasantry, and vexation was depicted in the countenances of the gentry.

"Is he dead?" asked the owner of the red cock.

"As a stone, your honour," answered the handler.

"And there goes the black now," said the other handler, as the gallant bird stretched himself in death. "'T is a pity such a bit of game should ever die!"

"Give him into my hands here, for one minute," cried Phaidrig-na-pib; whose request was granted by the handler.

Phaidrig pressed the bird to his heart, and in his native language vented a wild outpouring of eloquent lament for the "*black bird*," in which many an allusion of an exciting character was caught up by the populace; and Lord Clanrickarde, not approving of the temper they exhibited, very judiciously put an end to the cock-fight, by saying it was time to run the last heat of the race.

He gave example to the gentry by his own act of galloping at once to the winning post, and was followed by a crowd of horsemen, most of whom cursed the unlucky chance of the fight. The peasantry drew off in another direction, in the train of Phaidrig-na-pib, who, "yoking"

his pipes, poured forth the spirit-stirring strain of "*The Blackbird*," and the shrill chanter, as it rang across the plain, to such admirable music, but questionable loyalty, was —

"Unpleasing most to noble ears."

CHAPTER II

NED CORKERY INVOLVED IN AN AWKWARD ADVENTURE

AFTER this day of excitement, the night brought, with its darkness, silence also, over the town of Galway ; and, to judge from the quiet within its narrow streets, out of doors, one might think it brought peace likewise ; but it was not so. Could the interior of many of its ancient domiciles be seen, the excitement of more than wine would have been apparent, and the turn the cock-fight assumed brought from its lurking-place many a feeling laid by, as the possessor thought, for ever. But such feelings, like our great-grandmother's state suits, were too often laid by, only to be brought out on favourite occasions, and sometimes, more unfortunately, were left as heirlooms. And though it is long since we have laughed at this custom of our grandmothers, the other we have likened to it has, unfortunately, long survived it, and is only now left off because, thank Heaven, it is worn out. Party will lose its pattern as well as silk, and time crush the stiffness of creeds as well as brocades ; hoops and wigs will flatten and lose their beauty in spite of buckram and powder, and other high things, as well as high-heeled shoes, be content to come down to a reasonable level.

But, to return to Galway ; many a dinner and an after-bout of drinking the town saw that day, comprising the proudest names and the humblest. A sporting occasion, such as the one just mentioned, is sure to spread the board, even in our degenerate times, which are as nothing, if we may believe chronicles, to those

of our fathers, when the "pottle-deep" potations were in vogue, and a more indiscriminate hospitality exercised. It will not be wondered at, therefore, that at a later hour of the night, many a hot-headed blade had to traverse the dark town, more ready to give than to take an affront, and the better-humoured ready, at least, for "sport," which, after dinner, in all times, meant giving somebody else annoyance, and bears the same definition to this day.

Ned Corkery was one of the out-of-door people, who was returning, after a dinner, to the parent roof, where he expected a reprimand for staying out so late, when his attention was attracted by a lantern borne by a gentleman, on whose arm a lady leaned; and, as Ned passed, the light of the lantern, flashing on her face, discovered the features of the beautiful girl who had so smitten him on the race-course. He paused as they passed; they were followed by a blind man and his dog, and Phaidrig-na-pib was easily recognised. Ned followed the light of the lantern with longing eyes, knowing it showed the fairy foot of the sweet girl where to pick her steps; and when a projecting abutment of one of the ponderous old edifices with which the town abounds to this day screened the lantern's gleam, he could not resist following. A thought of his father's additional anger for every additional minute came over him; but the desire to know where that matchless girl lodged was a superior consideration, and he pursued the *magic* lantern—to him a magic lantern indeed! for, strange and wild were the shapes which, through its agency, his future life assumed.

He had not followed far, when the party stopped, in consequence of a servant saying he had dropped some money, and begging of the gentleman to lend him his lantern to search for it. The request was granted, and, after a few seconds, the man joyfully exclaimed he had found the money, and, laying the lantern at the gentle-

man's feet, ran off. He, who had conferred the obligation, remarked, that he thought the man might have been civil enough to hand him the lantern he had lent : but how much greater was his surprise, when, as he stooped to take it, the lantern was pulled suddenly upwards, till it swung from a projecting beam above ; and a loud laugh from a distant part of the street showed it was a practical joke which had been played off upon the unsuspecting stranger, the servant of this "sportive" party only having feigned the loss of the money, and, while he affected to look for it, tying to the ring of the lantern a string, which was pulled by the remote jokers ! The gentleman was very indignant, and shouted loudly some opprobrious names, meant for the persons who had treated him so scurvily ; and, at the same moment, Ned advanced, requesting him to be calm, as he would recover the light for him. The stranger thought this might be some fresh jest, and intimated as much ; but Ned assured him that he would scorn conduct so "ungentlemanly," and requested immediately that Phaidrig would stand beside the heavy porch of an old doorway, and enable him thereby to clamber upwards. The suggestion was obeyed ; the youth sprang upon the shoulders of the stout piper, laid hold of the projecting entablature of the ponderous masonry, and twining his legs round one of the pillars which supported it, thus climbed his way to the top of the pediment, whence he was enabled to reach the beam where the lantern swung. As he was about to lay hands on it, the string which the distant party held was relaxed, the lantern lowered, and Ned near tumbling. A fresh laugh was raised, and another curse uttered by the impatient gentleman ; but when Phaidrig was told what had occurred, he called his dog, and placing him on his shoulders, and, stooping, that the animal might gain a spring from his back, cried, "Seize it, *Turlough*." ¹ The dog obeyed the com-

¹ Anglicé, "Thunderer."

mand, sprang at the lantern, and, laying hold with tooth and limb, clung to it; but the string was sufficiently powerful to haul up both dog and light to the beam, which fresh trick was accomplished; but Ned was enabled to catch the rope, and, seizing the dog, drew him, and with him the lantern, to the platform on which he stood, and, spite of the tugging of the party, who still bellowed forth their laughter, held fast, till he was enabled to cut the cord, and regain the light. This he lowered to his friends beneath, and began to descend himself, when he heard the rush of the defeated jesters coming forward to make good the capture of the lantern by downright assault. He hastened his descent, therefore, and sprang to the ground, just as he heard a voice from the assaulting party exclaim, as the light flashed on the face of the stranger, "'T is he, by Heaven! — down with the traitor!"

"Misther Daly, I know your voice," cried Phaidrig-na-pib, "take care what you're about!"

"Ha! you rebel rascal!" cried another voice, "you there too?"

"That's Misther Burke," said Phaidrig; "you'd better not brake the pace, gintlemin, or see what the mayor will be saying to you to-morrow morning!"

There was a momentary parley among the bloods; but an angry voice (it was Daly's) was heard above them all, saying, "By Heaven, I'll take him on my own responsibility!"

At the same moment, his sword flashed in the lamp-light, and the stranger, knowing the disadvantage in a fight a light is to him who holds it, extinguished it promptly, and drew his sword. His daughter clung to him.

"Nell, release me," he said, in a low voice, as he freed himself from the obedient girl, who now eagerly seized the arm of any other protector, and that arm was Ned's. He felt the might of giants, and the courage of heroes, at the touch.

“Seize him!” again shouted the enraged Daly.

“Beware, Sir,” returned the calm but determined voice of the stranger, who stood on his defence. It was only in time, for his blade encountered that of his assailant. The clashing of the swords was the signal for a general fight. That between Daly and the stranger was brief, for the latter was an able swordsman, and, in the dark, had the advantage, as being superior in *feeling* his adversary’s blade. A few passes convinced Daly he had enough to do, and a few more made him quite sure the surgeon would have something to do next, for he received a severe thrust in the sword arm. His friends, on finding he was wounded, became savage, and rushed on more fiercely, but they were held at bay; for the blind man’s keen sense of hearing enabled him to strike with his heavy stick with wondrous precision; and, as soon as the dog heard his voice engaged in the fray, the snappish whining which he had uttered on the top of the portico in his desire to get down, was changed for a fierce yell, and springing into the midst of the combatants, he gave the first on whom he alighted an unpleasant memento of the night’s amusement. Then, cheered by the voice of his master, he bit at their legs, and gave such terrible annoyance, that the odds were lessened against the little party which yet held the portico; but still numbers were against them. Fortunately, however, they were enabled, from their position, to keep a close front, the portico in the rear forming a defence for the lady, and leaving her protectors at ease upon her account, certain she could receive no injury amid the storm of blows which were falling thick and fast. Ned had wrested a sword from the first assailant who had fallen foul of him, and though his position in life debarred him from wearing one, he nevertheless knew its use, his genteel propensities having urged him to learn fencing from an old sergeant, who had seen service in the Netherlands. Ned poked away fearlessly, and pricked one

of the party pretty smartly, so that the bloods, finding themselves so stoutly resisted, and two of their set wounded, were fain to beat a retreat, venting curses, and threatening vengeance. It may be imagined there was no desire to follow them; the moment the road was free, the little party who held the portico hurried down the street in an opposite direction, when, to their dismay, two men, bearing lanterns, led by a gentleman who seemed hurrying to the scene of action, appeared coming round an adjacent corner, the leader exclaiming —

“Peace in the king’s name! keep the peace.”

“By Jakers, that’s the mayor!” said Phaidrig.

“Then strike out the lights, and let us force our way past them,” cried the stranger, with more of anxiety in his manner than he had yet exhibited. “You take the right hand one,” said he to Ned — “I’ll manage the other.”

With this determination they advanced, and the demand of the mayor to “stand in the king’s name,” was answered by each lantern-bearer being attacked. He who fell to the stranger’s share was overpowered instantly, and the heel of his heavy boot went crash through the lantern; the other was yet tussling with Ned, when the stranger turned to his assistance, but, in engaging in this service, he himself was collared by the mayor; whereupon Ned, who had got disengaged, bestowed such a hearty blow under the worthy mayor’s ear, that the portly dignitary measured his length beside the first lantern-bearer, over whom he tumbled, as the other was in the act of rising; this left the third quite helpless, and after laying him sprawling, and extinguishing the light, the adventurous little party ran for it, *the blind man leading* at a smart trot, his dog keeping close to him, a little way in advance.

“Take care of yourself, Phaidrig,” said the stranger, as he hurried after with his daughter, beside whom Ned kept up his guard at the other side.

"Never fear me," answered the piper; "with the help o' Turlough, I could thread the darkest lane in the town without spoiling my beauty — mind, a sharp turn to the left here — that's it," and they dived down a narrow alley, as he spoke. "It's no light we want as far as finding the way goes, only the young misthress will slop her purty little feet; but dirt rubs out aisier than the grip of the mayor's bailiffs —— Whisht!" — and he paused a moment — "by the powers, they are afther us, hue and cry — hurry! hurry!" He quickened his pace, and after one or two more windings, which were executed in silence, the dog stopped before an entrance, and began scraping at the door fiercely.

"Knock, Phaidrig," said the stranger.

"No, your honour — no — the knock might be heard by our pursuers, and the scratching can't — but will give *them within* notice."

The result proved Phaidrig right; a step was heard stirring inside the house, and soon after the drawing of a bolt and an open door admitted the fugitives to a timely sanctuary, for the shout of pursuit was heard at the entrance of the "close," and the portal was barely shut and barred, when the heavy tramp of men was heard rushing past, the hunters little suspecting that the thickness of a plank only was between them and the prey they sought.

The party within made no move till the tramp of the pursuers died away in the distance, then Phaidrig, with a low chuckle, spoke. "Close work," said he, "as the undher millstone said to the upper, when there was no corn."

"'T would have been grinding work, sure enough, had we been taken," said the stranger. "You tremble, Nell," said he in a gentler tone to the girl.

She only answered by a long-drawn breath.

"All safe now, my lady," said Phaidrig; "put your little hand on my arm, and I'll lead you — for we must have no light."

She obeyed his summons, and was led by the blind man into an apartment, where the low embers of a fire gave a faint glimmer, and where the sound of rushing waters was heard.

The rest of the party followed.

"Could you get the boat ready soon?" said Phaidrig.

He who had opened the door answered in the affirmative.

"Then we had better cross the river, your honour," said the piper; "for it might come into their heads, them haythens of bailiffs, to go searching the neighbourhood, and once we are over the wather into the Cladagh, we are safe, for it's more nor a mile round by the bridge, and they could never catch us, even if they got the scent. — Bad luck to the mayor, though he's a worthy man! why did he come out at all? it was no harm pinking the bloods, for that's as common as bad luck, but knockin' down the mayor will make a stir, I tell you, in Galway, where they are so proud o' their privileges — there is no standin' the consait of the mayors of Galway, ever since Walther Lynch hanged his son. Get ready the boat, Mike."

The stranger now addressed Ned in terms of thankfulness for his first polite assistance, and for his gallant bearing in the riot, and concluded by expressing his regret that he should have been involved in such a serious brawl, with hopes it would be of no material injury to him.

"Faix, he's in throuble, I tell you," said Phaidrig. "Sure it was himself that gave the mayor the *polthoge* that upset him — faix, my young masther, you have a delicate taste, considering your youth and inexperience, that nothing less than a mayor would sarve you."

"'T was in *my* defence," said the stranger; "and I regret, young Sir," said he to Ned, "that my circumstances are not such as to offer you protection adequate to the risk you have encountered for my sake."

Ned made a flourishing speech here, declaring he never was so happy in his life — that to render service to a gentleman — and — a lady — and Ned stammered as he dared to allude to the lovely cause of his dilemma.

“Indeed, Sir, I thank you,” said the girl, in a sweet voice.

Ned felt more than rewarded, even if he fell into the power of the offended magistrate.

Phaidrig here quitted the chamber, to “hurry Mike with the boat,” as he said; but as he left the room, another person entered, and approached the stranger and his daughter, with whom he conversed in an undertone; and even the glimmering light cast by the fire enabled Edward to see that his bearing towards both indicated the most intimate familiarity between the parties. In a few minutes the father was silent, and the conversation was continued in low whispers between the lady and the young cavalier, while the father, as if lost in thought, threw himself into an old chair that stood before the fire-place, and as if unconsciously, began to stir the dying embers with the toe of his heavy riding boot. A bright flame flickered from the smouldering heap, and revealed to Edward the person of young Kirwan, whose attitude was expressive of the most devoted attention, as he still continued to converse, in whispers, with the attentive girl.

Edward felt anything but comfortable, as he witnessed the courtly address of the handsome Kirwan to the lady. The folly of such a feeling was apparent to himself, yet still he could not conquer it; the influence that had been cast over him by his admiration of the morning, and the adventure of the night, seemed to himself as extraordinary as it was unreasonable. Why should he be angry that the gay and gallant Kirwan should pay his court to a lady of his own rank, immeasurably above a trader’s son, and to whom *he* might not address a phrase beyond that of the humblest courtesy? His heart could

only answer with a sigh! This being, whom he had seen but twelve hours since, with whom he had not exchanged twelve words, and to whom he dared not aspire, nevertheless had filled his heart with passion; the pang of hopeless love was there, aggravated by the seeming favour in which another was held, and poor Ned became the prey of a jealousy as intense as it was absurd.

With a painful watchfulness he marked how closely they talked together, while Kirwan held the lady's hand all the time. He would gladly, at that moment, have engaged the favoured cavalier at the sword's point!

Phaidrig now returned, and announced the boat "ready." Ellen's father rose, and taking Kirwan by the hand said, "Here we part for the present. You shall know where to find me — farewell!"

"Farewell!" returned the other, with an energy of manner, and hearty shaking of hands, denoting between the parties deep interest, and warm fellowship.

"Allow me," said the stranger, "to recommend to your care this youth, whose brave assistance makes me so much his debtor, and places him in some jeopardy for the present. You, I am sure, will give him shelter."

"Willingly," said Kirwan.

Ned recoiled from the thought of accepting safety at such hands, and replied that he did not fear returning at once to his own home.

"*Baidershin!*" said Phaidrig, "how bowld we are!" Then, addressing the stranger, he added, "If your honour will be advised by me, you will take him over the river with you, for, 'pon my conscience, the sweet town of Galway is no place for my young masther to-night."

"Be it so," said the stranger; "and now for the boat." Kirwan offered his arm with courtly grace to Ellen, but her father drew her arm within his own, and said, "A truce to compliments now. You shall hand her to her carriage, when we see you at ——"

Ned could not catch the name of the place the stranger

said. Ellen and her father hurried from the chamber, and Phaidrig, taking Ned by the arm, the party proceeded in silence and darkness along a passage, through which a current of cold air was felt, and the roar of a rushing torrent heard; a small door was reached, which opened directly over the rapids that hurry the foaming waters of Lough Corrib to the sea, below the ancient bridge. The sheet of white foam was visible in the darkness, and made the boat some feet below the door perceptible, as it plunged on the eddying current.

"Let the heaviest go first," said Phaidrig; "'t will steady the boat." The stranger going on his knees, and laying hold of the threshold of the door with his hands, let himself down till his feet touched the gunwale of the boat, where, taking his seat, he called out to the piper to take care of his daughter.

"Now, my lady, steady — don't be afeard," said the piper, — "don't be angry with my rough fist for taking a sharp grip o' you; give your other hand to the young gentleman at the other side."

Ellen silently obeyed the instruction, and a thrill of pleasure shot through Ned's heart as he held firmly the delicate hand of the girl, in assisting to lower her to the boat, where her father received her and placed her in safety beside him.

"Now, young master, in with you," said Phaidrig.

"Had not you better go first?" said Ned; "I may assist you from above."

"My own grip is worth all the assistance in the world," said Phaidrig, — "obliged to you all the same. I go bail I'll not leave go of the threshold till I feel a good howlt with my foot in the boat."

Edward lost no time in obeying, and the piper followed in safety. — "Off with you now, Mike!" said he.

The boat swept down the current as he spoke.

"Where's the dog?" cried Ellen, anxiously.

A splash in the water followed her words.

"There he goes," said Phaidrig; "his own bowld heart and strong paws would put him over a wilder stream than this; the dog who can't swim is only fit for drowning."

The boat now plunged over the boiling waves of the rapid, and Ellen instinctively held her father with a close embrace as they hurried through the hissing foam, which soon, however, became less and less as they swept onward, the waters gradually darkening as they deepened, streaked only here and there with long lines of surge, and the heavy gurgling of a strong current succeeding the roar which had appalled the ear of Ellen.

They were soon enabled to pull the boat shoreward from out of the current; and, as they touched the strand, Turlough was waiting, ready to receive the party, snorting and shaking the waters of Corrib from his brave sides; a few minutes more placed them all under the shelter of a fisherman's cottage, and, while horses were being prepared for the stranger and his daughter, the former repeated his thanks to Ned, shaking him heartily by the hand, and commending him to the care of the fisherman. The latter promised safe keeping of him for the present, and undertook to communicate with Ned's friends in the town on the morrow, swearing, "by the hand of his gossip," that he would have good care of the youth, for "*his honour's sake*."

The nags were soon ready, and Ellen was lifted to her saddle by her father; but, before parting, the gentle girl presented her hand to Edward, and expressed a fervent hope he might incur no injury from his generous conduct.

Edward stammered an unintelligible reply, and ventured to press the little hand. The next instant the horses were in motion; the rapid clatter of their feet up the stony path died away in the distance, and Ned, with a sinking heart, retired to the fisher's hut. Burning

30 *He Would be a Gentleman*

with curiosity to know who these gentlefolks might be, he thought the fisherman would inform him, and asked a question with that view ; but the fisherman, returning him a glance that had in it much of displeasure, replied : — “ They did not tell me who they were, Sir, and I asked no questions.” Ned felt the reproof keenly ; — it seemed there was some mystery about the stranger, and then, for the first time, Ned began to consider in what an awkward adventure he had become involved.

CHAPTER III

A VAIN PURSUIT

THE next morning the fisherman, at Edward's request, went into the town to communicate with worthy Mister Corkery, who already had heard an exaggerated account of his son's adventure, so that the real truth, though bad enough, lifted a weight of horrors from his civic heart, which had sunk to the lowest depths of despair at the thought of the city's peace being broken by a boy of his, and the daring hand of Corkery lifted against the mayor, and *that* the mayor of Galway. When he found, however, that Ned had not murdered six men, as was reported, and only *tripped up* the mayor (though that was dreadful), he was more comfortable, but desired Ned to lie quiet, and he would write to him in the evening. All that day the trader worked hard at a letter, which was a mighty task to him, and at night the fisherman returned, and bore to Ned his father's epistle : —

“DEAR NED,

“Mi hart is Sore, and the mare's hed kut, and His Wig will nevr doo a Dais gud, the Barbr tells me, fur sartin — his blew and gool kote all gutthur. O Ned, to tutch a mare is a foalish bizniz, — i no foalish aut to be spelt with a YEW, but I kan't make a YEW to know it from an EN. Yew must get out off this kounthry for sum tim — praps the sailorin bizniz is the best now til The storee is past and gone, and when yr. unfortunate

tale is not tuk up by the foals, but let too dhrop, wh. is the prair of yr. offended but afekshint father,

“DENIS CORKERY.

“i send 5 ginnys by the barer, for the rod to Dublin, wher McGuffins ship iz—ax for the indushery, thatz hur nam—you will see her on the blind K.

“lite gool duz for the rod, so the ginny’s is lite.

“mi hart is hevvy, Ned.

“i wood go see yew ned, but Am afeerd they wd. watch and trak me, for ye. mares i iz on mee.

“Bewer ov bad Kumpiny.

“Yours, D. C.”

Ned, in obedience to orders, prepared to start for Dublin; he wrote an obedient and repentant letter to his father, hoping forgiveness, and promising good behaviour for the future. In the dead of the night, when the slumbering majesty of Galway’s civic dignity rendered it most convenient to make a start, Ned set out for the metropolis, and, before dawn, had put several miles between himself and danger. Dublin was reached in safety, and as swiftly as Ned could accomplish it; and on the Blind Quay, sure enough, he found the good brig, Industry, and the exemplary Captain McGuffin, who was to sail with the next tide for London.

Before Ned was over the bar, it was all over with him. Seasickness contributes much to feelings of repentance, and Ned began to entertain flattering notions of the susceptibility of his conscience, which his stomach was more entitled to; he wished for nothing so much as death, and hoped the Land’s End would have made an end of him; but he survived the Channel, and, after doubling the North Foreland, found his appetite again. On passing the Nore, he was as fresh as a lark, and while tacking up the Thames nearly created a famine on board. After this, Ned liked the sea well enough; in short, it suited him perfectly.

In some respects, he felt that, under certain circumstances, he could love it; but the captain of the trader was a sober, steady man; and the monotonous life on board of a merchant-vessel, whose voyages were confined to the British waters, had not enough of excitement and interest for a spirit like his. Nevertheless, he served nearly eighteen months in this way, patiently looking forward, however, to better times some day, on board of a nobler craft, whose wings might be spread for longer flights. During all this time, many a fond thought reverted to the fair girl of the race-course, whose image was as fresh in his memory as though he had seen her yesterday. But, notwithstanding this youthful love-sickness, he employed himself diligently to become as good a sailor as circumstances could make him, and, for a mere coasting mariner, was a very smart fellow. Ever, on his return from sea to Dublin, which was the port whence the vessel traded, Ned found a letter from his father waiting for him, in which lamentations for his "foalish bit of consait" in the streets of Galway continued to be made, with recommendations to keep away for some time yet, as it was not "forgotten to him." Sobriety, industry, and frugality, were recommended, with this assurance, that

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise ;"

and, furthermore, this solemn fact was put forward, that —

"A pin a day, is a groat a year."

On the receipt of such letters, Ned generally muttered, that he wished his father would send him a little less advice, and a little more money.

But, in uttering this wish, Ned was unreasonable. The old man, though frugal, was not parsimonious; and allowed his son quite enough to enable him to enjoy himself reasonably on shore, when the duties of his ship

did not demand his presence on board: for it was no part of his intention that Ned should be screwed down to *all* the hardships of a sailor's life, though he did not wish to make that life too fascinating to a young fellow of naturally an erratic turn. He remembered that Ned, when in port at Dublin, must see some friends there, and it would never do for a respectable citizen of Galway to let his son appear in the "slops" of a captain's mate. No, no; Ned was well supplied with the means of casting his marine attire, and assuming a landsman's garb befitting his station ashore; and, from his innate tendency towards gentility, his clothes were rather of a smarter cut than he had quite a right to indulge in, and certainly far finer than he would have dared to assume in Galway, where his father's eyes, to say nothing of neighbours', were as good as sumptuary laws. Considering the old man rather objected to the pursuit of the maritime profession for his son, it may be a wonder that he did not make him feel as much privation as possible, in the hope of inducing a distaste for it; but, on the other hand, when it is remembered that an only son was forced to seek shelter on board ship, to save himself from the consequences of a mischance; that he was forced to fly his native town, and that without even the paternal embrace, who can blame a father for having yearnings of compassion for his absent boy, and seeking to make his exile as bearable as it might be?

Truth, however, compels us to say that Ned thought much more of the beauty of the race-course than of his father; and the decking of his person in something of a superior costume, was insensibly influenced by the desire to see himself look as well as possible for her sake, though, in all human probability, he should never see her again. But this is no reason why an ardent imagination is not to think of an object by which it has been excited; and, in truth, there was seldom a day in which Ned's heart did not wander to the recollection of the day

he first saw her — that eventful day which brought love in the morning, pleasure at sundown, and jealousy before midnight.

He was not mad enough to suppose, in his wildest moments of dreaming, that the events of that day could ever “come to anything,” but still the recollection of them clung about his heart, and though he dared not hope, he could not forget.

How many a night, on his cold and dreary watch, did the memory of the parting pressure of the fair girl’s hand return upon him ! At such moments he would pace the deck, and, looking upwards at the stars, inwardly exclaim, “Oh, that I could see her once again ! — Yet why indulge in these foolish yearnings ? — As well might one of those stars be mine, as that lovely being !”

Perchance a shooting star darted across the heavens as he spoke, and as its brightness vanished, Ned, indulging the superstitious fancy of his country, would curse his stupidity for not wishing for her while the star was falling.¹

At length it chanced his ship was ordered to *Hamburg*, and Ned was delighted at the thoughts of making a foreign port, which, in good time, was achieved ; and, after discharging cargo, he lost no opportunity, while lying in port, to see all he could of this far-famed city. The remarkable and picturesque costumes of the surrounding neighbourhood — the grotesque old houses which towered over its canals, which, like so many veins of wealth, carried commerce into the heart of the town — its ancient churches, its dancing-halls and theatre ; — all these, and more, filled Ned with wonder, and fed that greedy desire which youth always has for novelty.

But exploring different quarters of the city was his principal pursuit ; and, in doing this, he had occasion to

¹ The superstitious say, that if you express a wish before a shooting star vanishes, it will be realised.

remark the absurd custom of the Hamburgers in the profuse use of carriages in streets so narrow and so crooked, that their vehicles could scarcely get on, from the mutual impediments they presented. In one of these frequent "*jams*," just as one coach was passing another, he caught sight of a face that set his heart all in a flame; it seemed the face of the beautiful girl of the race-course, and he sprang forward, in hopes to assure himself it was so; but the coach became disentangled before he could look into it, and drove on; — he pursued it, but could not overtake it, and it soon turned into a gateway, which, when Ned reached, was closed. He lingered about the place for some time, provoked and disappointed; he could not be satisfied whether his notion was true or not; he could not even ask to whom the house belonged, for he was ignorant of the language; so he was forced to retire in a state of excited imagination, which not only deprived him of sleep that night, but kept him on the alert for several days, as he became possessed more and more with the idea, that the beautiful girl was in Hamburgh.

Full of this notion, he looked into every carriage he saw, frequented the theatre and other public places more, and made a point of going to "*The Maiden's Walk*" at the hour it was most frequented. Just as he was one day entering upon it, the truth of his surmise was realised; he saw the idol of his wild passion at the opposite side of the canal, going to church, as he thought, from the servant who followed her, with a prayer-book hanging upon one arm suspended by a silver chain, and a brass stove suspended from the other. The canal lay between them, and he looked out for a boat, and, perceiving one lying opportunely near a neighbouring stair, ran towards it, and springing into it, almost like one who was crazy, astonished the phlegmatic German by his urgent signs for speed, which the boatman, who was smoking his pipe, not being willing to obey, Ned seized

the oars himself, and pulled vigorously across the canal, on whose opposite bank he sprang, without paying Mynherr, who was at once stimulated to activity; and a double chase ensued — Ned after the girl, and the boatman after Ned: it made quite a sensation on the Maiden's Walk to see a handsome young fellow hunted by a pursy boatman, hallooing after him a "thousand devils," and swearing for his *denier*. Ned heeded not; he had caught sight of the last fold of his fair one's skirt, as she went round a corner, and for that corner Ned made all speed; but when he reached it, out of breath, no lady was to be seen, but the fat boatman was close at his heels, saying a great deal to Ned, which it was well for the boatman Ned did not understand: but guessing the cause of his pursuit, and remembering he had forgotten to pay him, he threw him a *groot*, and continued his search. The boatman caught the coin, and looked at this increase of the sum demanded with wonder (though it was only a penny), and, raising his eyes to heaven, ejaculated an aspiration to the Deity, with the remark, "What extravagant robbers are the English!"

Ned searched every church in the neighbourhood, in hopes of finding the object of his wishes, but in vain; indeed, it was useless, for the service was over in all. So the lady had been returning *from*, not *going to*, church, as her pursuer thought. — Ah! lovers are very liable to make mistakes!

The theatre he now thought the most likely place to see her, and here he constantly resorted. It was the last place he would have gone to otherwise, for, not knowing the language, the entertainment could not be very amusing, though indeed, for that matter, anyone might understand the greater part of it as well as the Hamburgers, for it consisted, principally, of practical witticism, such as cuffs and kicks, smart boxes on the ear, hearty cudgellings, alternated with hugs and kisses. Nevertheless, all this buffoonery our hero sat out, night after

night, in the hope of seeing this phantom of beauty, which seemed to appear only to elude him. At last his perseverance was rewarded. One night, as he was talking to an obliging stranger, who could speak English, and had been explaining some passage in the play, he saw the lovely girl, listening to what appeared to be courtly compliments paid to her, judging from the gracious manner of the handsomely dressed person from whom they proceeded, and the half diffident, yet smiling, manner in which they were received.

Ned was breathless! — there was the beauty of the race-course! — she, for whose sake he had engaged in a street riot, angered his father, and was forced to fly his native town, and for whom he would have made far greater sacrifices.

There is nothing, perhaps, so totally subversive of self-possession as the unexpected sight of one we love. It paralyses by the too great intensity of its nervous excitement. It smites the heart to its very core, and the stream of life is arrested in its course; we cease to breathe; — every function of life seems suspended, but that of sight; — the eye usurps the power of every other sense, and we can only gaze.

Ned was disturbed from this state of fascination by a tap on the shoulder from his obliging neighbour, who had acted interpreter.

“I say, Sir, that’s the star you sail by, I reckon,” said the new acquaintance, with a knowing toss of his head towards the quarter where Ned was still gazing in admiring wonderment.

Ned could neither speak nor withdraw his eyes.

“Hillo!” added his friend, “dumb-founded — eh? If you can’t speak, you’ll never win a woman.”

Ned attempted a faint smile.

“Where did you see her before?”

“Before?” echoed Ned.

“Ay — before. No one ever looked at a woman

for the first time as you did at her," said the other, sharply.

"I saw her in Ireland."

"Ireland? — ho, ho — should n't wonder! — but it's rather a hot place, I should say, for Count Nellinski."

"A count?" echoed Ned, in surprise.

"Oh — counts are common enough in *Ja-armany!*" returned his informant, with a laugh.

"She is going," said Ned, looking up at the box, and rising to follow her example.

"And you are going, too?" said the stranger.

"Yes."

"I don't care if I do the same — the play is dull work." Ned hurried to the entrance, and watched eagerly for the appearance of the beautiful girl, but in vain, and after some time perceived his new acquaintance standing near him.

"Can't see her, eh?" was the question he put, while a provoking smile played across his countenance.

Ned answered in the negative, with a chagrined air, upon which the other laughed outright, saying, he was watching at the wrong entrance, for that the game was flown by another.

Ned was half inclined to be angry at the seeming enjoyment the other took in his disappointment, till, with a voice of the most cheery kindness, the stranger slapped him on the shoulder, and said,

"Never fret, man! — I know the hotel she stops at, the *Kaiser-hoff*; see her there, if so be you want it. Come along and sup with me — the *Weinkeller* furnishes good tipples and victual — come!"

So saying, he drew the yielding arm of Ned within his, and they bent their course to a celebrated cellar, then of great repute in Hamburgh, where the best company in the city, both natives and strangers, resorted to drink Hock, of which wine this cellar contained the choicest store, whence the government drew a large rev-

enue. On their entrance, Ned saw but a confused mass of people, for the dense tobacco-smoke in which they were enveloped rendered a clear perception of any distant object difficult; and, as soon as they could find a seat, he and his companion had a flask of right Johannisberg set before them, which Ned at that moment was most willing to enjoy, as he considered himself under the influence of the happiest fortune in having met, in the person of a stranger, one who gave him the means of once more seeing the lovely being who so enslaved him.

The stranger filled his glass, and spoke: — "My service to you, Mister — what's your name, if I may make bold to ask? — mine is Hudson Finch, at your service."

"Mine is Fitzgerald," said Ned, who was ashamed to give so vulgar a one as his own to so dashing a gentleman; but he blushed as he spoke, for the ghost of the departed name of "Corkery" rose up reprovngly before him. But he swallowed his shame and a glass of Rhenish together, to the health of Mr. Finch, who returned the like civility to Mr. Fitzgerald, with the remark, that it was a good name. Ned thought, at the moment, that good names, like other good things, had the greatest chance of being stolen.

Finch now pointed out to him several persons among the company worthy of note, with amusing anecdotes of almost every one he indicated.

"Do you see those two in yonder corner?"

"Smoking and drinking so hard?" asked Ned.

"The same. Now, I would wager a trifle those two poor devils are spending here to-night every stiver they are worth."

"Why do you guess so?"

"They are young graduates in law: — now, how do you think they live?"

"By their profession, I suppose," said Ned.

"No, but by their *processions*."

“How do you mean?”

“These young graduates, Sir, have scarcely enough to keep life and soul together. There is not a *Häringsfrau* in all Hamburgh who does not know the whole tribe; for pickled herrings and beer are what they mostly live upon, and the ‘God-send’ of a procession alone can enable them to show their noses in the *Weinkeller*.”

“But you have not yet explained to me about these same processions.”

“Why, Sir, these proud citizens of Hamburgh love processions almost as well as beer and tobacco, and the smallest occasion is seized upon to get one up; sometimes to present an address to somebody, for nobody knows what; and as a procession is nothing without good company, these younger members of the learned profession are regularly engaged and paid to make the thing look respectable, and render the compliment greater.”

“And is this well known?”

“As well known as the Bank!”

“Then how ridiculous to have recourse to it, when all the world can see through——”

“Through the ‘*humbug*,’ you were going to say?—My good Sir, is not the world itself one great humbug?”

“I confess that’s new to me,” said Ned, simply.

“Because you are new to the world,” was the other’s prompt reply. “How many forms, laws, customs, names, *et cetera*, *et cetera*, are bowed down to—how many things are in a flourishing existence round us, which are rank humbugs—which are known to be humbugs, and yet are not only permitted to exist, but respected? Oh, my dear young friend! *Monsieur* the WORLD has a very large nose; and, whoever, whichever, or whatever, can lay hold of it, *Monsieur* the WORLD follows as tamely as a lamb.”

This outpouring of contempt for the world made Ned think Mister Finch a very clever man. He remarked,

however, that he thought the Germans more prudent than to spend their money on one expensive entertainment, when they were forced to live mostly, as Finch said, on pickled herrings and beer.

"My dear fellow, that is a part of their game," said Finch. "They must have good clothes, and be seen sometimes rubbing skirts with gentility, or they would lose their employment."

"Oh! I perceive," said Ned.

"For instance, those fellows who are so jolly over there, I saw this very day, in a funeral procession, looking as if their hearts would break. The deceased was a tailor, whose kith and kin prided themselves on having law students among the mourners. Very likely they got a new suit of clothes on the occasion; — but, hold — look over there! — do you not perceive?"

Ned looked in the desired direction, and was delighted to see his bronzed friend of the race-course — the Count Nellinski himself. Ned would have given the world to speak to him, but the count was engaged in earnest conversation with a military man, of iron aspect; so earnest, that Ned felt it would have been intrusion to attempt a word with him: therefore he continued to listen to Finch's lively raillery, though, truth to say, he did not comprehend much of it, so totally was his attention absorbed by the father of the lovely Ellen.

This distraction of mind, however, did not long continue, for the count soon after rose, with his companion, and retired. Ned looked hard at him, in hopes to catch his eyes as he passed out, but the count seemed too absorbed in his own thoughts to heed external objects. Ned consoled himself with the hope that he should see him on the morrow, at the *Kaiser-hoff*.

As no object now intervened to disturb his present enjoyment, Ned did the duty of the hour like a man, and, after a jolly supper and a merry drinking bout, the acquaintances separated, Ned thanking fortune over and

over again for the chance she had cast in his way ; but the slippery jade was laughing in secret at Ned all the time, for she was at that moment but playing him a scurvy trick ; for when, after a night of feverish dreaming, in which a German supper, strong Rhenish, and love, strove for mastery, Ned rose with a hot head, and hotter heart, and, making himself as smart as he could, set out for the *Kaiser-hoff* to enquire after his enchantress, he heard, to his utter dismay, that the Count Nellinski and his daughter had left Hamburgh that morning.

CHAPTER IV

NED LEFT TO COOL THE ARDOUR OF HIS LOVE IN A FRENCH PRISON

WHEN we have made up our mind to some great pleasure, and feasted by anticipation on the sweets imagination spreads before us — when thus hope forestalls reality, we purchase our joys in a very dear market. How bankrupt in heart we feel, after thus drawing on the future, to find our cheque returned with the answer, “No effects!” It was thus with poor Ned when he enquired with the most “galliard” air he could assume at the *Kaiser-hoff* for his fair one and her father, and found they were gone. His look became so suddenly changed, so utterly blank, that even the slow-going German could not help noticing his disappointment.

Ned was transfixed with dismay for some seconds, and stood in sorrowful silence before the door of the hotel, till catching the cold eye of the German fixed upon him with something like a smile upon his countenance, a sense of shame came over him, and he walked down the street. But he could not leave it; — there he staid, looking at the house where she *had* been, while a quick succession of fond imaginings whirled through his head, and drove the blood rapidly through his heart. The gentle speeches he thought he should have made to her, and had almost gotten by heart (he went over them so often in anticipation of the interview,) recurred to him, and seemed to mock at his fond yearnings. “Hard fate!” he muttered to himself; “cruel disappointment!

at the instant I thought I should address her once more — once more touch that dear hand — at such a moment to have my hopes dashed, and made the very sport and mockery of circumstances. 'T is hard ! alas ! 't is doomed — doomed — I am never to see her again — never ! Yet why should I seek it ? the daughter of a count : — cursed infatuation ! — No, not cursed ; call it fatal, but nothing can be cursed that springs from such an angelic cause. Oh Ellen ! Ellen ! — I know my own unworthiness — I know the hopeless folly of my passion, but I cannot resist its fatal influence ; the deadly, yet darling poison is in my heart, and nought but death or you can assuage the pain." With these and other such exclamations he wandered up and down the street, and after some time wished he could even enter the apartments she had last occupied. " Were it only to pace the room she trod," said he ; " to see the table where she sat, to touch the chair she occupied, to look in the mirror which late reflected that lovely face, to stand in the deep recess of the window where she had stood — even this were a sad pleasure : — I will return to the hotel and try if I cannot accomplish it." Acting upon the words, he retraced his steps to the *Kaiser-boff*, and by means of some few words of English, understood by an attendant of the house, and some pieces of silver on the part of the lover, he contrived to be shown the apartment whence the Count Nellinski and his daughter had so recently departed. It was yet in that state of litter which the room of a hotel always exhibits after the " parting guest " has retired, ere the order has been restored which may welcome the " coming " one. Edward's imagination occupied the deserted chamber with its recent lovely visitant, as he cast his eyes around ; — she had reclined on that couch — that little quaint table of marquetry was for a lady's use — there was a pen upon it — *she* might have used it ; he would have taken it, but the eyes of the attendant were upon him, and he felt ashamed of *exposing* a weakness which,

nevertheless, he did not blame himself for entertaining. Oh ! that *exposure*, how many love fooleries does its terror prevent ! Peeping from behind the cushions of a large easy chair was a little glove, which Ned determined to have, but still the presence of the attendant was a check upon him ; feigning extreme thirst, he asked for a glass of water, which the attendant retired to procure ; and the instant Edward was free from observation, he pounced upon the glove with hawk-like avidity, and dragged from beneath the cushion a morsel of music-paper also, whereon a few notes were pricked down, to which a few words were attached. Ned paused not to read them, but thrust glove and music inside his waistcoat — seized on the pen, and perceiving in a far corner a few flowers which seemed a discarded bouquet, ran to secure them ere the attendant could return ; and when he had sipped a mouthful of the water which was presented to him, in an instant after hurried from the house in the pride of his plunder ; and it is a question if he would have exchanged these trifles for all the plate in the *Kaiser-hoff*. He did not feel quite secure of his booty till he had turned the corner of the street, and then hastened to his quarters to deposit his treasure in safety. There he folded up his flowers — not a leaf was permitted to be lost ; — he dated the paper with the purloined pen — he drew forth the glove and kissed it passionately, between fond ejaculations, — kissed it on the *inside* where the dear hand had been. Oh Ned ! Ned ! how desperately, irretrievably over head and ears in love wert thou ! So intent was he in his love-sick occupation, that he did not hear the entrance of his hostess into his room, and the first notice he had of her presence was an exclamation behind his chair, as he imprinted one of his wild kisses on the little glove.

“ *Mein Gott !* ” exclaimed a fat, squashy sort of voice, which when the words were uttered, went on with a guttural chuckle, while Ned turned round startled, and

looking as foolish as if he had been caught robbing the good woman's cupboard. The situation was absurd enough (Ned thought it *disgusting*,) that while his imagination was filled with the form of a sylph, and wrapt in the secret idolatry of love, he should be startled by the presence of a fat *frau*, and have his sweet visions broken by the laugh of derision.

He thrust the glove into his breast, in the vain endeavour to conceal it from the landlady; but she only laughed the louder, pointing first inside his waistcoat, and then to her own fat fist, on which she impressed a great smacking kiss, and shook with laughter again, exclaiming in the intervals of her cachinnation, "*Mein Gott!*"

On Ned desiring to know what this interruption meant, she pointed to the door, and said, "Herr Finch;" at the same moment ascending footsteps were heard on the stairs, and Ned's acquaintance of the *Weinkeller* soon made his appearance. As he entered the room, the landlady, still laughing, repeated the piece of pantomime towards Edward, and bestowing another smack on her hand, and gurgling up "*Mein Gott!*" retired and shut the door.

"Hillo!" said Finch, "what insinuation is this, my friend? have you been kissing your landlady?"

"Kiss *her*?" exclaimed Ned, with a curl on his lip as though it were on the brink of a cup of rhubarb.

Finch laughed outright at the expression of nausea which this insinuation of gallantry had produced, and asked if Ned thought he had so poor an opinion of his taste.

"But did you prosper in the other affair?" continued he. "Have you been to the *Kaiser-hoff*?"

"Yes," said Ned, with a sigh.

"What! sighing?" said Finch; "a sigh is the worst wind that blows, — 't is the very wind of the proverb that 'blows nobody good:' — was she denied? or was she cruel?"

"She is gone!" said Ned, with an air of despondency worthy of a criminal going to execution.

"Pho! is that all?" said Finch. "Can't you go after her?"

"I know not where they are gone to," said Ned.

"And what have you a tongue in your head for?" replied Finch.

"But even if I did," returned Ned, "I cannot follow them; and after all, if I could — what's the use?"

"What's the use?" cried his friend, in surprise; "what's the use of following the girl you love? — what a question!"

"Oh!" sighed Ned, "if you knew all; — were you but aware ——" he paused, and looked wistfully into Finch's face, as though he would make him his confidant. Young, inexperienced, and of an ardent nature, he longed to have some one to whom he might unburthen his heart, and this seemed the only chance for it. Extending his hand to Finch, who took it cordially, Ned exclaimed, "It seems to be my destiny that my love and friendship must be of the mushroom nature — both the growth of one night."

"But not so soon to perish, I hope," said Finch, shaking the hand warmly.

Ned returned the genial pressure, and continued, "I know not how it is, but I feel myself drawn towards you in a most unaccountable way, and if you will have patience to listen, I will tell you all about this romantic affair."

"I will listen willingly," said Finch; "but don't be so down in the mouth, man," he added, slapping Ned on the shoulder, "'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Taking a seat, after uttering this cheering exhortation, he threw himself back, and showed he was resigned to the operation Edward proposed.

Our hero made it as little painful as possible; passing

over, for obvious reasons, much about himself and family, and banishing the name of "Corkery" beyond the pale of history, stating, however, that his rank in life, as the son of a trader, presented a barrier to the pursuit of a lady of condition — how that lady was first encountered, the street broil, his subsequent banishment and irrepressible love were recounted as briefly as they might be, and the listener seemed infected by the spirit of romance which appeared to have presided over the whole affair, for, when Ned concluded, Finch expressed not only admiration of his spirit, but even went so far as to encourage his hopes.

"You do not mean to say I have a chance?" exclaimed Ned, whose flashing eye betrayed that his feelings were at variance with the doubting nature of his question.

"And why not?" returned Finch. "You are young, full of courage, and fit for enterprise; the world offers plenty to do for all such. Look at the Low Countries at this moment, for instance; the theatre of daring achievements that lift bold men above the heads of ordinary mortals. Glorious graves or living laurels may be had there, and fortune, too, if you have luck on your side."

"I would dare a thousand deaths a day!" exclaimed Ned, "to win her; — even to deserve her; — but where could I get a commission? — I have not friends, and to serve as a volunteer requires more money than I can command."

"Money!" returned Finch — "ah! — you have said the very word that has more magic in it, lad, than all else besides — if you had money *enough*, you need care for nothing besides — the £. s. d. — the pounds shillings and pence reign triumphant over all else."

"True!" said Ned, with a sigh.

"Well," returned Finch, "money is to be made, and adventure found in other places than in Flanders. The

sea offers reward as well as the land. The Indies, for example, afford scope to the enterprise of the navigator."

"Would to Heaven I had but the opportunity of engaging in such a venture!" cried Ned, enthusiastically.

"Well," said Finch, "there is no knowing how even *I* might help you in that particular; I have sailed East and West myself." Here he launched forth at some length on the subject, embellishing his recital with some piquant bits of sea stories, which quite came up to all Ned fancied of nautical adventure, and set him quite agog to realise those dreams in which he had sometimes indulged, and which he found, from his friend's narrative, were not beyond reality. Finch spoke with contempt of *paddling* about, as he called it, in muddy channel seas. He talked of "the blue waters;" and certain lofty phrases of "Indian skies," "waving palm-trees," and "soft savannahs," quite fired Ned's brain. In truth, his new acquaintance was a dashing fellow — there was a fine free tone about him above the narrow prejudices of those to whom Ned had been accustomed; there was that in him which approached nearer to the romantic than he had yet witnessed, and he began to hope the world was not such a hum-drum place as, of late, he began to fear it was. Under his present circumstances, he felt the companionship of his new friend the greatest relief; he diverted his thoughts from the absorbing theme which unmanned him, by his good spirits and the profusion of amusing anecdote with which his memory was stored, till Ned began to entertain a regard, as well as admiration for him, and every spare moment he could command was given up to his society.

All this time Captain McGuffin was loading "The Industry" with her cargo, and Ned Corkery with reproaches; for his attention became quite alienated from the interests of the brig, for which the recitals of the dashing Finch had engendered a thorough contempt, and the worthy McGuffin's displeasure might have as-

sumed a harsher form, but that Ned was the son of a wealthy man. £. s. d. have their collateral as well as direct influence.

The moment approached, however, which was to separate Ned from the sober reproaches of the master. Meeting Finch by appointment, one day, an unusual brightness illumined the countenance of his friend, who, shaking him warmly by the hand, announced that he had some good news for him.

"I have heard of your charmer," said he.

Ned listened breathlessly.

"The count has travelled south, and if I don't mistake much, is on his way to Dunkirk, or, perhaps, Courtrai; but I would venture a bet he is at either of the places, where it won't be hard to find him."

"Of what avail is that to me?" said Ned, sorrowfully. "To hear they, whom I wish to see, are hundreds of miles away, without the power of following."

"Wait, lad! don't jump to your conclusion so fast; suppose I put you in the way of following — of seeing your 'ladye love' — mayhap of winning her."

Ned could only gasp forth an amatory "oh!" and clasp his hands.

"Listen, then. *Imprimis*, as lawyers begin people's wills. *Imprimis*, you must leave that clumsy old brig, and the fusty McGuffin. Who could do any good with such a name as McGuffin?" cried Finch, contemptuously.

Ned was delighted he had thought of changing his.

"I will give you a berth on board the prettiest craft that ever floated, and take you with me to Dunkirk; there you will be nearer your game than here, and you may have some days' leisure to play it too; and when, under my advice, you make the most of an interview with your charmer, return on board, and it will go hard with me if I don't show you the way to fortune."

At all times the promise held out to a young man of being put in the way of making the first step in the course

Ned's friend pointed out, is most tempting; but, under the peculiar circumstances such promise was made, the temptation was irresistible. At that moment Ned would have followed Finch to the uttermost end of the world, and, with all the enthusiasm belonging to his country and his time of life, he made a wild outpouring of thanks to his friend, with a hearty acceptance of his offer.

"Then, to-morrow evening," said Finch, flinging forth his hand to our hero, in a fashion which says, "Trust me."

"An' 't were this moment!" returned Ned, grasping the offered gage of friendship, and, in the warm pressure which his heart prompted, expressing more than he could have spoken.

"Enough!" cried Finch, and they parted.

What a tumult of thought and feeling passed through Ned's head and heart, after the separation! that which in the enthusiasm of an excited moment seemed easy as volition of flight to a bird, had its difficulties and objections presented when about to be brought into action. He was going he knew not where — nor for how long: — nor of time or place could he tell his father, and though implicit obedience was not a virtue Ned exercised pre-eminently, yet the natural affections, which were strong in him, forbade he should take the step on which he had determined without writing to the old man. A letter was accordingly composed for the exigency of the moment, saying that, desirous of seeing the world and making his fortune, he was bound to foreign parts, hoped to be forgiven, and all that sort of thing, which irregular and erratic young gentlemen who have the use of their limbs indite to men of slow habits who go upon crutches. This letter was entrusted to the care of the deserted McGuffin, enclosed in one to himself; and Ned, seizing the occasion of the sober master's absence from the "Industry," transferred his chest from

that simple brig to the knowing little craft, "Seagull," which, immediately after, weighed anchor, and a flowing sheet soon put leagues of water between Ned and his "*Industry*."

The breeze, at first so favourable, soon chopped about ; but the adverse wind only served to make Ned more in love with the boat. Unlike the brig, that lifted her heavy head out of the sea, and flopped it in again, as if she were half asleep, the lively "Seagull" clove the waves, dashing the spray right and left aside of her graceful bows, answering her helm with the delicacy of a hair trigger, coming into the wind as fast as if the point whence it blew were a magnet, and she had a needle in her bowsprit, and away again on the opposite tack, as though she were gifted with an animal instinct, and doubled, like a hare before greyhounds.

"Come down," said Finch, "we need not stay here ; we'll make ourselves comfortable below, and then turn in." The evening was spent agreeably, accordingly ; Ned liked the skipper more and more, and wondered how his father could have had the barbarity to send him to sea in such a heavy tub as the "*Industry*," while such craft as the "Seagull" swam. He turned in, and dreamt of "blue waters, waving palms, and soft savannahs." In the morning he partook of the nicest breakfast he ever saw on board a ship ; the next day's sail was all that could be wished, and the next and the next day were more pleasantly passed by Ned than any other days of his life ; they made Dunkirk, and fresh enjoyments were before Ned ; he was happiest of the happy. He remembered the couplet of the song, which says —

" — he talked of such things,
As if sailors were kings ; "

and Ned thought there was no *if* about it, but that no king could be happier than he, ever since he set his foot on board the "Seagull."

The port of Dunkirk, at that time, was a stirring scene of action; the fortifications, which by the treaty of Utrecht had been destroyed, and the extensive basins, capable of receiving forty sail of the line, which had been filled up, were now being rebuilt and cleared out; and already the docks were capable of affording accommodation to a considerable armament, preparing for a descent upon England, under the command of the renowned Marshal Saxe, and for the purpose of re-establishing the house of Stuart on the British throne.

The bustle of workmen, the shouts of sailors, the drum, the trumpet, and the cannon, all contributed to the martial din and tumult of the place, which perfectly astounded Ned, who, notwithstanding, was less influenced by the thought of the mighty game which was preparing to be played than by the hope he entertained of seeing his beloved one. Inquiry lay within so small a compass in Dunkirk, that Finch was soon enabled to ascertain what persons of note were in the place, and Count Nellinski was not amongst them. The marshal had gone to Courtrai; and there Ned was recommended to repair, in search of his darling object. Finch stoutly avowing his belief the game would be found in that quarter, he gave Ned several hints as to his mode of proceeding, placing in strong array his own knowledge of the world in general, some little insight into the circumstances of the particular case, and, beyond all, his conviction that a *coup de main*, where a lady is in the case, does wonders. "Be bold," he said; "tell her at once you love her, the first moment you have an opportunity, and that you entertain hopes of being soon in a position to claim her hand; draw a little on futurity; and if the woman likes you, she will put it in bank in her heart, and then you'll have something to draw on. Remember my axiom — 't is that good old one I have often repeated to you — 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Along with such advice he furnished his friend with a passport and copious directions, and Ned set out on what he could not help confessing to himself was a wild-goose chase, spurred by the strongest stimulus that can inspire the heart — love ; and upborne by the most enduring power that can sustain human exertion — hope : both the bright companions of life, but brightest in youth.

The time which fortune had thrown in our hero's way was not the most favourable for travelling ; the frequency of military posts, the scrupulous examination of passports, the suspicion with which the most trivial circumstance in connection with a traveller was regarded, rendered the wayfarer liable to many discomforts, and not unfrequently to danger ; for sometimes straggling parties of soldiers roved up and down, who, taking advantage of the exigencies of the times, made the public cause but an excuse for private rapine, by vexatious and rude interruptions, which enabled them to raise pecuniary contributions from defenceless parties whose ill luck threw them into such unwelcome company, and whose only chance of permission to proceed on their journey was giving a bribe ; the loss of their money being, in most cases, preferred to the loss of their liberty, more particularly in the hands of such unceremonious captors.

It was Ned's evil fortune to fall in with one of these marauding parties, in company with some fellow-travellers with whom he had left Dunkirk. When stopped and questioned, and, at last, detained by the soldiery, one of the party, a sturdy burgher, protested loudly against the proceeding ; swearing lustily that it was not care for the public cause, but the mere desire to mulct the passengers, by which it was prompted : and though he paid for leave to pass, he grumbled ominously, and some muttered words of making it a matter of debate in his town-council, and having it strongly repre-

sented at head-quarters, caught the ears of the soldiers ; while he further averred, that though scarcely a day passed without hundreds of such stoppages, he never heard of a single instance of their daring to take a prisoner before the authorities ; clearly proving that it was a piece of knavery, and nothing else.

This was so generally known, that the depredators lost no occasion of pulling up any really suspicious person, to give a colour to their proceedings ; and as it happened that Ned, speaking nothing but English, and his passport not being what they chose to consider satisfactory, was just the man for their purpose, they rebutted the accusation of the burgher by making a prisoner of Ned, whom they feigned to believe a spy ; and he was, therefore, parted from his companions, and despatched to Courtrai under a guard. This was but an inauspicious commencement of his voyage of discovery ; and the miles which he had yet to traverse towards the town, were passed by our hero in melancholy forebodings, which grew darker as he entered the strongly-guarded gate of the fortress, and saw the fierce looks which were cast upon him as he was pointed out for an English spy. He was forwarded directly, by the officer in command of the gate, under a special escort, to the provost-marshal ; and, after a brief charge made by his captors, who made matters appear as bad as they could against him, the more to glorify their own vigilance, and one word of which Ned could not contradict, as he did not know what they were saying, he was thrust into a dingy cell lighted by one small window with a strong iron grating : and, as the guardian of the den was about to close the door, he cast back a significant look, and, putting his thumb under his ear, with an ominous twist of his mouth, and a smart click of the tongue at the same moment, he slammed the door on his prisoner, whom we must leave, for the present, to his hempen meditations.

CHAPTER V

A VOTARY OF MARS AND VENUS

FRENCH FLANDERS, whose greater portion was won by the value of the British arms, had been reconquered in subsequent campaigns.

The genius of Maurice, Count de Saxe, had retrieved the fallen fortunes of the French, and the victories of the illustrious Marlborough were remembered with impatience at home, as the recent successes of this later master of the art of war swept away the result of the British hero's conquests. With an inferior force, he now held in check the armies of the allies: and, though unable to maintain a pitched battle, the judicious distribution of his battalions prevented his adversaries from concentrating, and forcing him to a general engagement. Until his presence might be required, he had retired from Dunkirk to Courtrai, where he was better able to enjoy the pleasures he loved. Of these, the theatre was one; and though a dramatic company attended his camp, which he might command at all times, he preferred Courtrai to a mere seaport town, as in the former a more distinguished audience might do honour to the exalted efforts of the artists whom it was his pleasure to patronise. Amongst these, the exquisite Adrienne le Couvereur stood pre-eminent. It was she who first inspired the count with his passion for the drama, which, in her hands, could enchain the imagination, and engage the passions. Her embodiment of the poet's conceptions, showed a power in the histrionic art which he did not conceive it possessed: and the fascination became the more potent from being

unexpected, and was enduring as it was sudden. The admiration her talents excited, made him desire to have the acquaintance of one who so often charmed him in public, and in the society of this gifted actress he found new charms; her conversation was an enjoyment he constantly courted, and she obtained sufficient influence over the soldier to urge him to the study of elegant literature; his mind, hitherto absorbed by authors who could only extend his knowledge in the art of war, was thrown open to the contemplation of those who move our hearts to the better purposes of peace, and embellish social life with the adornments of poetry and the fine arts; and thus endowed, through her influence, with a new and more exalting power of enjoyment, he more and more esteemed his beautiful benefactress. Profuse in his expenditure, his patronage of Adrienne was munificent; and on one occasion she had the opportunity of proving that his liberality was not unworthily bestowed. When, under adverse circumstances, he was combating for the duchy of Courland, Adrienne, then in Paris, pawned her jewels and plate, and sent a considerable sum to replenish the military chest of her patron.

Here was a fresh cause of admiration on the part of the count, whose sense of such noble conduct raised her still higher in his opinion, and the fair Adrienne became such a favourite, that she was admitted to the freedom of friendship with the noble marshal, and might venture to say or do what few would have dared to one in his exalted position.

Whenever the exigencies of war, on his part, or of the *Théâtre Français* on hers, permitted, her presence was always requested by the count, to add the lustre of her dramatic art to the many other courtly pleasures with which he always sought to adorn his camp, thereby rendering an exile from the capital more bearable to the young nobles who followed his standard. One of these occasions had now arrived; hostilities, on a large scale,

were laid by, and the marshal awaited with impatience in Courtrai the arrival of the renowned Le Couvreur; for the pleasure of the theatre was held in dearer anticipation at that moment from his being debarred from active exercise, in consequence of a wound received in early life and neglected, and, often causing pain and inconvenience, now exhibiting some of its unpleasant symptoms. The count, for the greater ease of his wounded limb, was in *dishabille*: habited in a *roquelaire*, and wearing on his head a silken cap, in which a small aigrette of heron's feathers was quaintly fastened with a jewel. He was surrounded by maps and books, plans of fortifications, and other evidences of an active commander, and poring over a projected movement, which he measured with hand and mind, balancing all in the scale of contingency, when the arrival of Mademoiselle Le Couvreur was announced. The compasses were flung aside, all thoughts of the campaign were abandoned, and joy at the sight of his lovely and welcome visitor, put "grim-visaged war" to flight. How the hours glided by — what amusing anecdotes the actress brought from Paris! The tittle-tattle of that brilliant place was served up to the marshal with the piquant sauce of the fair Adrienne's manner; even court plots and state intrigues were at her fingers' end, and the king himself did not escape.

"There is one thing, however, he did that I love him for," said she; "he created *you* a marshal; I need not tell you how *I* rejoiced at that well-deserved proof of his majesty's favour. I have not till now had the opportunity of making my congratulations; pray, marshal, accept them!"

She then asked, in that womanly spirit which enjoys the outward signs of triumph, to see the *baton* which the king had presented.

Saxe smiled at the fond folly, and said, "Is it not enough to know that I *am* a marshal, without looking at

the bauble which represents the rank? it is not half so fine as many of the insignia you wear upon the stage."

"But more real," answered Adrienne; "and that makes all the difference——"

"Some of the dignities of real life are quite as unsubstantial as your pasteboard crowns," returned the marshal. "What, for instance, is my coronet of Courland worth? It is dear to me for *one* reason, certainly; the struggle to win it proved there was yet a noble and disinterested friendship left in the world."

He fixed his bright eye significantly on Adrienne as he spoke; she only answered by a smile, and with an inclination of the head.

"But I repeat," continued the count, "what are many of the dignities, the triumphs, and the honours of this world, more than a theatric pageant, only not so amusing, and a little longer sometimes; while the world applaud or hiss by turns, and on which the curtain falls at last, when Death 'rings down?'"

"Go on! go on!" said the actress; "rally as much as you please; but I hold my opinion:—the triumph, or grief, or joy of this world, must be more touching than that of the theatre, because it is *real*."

"*Ma belle!*" answered the marshal, with ready courtesy, "all is real when *you* are on the stage."

"Ah!" returned the lovely woman, "if you reply by compliments, I must give up the argument; but though I can say no more, I *will* see the baton."

The marshal's principal attendant was summoned, and, at the lady's desire, the staff of office was produced. It was beautifully wrought, studded, or, to use the ancient heraldic phrase, *semé* with *fleurs-de-lis* in gold and enamel. The fair Adrienne snatched the glittering emblem of military domination from the hand of the attendant, and when he had left the room she kissed it passionately, and exclaimed, "May victory hover wheresoever 't is

raised ! but the wish is needless — it *must*, in the hands of *Le Maréchal de Saxe*."

"You can beat me at compliments," said the marshal, "though you disclaim them."

Adrienne rose, and, assuming a military stand, waved the baton in the air, and with the happiest mimicry imitating the count's manner, gave a series of the most absurd commands. The count laughed, half at the close imitation of himself, half at the nonsense she was talking ; while the admiration of her beautiful arm, as it waved to and fro in all the accustomed grace of the highest study, cast an Attic enjoyment over the scene, and almost made farce sublime.

"Sit down !" cried the count, when his laughter permitted him to speak ; "sit down, lady fair — what nonsense you do talk. If Hercules was absurd holding the distaff, Venus makes as poor work with the truncheon."

The lively *tête-à-tête* was soon interrupted by the announcement that Mons. de Devenish, the commandant, waited the marshal's pleasure.

"*Ma foi !*" exclaimed the count, surprised, and consulting his watch, "*que le temps fuit !* it is indeed the hour I appointed ;" and turning to the servant, he desired him to make his compliments to the commandant, and say he should be charmed to see him : the servant retired.

"Now," said the count to the lady, "you will hear some very droll French spoken."

"I am used to that," said Adrienne, with a smile, alluding to the marshal's own foreign accent.

"Ah ! but I am an angel compared to Mons. de Devenish ; he is an Irishman — one of the many thousands who, brave as Cæsar, and loving fighting in their hearts, are not allowed to draw a sword for the king of Great Britain, under whose crown they live ; and therefore they help to win victories for other countries. I

have known De Devenish many years ; he was an officer in the first regiment I ever raised, and has been in many a hot place with me ; he has elevated himself by his own merit to be commandant of this fortress, and a more deserving officer never held command."

The entrance of the commandant cut short any further praise or comment the count might have felt inclined to make, and after returning the marshal's salutation, he begged to present to him an officer who had entered the chamber with him. His aspect was stern, and his arm in a sling spoke of recent encounter ; and when the commandant introduced him under the name of Captain Lynch, the marshal seemed to receive him with peculiar courtesy.

"Charmed to see you, captain," said the marshal ; "you have strengthened the brigade¹ wonderfully ; — what dashing fellows you have brought from Ireland — are they all such handsome, strong, straight dare-devils ?"

"I believe, marshal, we are pretty fairly provided with natural gifts."

"You have got hurt — how 's that !"

"A sharp affair, marshal," answered Devenish, taking up the conversation ; "and in a quarter I would not have expected, which made me take the liberty of bringing the captain with me, to give all the information you might desire."

The marshal withdrew to a table at the further end of the room, and, after asking Captain Lynch some few brief questions, he turned to Devenish, and with an outspread map before him, began to gauge distances with a pair of compasses. After a pause of a few minutes, he exclaimed to the commandant, "I tell you 't is impossible ; the Duke de Grammont is here — Mons. de Lutaux there. The Duke de Biron could not be forced — St. Sauveur commands an impenetrable point — the

¹ The Irish Brigade — one of the most distinguished in the French army of the period.

Count de Longaunai would not permit an enemy to steal a march — 't is impossible anything of moment can have taken place."

Devenish ventured certain suggestions, which the marshal listened to with an attention which showed in what respect he held the commandant's judgment, but still he maintained the opinion that any serious movement of the enemy was impossible.

While this conference of so much moment was going forward, Lynch's attention was arrested by the occupation of Adrienne, who, still holding the marshal's truncheon, used it for a plaything to provoke her dog into activity. Yes; while the interest of kingdoms was in debate, the staff of honour, presented by a proud potentate to an illustrious soldier, was made the toy of the moment in the hand of a woman.

Lynch's mind was not of the mould to derive enjoyment from the piquant frivolity of such a scene; the staff of honour made a plaything for the amusement of a lap-dog, to his earnest nature only conveyed a sense of displeasure, and an expression of pity and sadness passed across his countenance while he watched the gambols of the lady's pet, pursuing in bounding circles the baton which the lovely woman waved above his head. Even the beauty of person and grace of action before him, to which, under ordinary circumstances, he was not insensible, became neutralised by the wound his sense of propriety received. The impressions of the man were less vivid than the feelings of the soldier; and the truncheon, which in his mind was associated with thoughts of honour and victory, and whose indication he would have followed with alacrity though the path led to death, — that type of command to be degraded, as he considered it, cast a deeper shadow over his stern and massive features the longer he looked. His attention was withdrawn from the displeasing incident by a word addressed to him by the marshal, who having

finished the discussion of the important topics on which he was engaged with the commandant, turned the conversation upon the passing trivialities of the time.

"I hope you, and Mademoiselle, your fair daughter, enjoyed the ball the other night, captain ; — by-the-bye, what a charming person she is. She was called by common consent in the *salon La belle Irlandaise*."

Lynch bowed and thanked the marshal for his flattering speech with a formal courtesy.

"I hope she enjoyed our comedy too."

"Extremely, Sir."

"No doubt she can appreciate the wit of Molière, for I know she speaks French charmingly. — Has she ever lived in Paris?"

"No, count ; she has passed most of her life in Ireland."

"Then how has she acquired so pure an accent?"

"An old priest was her instructor."

"Ah, truly, I forgot that ; all your priests get their education in France. We send you priests, and you supply us with soldiers. We have the best of the bargain," said the marshal, laughing. "So a priest has taught her French?"

"Yes, count, and something better, I hope," replied the father, seriously.

"Oh, doubtless," returned the count, with a corresponding suavity of voice, "*but still she enjoyed our comedy*," added he, with a mischievous twinkle of his dark eye, and one of his merriest smiles.

"Certainly," replied Lynch ; "we say in Ireland, Sir, that we may be 'merry and wise,' and I think it quite possible."

"I'll go farther than that," said the marshal ; "I think it very unwise not to be merry when one can. But now I can offer to Mademoiselle a higher entertainment. Our camp is honoured with the presence of the first *artiste* in the world," and he looked at Adrienne as

he spoke: "and I doubt not Mademoiselle has tears to bestow on tragedy, as well as smiles to reward comedy. I hope for the honour of seeing you, and your fair daughter, captain, amongst our auditory."

"Thanks, marshal;—but my daughter has left Courtrai."

"For shame, captain! Beauties are not so plenty here that we can spare so fair a face. I hope Mademoiselle returns soon: besides, remember what an intellectual banquet is before her in seeing Mademoiselle Le Couvreur." He waved his hand towards Adrienne, and bowed courteously. She returned the salutation with a smile, and retired.

"I hope your daughter is within recall," continued the count. "Where is she?"

Captain Lynch hesitated for a moment, and muttered something about the marshal's too flattering courtesy.

"I insist on knowing," said the count, with his most winning air. "I positively command her presence here, to grace our revels;—where is she? Answer, captain, or dread a generalissimo's displeasure: if your fair daughter is thus spirited away, I swear you shall not have a forlorn hope to lead, or a post of danger to defend, for the rest of the campaign."

Lynch smiled at the nature of the marshal's threatened punishment, and in reply to the reiterated questions of where his daughter had gone, he replied, "to Bruges;" but in despite of the entreaties made for her return, respectfully declined the honour of the marshal's pressing invitation, and soon withdrew in company of the commandant.

They had scarcely retired, when the count ordered the immediate attendance of his favourite emissary, Lerroux.

A swarthy man, of powerful frame, overhanging brow, and quick dark eye, soon made his appearance. The

moment he entered, the count addressed him with something of reproach in his manner.

"How is it that you never told me Mademoiselle de Lynch had left Courtrai?"

"I did not know it, *Monseigneur*."

"Then she has fairly given you the slip?"

"But I will learn where she is gone, if *Monseigneur* desires."

"I know it without your help; — so you see I have done without you this time — *prenez garde*."

"*Pardon, Monseigneur*. And what is *Monseigneur's* pleasure?"

"We must have the lady back to Courtrai; we have no beauties to spare here — eh, Lerroux?"

"*Monseigneur* is right."

"She is too charming a person to stay at Bruges while I am here."

"At BRUGES; — thanks, *Monseigneur*. — But what address?"

"Plague take you, rascal; am *I* to find out everything that belongs to *your* business?"

"*Pardon, Monseigneur!* am I to go to Bruges, then?"

"Yes: *you* know how to find out where anybody is anywhere, and can discover the address of Mademoiselle. She is too handsome to be spared from Courtrai, and we must make some excuse to get her back again. Her father is wounded; that is a good plea to draw her from her retreat."

"Admirable, *Monseigneur!*"

"You can make it serve, I think."

"Without doubt, *Monseigneur*."

"Contrive it your own way; — but of course *I* know nothing about it." He threw him a purse of gold as he spoke, and smiled.

Lerroux answered with a vile leer and low chuckle.

"Lose no time."

"Not a moment, *Monseigneur*."

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“And you shall *not* lose *money* — for there is *another* purse if you bring back the lady.”

“*Monseigneur* is *too* good!” said the wretch, with a cringe, as he retired from the room, and left the marshal to his alternate reveries of love and war.

CHAPTER VI

AN AGREEABLE CHANGE FOR OUR HERO

THE commandant insisted on the presence of Captain Lynch at his quarters on their retiring from the marshal's presence. The latter pleaded his wound as "reason fit" why it were wiser to betake him to the retirement of his own lodging and the repose of his own bed; but the commandant pleaded ancient friendship, with that oft-used clause, "the length of time since they had met;" and Lynch being an Irishman, the social disposition of his nature backed his friend's request, and yielded to his hospitable wishes, on the understanding that Lynch should "do as he liked;" which meant, that the commandant would not enforce his guest to drink till he was tipsy. In the course of their walk, Mons. de Devenish, for so we must call our French-Irish commandant, alluded to the beauty of the captain's daughter, and the universal admiration she created.

"Even the marshal," said he, "though used to the blaze of charms in the French court, has been attracted."

"I wish he were not," returned the father.

"And why not?"

"Because I desire not such distinctions for my child. The admiration of wolves for lambs is something like that of your count-marshal for a captain's daughter; it is disproportionate, and any superstructure on so false a base, must fall; and in falling, whom would it crush? — the woman. The brilliancy of a warrior's reputation, and a courtier's manner, are an over-match for the natural weakness even of the most sensible girl; and I

would not willingly expose my child to the trial : — not that I fear or doubt her good sense and her innate love of all that is honourable, not only in reality, but in seeming ; nevertheless, I should shrink at the idle whispers of a clique commenting upon the courtesies of a man of the count's gay reputation to my daughter."

"My dear friend," answered Devenish, "you think like a man who has lived in the hermit retirement of our native land, and is unused to the world."

"And you, my good commandant," returned Lynch, "think — or, perhaps, I had better say, *don't* think of such matters — with the carelessness that long habit has engendered while living with these demoralised foreigners."

"It is possible," said Devenish ; "but I hope I am not contaminated."

"Certainly not," replied the captain ; "but your feelings on such matters are blunted : and so strongly do I feel on this subject, that I am going to ask of you the favour of supplying me with some trusty messenger, to convey to my daughter a letter to warn her against any surprise that may be attempted to draw her to Courtrai."

"Surprise !" exclaimed Devenish, in wonder.

"Aye, surprise," repeated Lynch ; "there was something in the manner of the count I did not like — it jarred upon me ; and I would ask the favour at your hands I have named."

"You shall have it, my dear friend."

"My wound, and the duties I have to perform here," said the captain, "are obstacles to my own departure hence at this moment, or I would instantly go to Bruges and see my girl ; but a letter in *safe* hands must serve my turn for the present. You say you can furnish a trusty messenger ?"

"Depend on me," replied Devenish.

"Thanks !" said Lynch : "it is enough."

Their brief and confidential colloquy brought them to

the quarters of the commandant, where a few officers had been invited to share the hospitality of his table, and were already awaiting their host. He pleaded the commands of the marshal for this breach of etiquette on his part, and ordered dinner to be served directly.

Most of the men were Irish, for Devenish loved to have his countrymen about him, and the after-dinner hilarity was mingled with various anticipations of the proposed descent on Great Britain in the cause of Prince Charles, and its probable result on Ireland. Lynch promised the most devoted adherence to the cause, on the part of all Ireland, — stating his personal knowledge of the feelings of the country, in the cause of their legitimate king.

“More fools they!” said Devenish — “pass the bottle, boys.”

“Call you devotion to a sacred duty folly?” said Lynch, in whom a romantic and enthusiastic nature produced a deeper love for a sinking cause.

“I call it folly,” returned Devenish, “to adhere to a family through whom poor Ireland lost all, and got nothing. They adhered to the royal cause in Charles the First’s time, and little thanks they got — only were *murthered* entirely by Cromwell for it after, and had not even pity from Charles the Second. Still, for all that, nothing would serve them but to stick to *dirty*¹ James, with desperate fidelity; and much good that did them — only got them *murthered* over again by Black Billy, and made the world just one big barrack for Irishmen to go live abroad in, for they dare not stay at home.”

“And are we not as badly off under George?” asked Lynch, gloomily — “and is it not worth a struggle to make Ireland a land where her sons may live and die in honour, and not be forced to live in exile, if they would not live as slaves?”

¹ King James is still remembered in the devoted land he abandoned by this complimentary *sobriquet*.

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"Ah, Lynch, leave your indignant eloquence, like a good boy, and pass the wine, — there is poor O'Donnell eyeing the bottle with a longing look, that is quite heart-breaking."

"I am of your opinion, commandant, respecting the expedition," said O'Donnell, filling his glass. "The wit spoke truth, who told Louis that he would never see mass performed in London, unless he had three hundred thousand soldiers to serve it."

"We have yet to see what the expedition will do," said Lynch.

"And they are making all haste in their preparations," added Blake.

"Yet I have no expectation from it," said Devenish.

"Though Saxe commands it?" replied Lynch.

"Aye, even Saxe. — And, by-the-bye, I am not sure if he won't be *held by the leg* here — that wound of his is troublesome sometimes. I know it of old — for I was with him when he got it."

"By-the-way, that was a desperate affair, I believe?" enquired O'Donnell.

"Faith, you may say that."

"An extraordinary escape, was it not?" enquired another.

"Incredible, almost," replied Devenish, who was requested by all present to give the particulars of the encounter, as none of them had ever heard the details.

"It is upwards of twenty years ago," said Devenish, "and as one might forget a little or so in that time, I dare say you will imagine the half of what I shall tell you invention; but I give you my honour, the most fertile fancy could not invent half the wonders of that night's work. You see it was when I first joined the count's regiment, — the first which his father allowed him to raise, and with which he certainly performed wonders in a former campaign, — it was then that the

regiment was ordered to Pomerania to join the Prussians, and the count sent off the lads before him, that they might be in for the first of the fun, he himself intending to follow in a few days; but as he could move faster than a whole regiment, they were sent ahead, he reserving only six of his officers, and about twelve servants well armed, for his escort, though we had to cross part of an enemy's country."

"Did he dare such a thing with only eighteen men?"

"Dare?" said Devenish; "of all the dare-devils I ever saw, — and I have seen a few in my time, — the count surpassed, when he was young. He knows better now; for indeed the bit of advice Prince Eugene gave him one day was needed."

"What was that?" enquired Blake.

"When the general officers were praising the young count one day, at Bethune for some of his daring vagaries, Prince Eugene waited till they were all done, and then he took him down a peg, with these remarkable words: — 'You mistake temerity for courage,' said he, 'but do not confound them, count, for *connoisseurs know the difference.*'"

"But you are forgetting the story, commandant."

"Well, we were but nineteen people in all, well mounted, and armed to the teeth; and we pushed our nags pretty smartly, till night brought us, after a hard day's ride, to a small place called Crachnitz. Here there was but a shabby little inn, which could not afford sufficient accommodation for our party. We were obliged to distribute our horses in various stables up and down the village, reserving those of the inn for the officers' chargers, and the servants to sleep in. We stationed a couple of scouts to be on the look-out, to avoid a surprise, and then the count ordered supper, with as much *nonchalance* as if he were safe at home in his father's palace. Well, just as we were sitting down to supper, in rushed our scouts, to tell us the enemy were pouring

into the town in great force. What need of force, you will say, to take nineteen men? but, as we afterwards heard, the enemy had supposed us to be a much stronger detachment, having heard that Marshal Count Fleming travelled with the Count de Saxe; and so something to the tune of two hundred dragoons entered the town, while six hundred cavalry were posted outside, to prevent escape, and make our capture sure; for if they could have carried off the count and the marshal, it would have been as good as taking three thousand men.

“The count immediately gave orders to barricade the door and lower windows — to pierce the wainscot of the hall, and place a couple of men in each of the side rooms, which commanded the passage, who could thus, under cover, pour a fire upon the first who should enter. The count and the rest of his suite withdrew to the stables, which we could better defend, and where we saddled our horses, to be ready to run when we could no longer fight. We heard the clatter of the dragoons, as they galloped up the street, and drew up round the inn. A violent knocking at the door succeeded; and on the refusal to open, the officer in command threatened to force it. The threat was soon put into execution; the door was battered down with the butt-ends of fire-arms. And while all this din was going forward outside, *the stillness of death reigned within*, — where the Grim King was soon to reign *himself*. A light was so disposed, that the hall was visible to us, whilst those who should enter could see nothing. The four men in the two rooms, with guns ready pointed through the loops, awaiting the forcing of the door, to deal slaughter on the first who should enter. Bang! bang! fell the blows on the portal, and the creaking planks told how fast the work went on. At last came one grand crash, and in fell the door; a rush of dragoons is impeded by a slight barricade of furniture in the hall; the moment they are checked, four deadly shots are put in from the side rooms. We

then, from the other end of the passage which led to the stables, hurl a murderous fire upon the assailants, whose own dead bodies become an additional rampart for our defence. The dragoons, treading over their fallen companions, are pressed forward from the rear, — they are met with the bayonet and slaughtered helplessly: a panic seizes the assailants, and the hall is abandoned — literally barricaded with dead. An escalade was attempted at the same time, however; and just as we had cleared the hall, the tramp of the dragoons was heard in the apartments above, where the windows were undefended. The count was the first to rush up stairs in the darkness. He had a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other. The first man he met fell by the former; and then he laid about him so vigorously with his steel, that several were killed by his own hand, before we could back him. A desperate struggle now took place; it was pitch dark: we could not see where we struck, and the greater part of the conflict consisted rather of wrestling, and knocking our foes on the head with the butt-ends of our pistols. At last we drove them towards the windows, and *threw them out* — by St. Patrick 't is a fact! — we threw them out *by handfuls*! A second attack was made, and a second time repulsed; and the enemy, finding the defence so complete, concluded a greater number were in the house than was anticipated; therefore, the officer relinquished further assault, till daylight would enable him to use his numbers with advantage; and as he considered himself sure of his prey, he only placed strong parties round the inn, and ordered the men to rest on their arms till morning, when he might summon the count to surrender. When we found ourselves unmoled, a little council of war was held, and the first thing that we perceived, with surprise, was, that not one of us, except the count, had received so much as a scratch; — he got a pistol wound in the thigh, but he treated it as nothing, and we proceeded to debate what was best

to be done. 'We must *make daylight through them* while it is *night*,' said the count; 'for if the dawn should show the paucity of our numbers, the game is lost.' The difficulty now was, the want of horses; for you remember the stables of the inn could only accommodate those of the officers. It was therefore agreed to wait till the enemy might be supposed to be drowsy, and surprise the post, which, we perceived, had been established behind the inn. One great difficulty now existed; — though we had powder, we had expended every ball, and a rummage was made through the house for anything we could substitute; any bit of brass or iron was a treasure. I crammed a nail *for some fellow's coffin* into my pistol, and the count was busy cutting the buttons off his coat, to ornament some other gentleman's uniform, when a bright thought, as I imagined, struck me. 'Count,' says I, 'we say in Ireland that nothing can kill the d——l but a silver bullet. So suppose we club our dollars, and cut them up into slugs?' 'A most characteristic invention,' replied he; '*I never knew an Irishman who could not get rid of his pay faster than any other fellow in the world.*' Laughing at the count's reply, we acted on my advice, however, and chopped up our dollars into slugs, determined to pay the enemy ransom in a new fashion. When all was prepared, we mounted our horses, opened the gates of the court-yard quietly, and ordered the servants on foot to steal cautiously forward, till they should get sufficiently close to the enemy to enable them to reach them as fast on foot as we should on horseback. Having contrived this combined attack of infantry and cavalry on *so grand a scale*, the count at the proper moment yelled out 'Charge!' and every man shouting enough for a dozen, to make believe we were in force, rushed forward for death or liberty. This sudden and furious assault upon the guard, who thought themselves in such security that they had alighted from their horses, and were lying round a watch-fire, took

them completely by surprise; and such as escaped our fire, and the edge of the sword, fled precipitately, and our servants picking the best of their horses, we set off at full gallop, and never drew rein till we arrived at Sandomir, the next morning, which we accomplished without the loss of a man, or a wound amongst the party, except that of the count.

"Now," said De Devenish, when he had finished the story, "remember you *asked* me to tell you that; for, 'pon my conscience, I would not volunteer to tell so marvellous a thing and hope to be believed."

His brother-soldiers, while they acknowledged the affair to have been a wonderful feat, still avowed their belief that, favoured by darkness, a small determined party might keep fearful odds at bay; and many instances were remembered round the board.

"By-the-bye, commandant, was Burke with you in that affair?" enquired O'Donnell.

"He was, *poor fellow!*" said De Devenish, with an expression of true regret on the last words. "He had not long come from Ireland then, and was one of the four picked men who held the hall. He was my servant for many years, and, much as I valued him, I did not know all his worth till I lost him. I have never had such another. You remember him, O'Donnell?"

"I cannot forget the strange scrape he got into the night he mistook the pass-word."

De Devenish laughed at the recollection.

"Tell us, commandant," was the general request.

"O'Donnell knows it," said Devenish; "but as there are some here who do not, I will tell you; and it has the great merit of not being long. It was one night when I wished to make a communication with one of our outposts, commanded by a brother Pat, that Burke was the only disposable person I had for the purpose. He had to pass a line of sentries; and as it was not

long since he came from Ireland, he did not know a word of French, so the only thing I wished to impress on his understanding was the necessity of remembering the pass-word. As it happened, our glorious marshal here furnished the same in his own ever memorable name — *Saxe* — ever memorable but in the case of poor Burke, who forgot it, though he swore he never would, nor *could* if he *tried* — ‘for your honour,’ says he to me before he went, ‘how could I forget that word? Sure, I can remember a miller aisy enough, and a miller has *sacks* — is n’t that right?’ ‘Quite, Burke,’ said I; ‘remember a miller and sacks, and you can’t go wrong — that one word will pass you to-night all through the camp.’ Now you must remember, *Saxe* did not command us, and that Burke had never heard of such a person, and depended on his mnemonic system for remembering the charmed word; but whether it was thoughts of home, or, ‘the girl he left behind him,’ that were busy with my poor Burke, or that his high-trotting horse shook the word out of his head, I won’t pretend to say, but when he was challenged, the lively ‘*qui vive?*’ of the sentry was answered by Burke singing out ‘*BAGS* ;’ and as you may guess, Burke was laid hold of.

“‘Let me go, you thief!’ cried Burke — ‘*Bags*, I tell you!’

“He was taken before the officer of the guard, who asked him where he came from. Burke tipped him a knowing wink, and cried ‘*Bags* ;’ but the officer seemed as stupid to Burke as the sentinel.

“‘What brings you here?’ asked the officer.

“‘*Bags!*’ said Burke, with more emphasis than before.

“The same answer to two different questions roused the Frenchman’s indignation; but the warmer he got, the more did Burke repeat ‘*Bags!*’ and cursed in his own mind the officer’s stupidity; and though he rang

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the changes on 'Bags' in every possible intonation, it was not till the next day that my enquiries after my servant set him free. Many a laugh was had at Burke's expense on the subject of the pass-word; and for a long time after, if I ever wanted him to be particular not to forget anything, I had only to say 'Bags' to put Burke on his mettle."

"What a smart soldier he was too!" said O'Donnell.

"And as brave as a lion," added Devenish. "In short, he was a noble fellow. Though in the ranks, he had a heart that would have done honour to a marshal. I knew his history, and it was touching. He loved a girl passionately, who treated him, nevertheless, with coldness; yet I firmly believe, that to the end of his life, she was the dearest thing in his memory. Too daring a devotion to what the poor fellow considered the cause of his country, obliged him to fly from it, and never was there a more home-sick exile at *heart*; but his pride, in both cases, was so unflinching, that word or look would never betray to strangers that he regretted the girl and the land that were lost to him for ever. He fell, at last, on a hard-fought and victorious day; and a lock of jet-black hair, and a withered shamrock, were found enclosed in a small case of green silk, together with a gospel, suspended by a ribbon from his neck, and resting over the pulseless heart which in life never throbbed with an unworthy emotion.

"The incident suggested to one of our lads who was as ready with his pen as his sword, a song, which has often been sung round our camp fire, and which, if O'Donnell pleases, he can give us now."

The manly voice of the soldier was at once raised in accordance with the wishes of his comrades, and though he could not boast the perfections of an accomplished singer, what was wanting in art was more than made up in feeling.

THE SOLDIER

I

'T was a glorious day, worth a warrior's telling,
Two kings had fought, and the fight was done,
When, 'midst the shout of victory swelling,
A soldier fell on the field he won.
He thought of kings and of royal quarrels,
And thought of glory without a smile;
For what had he to do with laurels?
He was only one of the rank and file.
But he pulled out his little *cruiskeen*,¹
And drank to his pretty *colleen*,²
"Oh darling!" says he, "when I die
You won't be a widow — for why? —
Ah! you never would have me, *vourneen*." ³

II

A raven tress from his bosom taking,
That now was stained with his life-stream shed,
A fervent prayer o'er that ringlet making,
He blessings sought on the loved one's head.
And visions fair of his native mountains
Arose, enchanting his fading sight;
There emerald valleys and crystal fountains
Were never shining more green and bright;
And grasping his little *cruiskeen*,
He pledg'd the dear island of green; —
"Though far from thy valleys I die,
Dearest isle, to my heart thou art nigh,
As though absent I never had been."

III

A tear now fell — for as life was sinking,
The pride that guarded his manly eye
Was weaker grown, and his last fond thinking
Brought heaven and home and his true love nigh.
But with the fire of his gallant nation,
He scorn'd surrender without a blow! —
He made with death capitulation,
And with warlike honours he still would go;

¹ A dram-bottle. ² Girl. ³ A term of endearment.

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For, draining his little *cruiskeen*,
He drank to his cruel *colleen*,
To the emerald land of his birth —
And lifeless he sank to the earth,
Brave a soldier as ever was seen !

The applause which followed O'Donnell's song was still ringing round the table, when a servant entered, and addressed some words to the commandant.

Devenish, ever since his holding the important station he filled at Courtrai, always made it a rule to examine English prisoners himself on their capture, to avoid the misunderstanding that might arise from question and answer being confused by an imperfect knowledge of language between parties, and now he was informed an officer was in waiting, having an English prisoner in charge. The commandant desired he should be brought before him ; and, in another instant, Ned was standing in presence of the dinner-party.

Though his air was somewhat sad, there was nothing of the downcast craven about it, as he looked towards the commandant at the head of his table ; but when he heard himself addressed, not only in English, but with the accent of his native land, his face brightened as his heart told him he was not so friendless as he thought himself. After answering the commandant's first question, he cast his eyes round the table, and they met those of Captain Lynch. A mutual look of surprise and pleasure passed between them ; and as the captain rose and advanced towards him with open hand, saying, " Well met, my young friend," Edward exclaimed, " What ! Count Nel—— "

The captain suddenly stopped him by seizing his hand, and, with significant pressure, saying, " Captain Lynch is glad to see you—how came you to be a prisoner? "

A few words of explanation sufficed to show that Edward was clear of any charge that should limit his

liberty, and the commandant pronounced him free, and requested him to take a seat at the table, so that, by one of those sudden turns of fortune which are so surprising, he was transferred at once from a prison to the table of the commandant, and instead of "supping sorrow," drinking most excellent wine, the first glass of which he filled at the courteous soldier's request that he would pledge him.

"I am happy to have the pleasure of seeing you, Sir," said Devenish with that air of high breeding, warmed with heartiness, that so much characterised the Irish gentleman of the period, "and I hope you will make yourself comfortable. We owe you a little extra civility, in consideration of the rough treatment you first had at our hands; but if you have seen something of the chance rubs of travelling in a country under military occupation, I trust, before you leave us, we will prove to you that soldiers can be very good fellows as well as sturdy."

Ned, who never before had sat in as good company, feeling that inevitable abashment which being made the subject of address in such presence always produces in a young man of his station, made a somewhat hasty and hesitating speech about the honour he considered he enjoyed, and the good fortune of an apparently unlucky chance affording him the pleasure and *honour* of such a distinguished society. So far, his native tact enabled him to say what was quite right under the circumstances, though given with the diffidence which betrayed a shyness, showing a want of intimacy with the high-bred, but by no means awaking a suspicion of vulgar habits.

"As for the pleasure, Sir," said Devenish (politely leaving the *honour* unnoticed,) "I believe I may, without flattery, opine that the apartments of the commandant are more agreeable than those of the *prevôt maréchal*. I hope you will look over the little accident that befel you: these French fellows, you know, — these *fascinat-*

ing foreigners, — have a very *taking* way with them, as they say of the robbers in Ireland.”

Ned assured him he felt more than repaid by the consequences that ensued from his capture.

“I hope you have not been taken much out of your way, Mister — by-the-bye, your examination was conducted in so very Irish and after-dinner a fashion, that we never enquired your name; — may I beg the favour?”

“Fitzgerald,” answered Ned.

“A good name, Sir — I had some cousins of that name myself. May I ask, are you connected with the Kilkee family?”

Ned, feeling much puzzled to be asked about his *Fitzgerald* relations, answered in the negative.

“Or the Knight of Kerry?” continued Devenish.

A negative was still returned; and then politeness forbidding the commandant to enquire further, he returned to the question of “hoping that our hero had not been taken out of his way.”

So far from that, Ned declared Courtrai was a place he intended to visit.

“Then no bones are broken after all,” said Devenish, who having performed the courtesy of conversing with a stranger introduced to his table under such peculiar circumstances, joined in the general conversation of his guests.

Ned was delighted to escape from the enquiries on the subject of his genealogical tree, which was anything but a tree of knowledge to him, as far as *Fitzgerald* was concerned.

“What a strange meeting this of ours,” said the captain. “We last met in a quiet town on the remotest shore of Europe, and here we come together again on the theatre of its most stirring incidents.”

“True, Sir,” answered Ned. “And yet in that quiet town, you may remember, we met in strife better befitting the seat of war.”

“I don’t forget it,” answered his friend, significantly; “and anything I can do for you here, pray command me. — May I ask what your object is in visiting Courtrai?”

Here was poor Ned puzzled again with the very second question put to him. He dare not tell to him who asked it the real object of his visit; and a second time within a few minutes he felt the painful difficulty of not being able to speak the truth. He said at last, that having a few days to spare, the natural curiosity of persons to visit strange places was his motive; and then, trying to make a virtue of speaking truth enigmatically, he added, that doubtless *there was that in Courtrai which he should be glad to see.*

The captain assured him there were places of much greater note in Flanders, Courtrai being principally remarkable for its manufactures, not for the outward beauties which are attractive to the traveller, and recommended his young friend to leave Courtrai as soon as possible, as he should only *lose his time there.*

How dismally those words sounded to Ned. Despair stared him in the face; he scarcely noticed anything that took place afterwards till the party broke up. Then, as the commandant politely offered the guidance of his own servant to conduct him to an hotel, Lynch declared it was needless, as he would give his young friend accommodation in his own quarters.

Despair fled at the words: the enthusiast saw fortune smiling again; and the lover’s heart jumped at the chances involved in the proffered invitation.

CHAPTER VII

RIVAL EMISSARIES

ON retiring from the hospitable board of the commandant, with what surprise did Ned find himself walking down the street arm in arm with a count—or a captain, as he chose to be called there—and a passing wonder was experienced by Ned, how any man could wish to conceal his rank—that is, when it was a high one. But the wonder was momentary; superseded by the ecstatic idea of seeing his enchantress in a few minutes; nay, of being under the same roof with her; but ah! what was his disappointment, when he found, on reaching the soldier's barrack-room, his fond anticipations unfounded!—"How many tricks hath fortune played me to-day," thought Ned—and he sighed at the thought. Hitherto, with the timidity of true love, and a young heart, he had not dared to breathe her name; but his impatience, would no longer remain within bounds, and he hazarded a timid question after her health.

"I thank you, she is well;" said the soldier; "and may God keep her so—and in safety!" he added, and seemed, in uttering these last words, as if he thought aloud. Then relapsing into silence, a shade of deep reflection settled on his brow, and he did not speak for some minutes. Suddenly he addressed Ned, asking him, that, as there was no immediate business to detain him at Courtrai, if he would object to visit other towns, better worth seeing. Ned raised no objection, merely saying he should be on his return to Dunkirk in some few days.

“You can do that, and oblige me too,” said Lynch; “and also see the person after whom you have asked so politely — my daughter.”

Ned could hardly answer from sheer breathlessness of delight, but he stammered a hasty assurance of his happiness to oblige in the particular requested.

“Then you can carry a letter to her, for which purpose I require a trusty messenger, and you have already proved how stout and sure a friend you can be; — but if you would oblige me, you must start to-night.”

Ned assented with alacrity; and the captain, writing a short letter, which he placed in Ned’s hands, took down a sword from the wall where it hung, and presented it to his young friend.

“You can ride to-night in perfect safety, with a detachment of dragoons going to strengthen Belem; but as you will have to proceed thence alone by the canal to Bruges, and, in these rude times, may meet blustering people, it is as well to be provided with the means of defence.”

Ned, after expressing thanks for the gift, buckled it to his side, and they proceeded immediately to the quarter where the cavalry was already mustering for the march, and Edward being presented to the officer in command by Lynch, was allowed to join the party, and accommodated with a troop horse. As he departed, a single but deep and earnest “farewell” was bestowed by the stern soldier.

The night-march was rapid and fatiguing; but Ned, with the excitement produced by the novelty of the scene, and, beyond all, the promising nature of his mission, would gladly have borne twice as much; the

“Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war”

were around him; the martial clang of arms, and rapid tramp of steeds, rang through the darkness. The glitter and flutter of gold and steel and plume, that dazzle by day, were not there, but snatches of moonbeams strug-

gling through the clouds, lighted them more picturesquely than sunshine, and rendered the scene, if less brilliant, more romantic.

As soon as he reached Belem, notwithstanding all his fatigue, he sought not repose, but lost no time in embarking in the first passage-boat which proceeded to Bruges. In the boat, however, exhausted nature sought the rest she needed, and he slept for some hours, until the clatter of dinner aroused him. Here was another novel scene to Ned; smoking, eating, and drinking, all going on together, the women joining in the latter pretty freely, and the custom being that the wine bill should be defrayed by the men, travelling bachelors undergoing a sort of tax upon celibacy by paying for the wine of other men's wives and daughters, Ned found the Flemish fair sex had a tolerable capacity for the consumption of the article. There was but one person on board who could speak a word of English, and only a few broken scraps were at his disposal. This occasioned Ned to attach himself to the company of this person, though there was something in the man from which he was instinctively inclined to shrink, a sort of bird-of-prey look that was repulsive, yet through the desire to ask a question, so natural in a young traveller, our hero overcame his prejudices, and submitted to the companionship. Ned found he was well acquainted with Bruges; and as they approached the town, the magnificent tower of the town-hall (the *carillon*), the lofty steeple of Notre Dame and other spires were named to our young traveller by the obliging stranger, to whom Ned fancied he had done great injustice by his antipathy.

"You can tell me, then," said our hero, "in what part of the town I can find this address;" and he produced the letter he was bearing to Ellen.

Ned saw an extra brightness kindle in the swarthy stranger's eye as he glanced at the direction; but it was momentary, and he calmly answered, he should be happy

to show him the house, warning him against trusting to any paid guides through the town, as they were the greatest villains unchanged. Ned remembered the captain's parting words and his gift of the sword, and was therefore readier to give credit to the stranger's admonition.

"*I will show good 'ouse to Monsieur,*" said the friend, whom Ned thankfully followed; and the stranger led him to the *Singe a' Or*, where he proposed they should have *soam léetel refraish togezzer*, and that he would conduct him afterwards to the place he sought for; he then left Ned, on some pretence, saying he would be back by the time the "*refraish*" was ready, which, having been ordered with all speed, Ned expected to make its appearance in some twenty minutes; but when an hour elapsed, and the stranger returned not, Ned fancied he had forgotten him and the "*refraish*" altogether, and therefore determined to delay no longer the delivery of the letter; demanding a guide, he issued from the inn, and after traversing some intricate and unsavoury by-ways, his conductor indicated with his pointed finger that the house he sought lay up a street into which he had just turned. Ned saw a carriage with a door open, and a figure standing, as if in attendance, which struck him to be the hawk-eyed stranger of the passage-boat — the next instant a lady issued from the house: it was Ellen; and the stranger assisted her to the carriage. A thought of treachery flashed across Edward's mind, and he ran with all speed to the spot, where the stranger was employing his utmost haste to shut up the steps and close the door. But Edward arrived in time to present himself before Ellen, who grew alternately pale and red on beholding him, and saw in his excited look some occasion of unusual moment — while his urgent appeal to her to stop was met by the swarthy stranger's passionate exclamation that there was not a moment to delay; this he urged, speaking rapidly in French to Ellen, with much gesticulation.

"I fear there is treachery here," cried Ned eagerly ; but he was interrupted by the Frenchman, who, with some contemptuous gesticulation towards him, gabbled a torrent of talk to Ellen, which Ned could not understand, as the stranger spoke his own language. But our hero would not be thus put down ; for, laying hold of the door, and shoving the intruder aside, he put his head into the carriage, and said,

"Dear lady, if this rascal is trying to persuade you that I am not your father's authorised messenger, he is a liar !"

"*Sacré !*" exclaimed the Frenchman, who, with gnashing teeth and eyes flashing fire, drew his sword fiercely, and with such evident murderous intent, that Ned quickly had his rapier out, but barely in time to parry the furious thrust of his assailant, whose rapid lunges, urged with great personal power lashed to its utmost exertion by rage, placed our hero's life in imminent jeopardy. Ellen screamed ; and, opening the carriage door, was about to rush between the combatants, when a rapidly-retained pass from Ned laid the base Lerroux dead at the feet of the lovely creature he would have betrayed.

Ellen would have fallen to the ground but that Edward caught her in his arms, and bore her into the house, where the attention of the rapidly-assembled domestics recalled her from her swoon. Her first words, on recovering, were to urge Edward to immediate flight, but his answer was handing her the letter of her father, and saying, "I must not go until I know if there is any other duty I can perform."

She glanced over the letter, and exclaimed, "Oh ! from what peril you have preserved me ! — but you have slain a Frenchman, and are in the hands of his countrymen, in arms — Fly ! for Heaven's sake, fly !" — Then wringing her hands, she exclaimed, "Alas ! alas ! am I doomed always to involve you in trouble ?"



Wings.

She looked with so much gentleness at Edward as she spoke, that a thrill of delight shot through his frame, and he exclaimed, with an emotion to which no woman's ear could be insensible, "Think not for a moment of my danger; I would gladly lay down my life for you!"

The sound of commotion in the street without now became audible, and increased more while they spoke; and when Ellen moved to the window and looked out, she suddenly withdrew, alarm impressed on every feature. "They are gathering fearfully,—it is impossible you can escape by the front; the court in the rear opens on the canal, and a boat is at the stair. —Hasten, Ernestine!" she exclaimed to a fair-haired girl, her attendant; "put this gentleman across the canal, and you will escape immediate interruption. Lead him at once to the nearest gate,—get him out of the town, for Heaven's sake—and when once you gain the suburb," she added, addressing herself to Edward, "you can procure the means of escape, and neglect it not for an instant, as you value your life. Fly! I beseech you."

"Lady!" said Edward, "I have a word in private for you."

"There is no time."

"I cannot leave without."

Ellen rapidly waved the attendants from the room, and closed the door.

"Be brief."

"I may never see you again, but I cannot leave you without telling you, that a mad presumption has entered my heart. —Oh, do not start—I am going. —I hope and believe I shall yet have fortune, and one day *might* hope — Oh, say, if ever I come back, where may I hear of you? Do I presume too much? — Oh, be not angry with me!" he exclaimed, imploringly, dropping on his knee at her feet, and taking her hand.

"Against one who has been my preserver," said Ellen, trembling, "gratitude forbids I should entertain anger; — but this is folly, and may cost you your life."

"Then answer — where shall I hear of you?"

"To save your life I *must* speak," said Ellen. "At the Convent of the Assumption, in this city, you are likely always to hear of me."

"A convent!" exclaimed Edward, with a look of horror.

A louder murmur rose from the street as he spoke, and Ellen's pallor and tremor increased.

"If you really respect me," she said, "fly."

He ventured to press the hand he held to his lips, and rose, and uttering a passionate farewell, hurried from the room. On the stairs Ernestine was waiting for him, and beckoned him rapidly to follow her. To run down the court, jump into a boat, and cross a canal, was the work of a very few minutes, and a few more found them threading back streets towards one of the gates. As they hurried along, a chime of bells rang out, and an expression of alarm overspread the girl's face, as she beckoned Edward to greater speed, and ran forward to the gate that was now in sight. They ran till they were out of breath, and reached the guarded portal only to learn that the gates were closed for the night, and none must pass.

CHAPTER VIII

A FAT AND SUSCEPTIBLE WIDOW

ERNESTINE could not avoid betraying in her countenance alarm and anxiety, which might have been enough to awaken the suspicion of the sentry had he been a reasonable man; but, as he was a conceited fellow, he attributed the changing colour of the damsel to the result of the impertinent love-glances he cast from those bold eyes, which he fancied capable of conquering any woman alive, and, as he ogled the fair Fleming most unequivocally, the girl's agitation was set down to his grenadier gallantry.

Ernestine through all her alarm saw this, and with womanly readiness determined to make use of it; she pouted her ripe lips into the prettiest form of entreaty, and bent the most love-like gaze of supplication from her blue eyes as she urged every ingenious plea she could think of, to be permitted to pass the wicket. It was in vain;—to every appeal the grenadier only chucked her under the chin, and told her to “try again,” till at last Ernestine, seeing he was making a jest of her, left off calling him “cruel,” which she hoped would have made him kind, and saying he was an impertinent fellow, turned away from the gate, in bitter disappointment that all the powder and shot of her coquetry had been thrown away, and in much anxiety respecting the safety of the young gentleman who had been put under her charge. For some time the girl seemed absorbed in thought, as she traced her steps with speed

across the bridge and down the main street from the gate, till turning into one less frequented she relaxed her speed, and, looking round to see that none were near to observe, she stretched forth her arms in the action of swimming, with a look of enquiry to Ned, who having answered by a nod of assent, she hurried forward again. Ernestine's pantomimic question arose from a little plot she had contrived for placing her charge in some place of safety *within* the city, as she could not get him *out* of it; and as the only one she knew was in a public part of the town, and not far from where the fatal affray took place, the difficulty lay in getting the fugitive there without observation. This she feared was impossible by crossing any of the bridges — at least it was perilous; and as the house she intended for his sanctuary had a water-gate which opened on one of the canals, her plan was to go round by the bridges by herself, and leave Edward to lie in some momentary place of concealment, till she could advertise the inmates of the house of her intention, and give a signal to Ned from the opposite side of the canal, which, as he could swim, would present no other obstacle than a wet jacket between him and security.

The understanding between Ned and his guide had been so perfect by the mere intervention of gesture, that no further explanation was required, for the present, to comprehend one another's meaning, — he understanding she expected him to swim, and she quite satisfied he could do so; therefore, she trotted on, and he after her, through a multiplicity of intricate windings, which reminded Ned of his native town in their high flavour and narrowness.¹ They soon debouched, however, from

¹ There are many points of similitude between Bruges and Galway. The heavy portals forming the entrance to quadrangular buildings, — the narrow passages through successive arches, not over sweet, — and the Spanish look of the women with their ample

these unsavoury labyrinths into the broader and more frequented part of the town; but the relief to one sense gave alarm to another, for the eye became painfully alive to passing groups, whose upraised voices and gesticulation showed they were moved by some event producing popular excitement, and many of the military were among them. Ernestine hurried across one thoroughfare thus occupied, and cast a furtive glance backward to see that Edward followed unmolested, and, when assured of this, she took no further notice, but led onward with unslackened pace through the quieter intersecting street till she reached the opening on the next highway, where a sight was before her enough to shake a stouter heart; for a party of soldiers were at the moment bearing over the bridge the body of Lerroux on a litter, and seemed excited even to ferocity.

Ernestine grew white with terror, and, turning suddenly back, absolutely dragged Edward after her till they reached a low-browed arch leading up a dark entry, to the farthest extremity of which they quickly retired, waiting in silent anxiety until the receding murmurs should tell them the savage crowd was past. They listened breathlessly, but the noise increased rather than diminished, and to their dismay the mob turned down the street to which they were so close. Ernestine, trembling from head to foot, leaned for support on Ned, who grasped the handle of his sword in readiness to sell his life dearly, if need might be. On poured the stream of the growling and swearing multitude, past the little entry, which reverberated to their heavy tramp, and whence the fugitives could see from out the friendly shadow the grim faces that were passing. The numbers grew less and less — the murmur faded into

cloaks. This may be accounted for by the existence of Spanish power in the Netherlands, and Spanish intercourse with Galway in ancient times.

distance, and soon the tramp of some following straggler alone disturbed the quiet street. Ernestine ventured to peep out, and, beckoning Edward to follow, they emerged from their hiding-place and again dared the streets, over which the shadows of evening now falling, favoured their retreat, which the careful girl still contrived should lie through the most quiet ways. At last they arrived at an open square, whose odour proclaimed it at once a fish-market, and whose proximity to the water showed the fitness of the locality. Hurrying to the quay, Ernestine, after casting a few enquiring glances about, thought a barge moored to the bank the most favourable chance that offered for her purpose, and, stepping on board, she was soon joined by Edward. She pointed to a house nearly opposite, with a water-gate opening directly upon the canal, and gave Edward to understand that he should remain in the barge until she could get round by a bridge to that particular house, to which, as soon as he saw *her*, he should swim. She then departed hastily, and Edward cast a glance across the water to measure the distance of his aquatic short cut.

Not far from his promised asylum stood a building of such quaint and peculiar beauty, that Edward, even amidst the reasonable anxiety of his situation, could not avoid remarking it. Its graceful pinnacles yet sparkled in the sunset, and the elaborate beauty of their form was more remarkable from being wrought in brick, whose makers and layers in olden time must have far surpassed all modern workmen, judging from the exquisite specimens still to be seen in Holland and Belgium. But though its pinnacles were still bright, the greater mass of the building was sinking into shade, relieved only by the small squares of glass in its ample windows catching a light here and there, which, reflected in the canal beneath, broke the massiveness of shadow which would otherwise have been heavy, and made one of those pictures which only such amphibious places afford.

He withdrew his eyes now and then from the sparkling pinnacles to cast a glance at the little water-gate, in search of Ernestine, and had not long to wait, for the assiduous girl had used all speed to accomplish her object ; and Edward soon saw her standing within the recess of the opposite arch, and waving a handkerchief by way of signal. Letting himself down gently by a rope from the barge's side into the water, to avoid the noise a plunge would have made, he struck out boldly across the canal, and Ernestine received the dripping fugitive with smiles and testimonies of admiration, and led him immediately up a winding stair, at the head of which a fat old lady, the picture of good living, was waiting to receive him. She shook him by the hand with an air of elaborate politeness, and said, "Velkim, velkim." She then talked an immensity in her own language, with a word of English here and there, to Ned, who was shaking the weight of water from his garments in the hall, while the fat old lady poured a torrent of directions to Ernestine, who was running up stairs after having received them, but was recalled to get a fresh supply of orders. Off went Ernestine again, and by the time she was near the top of the house, the old babbler must have her back for some fresh order, — and this was repeated several times, till the girl's patience was exhausted, and, affecting not to hear the recall still screamed after her, she pursued her way up stairs to get fresh clothes for Edward.

The old lady then told him she could speak English, though he would have scarcely found it out without her saying so, for her few words, badly pronounced, were so crushed between her native gutturals, with which she made up her conversation, that no dictionary in the language would have recognised the disfigured creatures as acquaintances, and they could only be classed amongst the vagrants and vagabonds that go wandering over the world without a claim on any society : few and shapeless as the words were, however, she made it intelligible that

she acquired a knowledge of English from her second husband, but that it was to her third that Edward was to be indebted for his clothes.

"But yaw are vet, naut moche, I dink," said Madame Ghabbelkramme.

Ned shook his head, and the skirts of his coat, and said, "*Very.*"

"Bote it vos soi droi here — very — dis zummer."

"Maybe so, Ma'am," said Ned; "but the canal is very wet, I assure you."

"Ah no — cannaut — dis year rain not moche."

"The little that was of it, Ma'am," said Ned, "is very penetrating, however."

The feet of Ernestine were now heard pattering down stairs, and she soon made her appearance, bearing a bundle of clothes.

Madame attempted a long talk with Ernestine about the clothes, which the girl strove to cut short by hurrying towards a side room off the hall: but Madame held her back by her skirt as she gained the door, and said that, as the garments had not been worn since her poor dear good man had died, that they must want airing. To which the girl replied, with an exclamation of wonder at Madame's absurd care, that they were certainly more dry than those the young gentleman had on him. Edward, seeing the tendency to discussion on the old lady's part, lost no time in following Ernestine into the room; where the girl, depositing the clothes in a chair, gave him a significant nod to make the most of his time; and, notwithstanding the old lady's attempt to establish a parley at the portal, Edward contrived to get the door shut sooner than his hostess thought consistent with that politeness to the fair sex which she constantly preached, and of which she considered herself a most deserving object.

She kept talking to him, however, through the door all the time Ned was effecting his change, which pre-

sented two difficulties, the first to drag off the wet garments which clung to him, and the second to keep the ample folds which had encased the rotund proportions of the late Herr Ghabbelkramme from falling about his heels; no possible buttoning would do it, and he was fain to hold them up with his hands, which the capacious sleeves and heavy ruffles of the portly burgher rendered nearly useless. It was as much as Ned could do to get one hand free to open the door, at which the fussy old lady began to knock impatiently, and when she entered, her desire to give Ned a second shake of welcome by the other almost produced a catastrophe which it would have given us pain to record. Ernestine saw our hero's difficulty, and, while she laughed at it, promptly set about its removal; huge pins were put in requisition, and at length the application of a scarf round his middle set Ned's mind at ease and his hands at liberty, whereupon his fat hostess shook them heartily, and remarked to Ernestine, how slender the youth looked in the burgher's clothes.

"Augh!" exclaimed she in German, "Ghabbelkramme was a fine man—but to say the truth, the youth is good-looking." She then led the way to another chamber, where the supper table, handsomely provided at all points, was laid, and, after some words to Ernestine, the latter departed, and Edward was left *tête-à-tête* with the old lady, who did not seem in the least to regret that he did not answer one word, but appeared the happier that she had all the talk to herself, in which she never relaxed for one moment. There were a good many pictures in the room, most of them daubs done to order; among them were three portraits of the three former lords and masters of the extensive domain of female loveliness that now stood before Edward, and this she contrived to make him understand by pointing to them and saying, as each was indicated—

“Dat is mine von; dat is mine doo; dat is mine dree. Mine von vos gooder; mine doo vos beaster; but, mine dree vos pigger. Dem is his goats;” and she pointed to Ned’s coat and nether garments as she spoke. She then indicated several portraits of herself at different periods of life; and by reference to these and those of her husbands, and afterwards calling his attention to various composition pictures which hung round the room, gave him to understand that she and her former lords had sat as models for the principal figures. It would seem the tastes had varied at the different periods of these pictures being painted. In the earliest, the Pastoral prevailed — Madame figured as a shepherdess. In the second, Mythology was laid under contribution for the subject; and here, as Daphne, she was escaping at the very moment of metamorphose from a bloated Apollo, who seemed very much blown with his run; while the tree into which she was changing was by far the least wooden part of the picture. In the third era, Scriptural subjects prevailed, and this mountain of “too solid flesh” had done some of the most renowned beauties of sacred history the favour of being their representative. In some of the accessory seraphic groups, too, she would indicate the handsomest, and say “*Dat is me*; — but here is ’noder — ver goot indeet;” and she pointed to the largest picture in the room, the subject being Tobit and the Angel. “Dat is goot to ebbery potty *ebbery time* (which was the old lady’s way of expressing *always*) — Ghabbelkramme vos Tobit — de *hangel* is *me*.” Ned found it difficult to resist laughing, and commenced a voluble praise of the picture to escape such a breach of politeness, remarking how very naturally the fish was represented.

“Oh, yais,” said Madame, “ebbery ting from nature — de veesh vrom de market — ver goot — after bainter baint him, de cook made him for zuppers; — ebbery ting from nature, ebbery time, in goot vorks; — Ghabbelkramme

vos Tobit — de veesh vrom de veesh — and de hangel is *me*.” Ned could no longer resist a smile, but perceiving which, she requested him to remember that she was much more beautiful *then* than *now* ; and by certain applications of her hands squeezing in her present redundancy, and her pointed finger referring to departed dimples, and cutting certain figures through the air indicating various lines of beauty, she endeavoured to convince her guest that she was the remains of a Venus, somewhat enlarged.

“ But dat is all mine goot humour, — I am so grabble (agreeable, she meant to say), it is bleasant to live mid me, I do adsure you ; ” and she gave Ned a tender glance as she spoke.

“ All mine von, mine doo, mine dree, zay I vos *so* grabble ; dere is mek me happy-not, only von ting, — I am ’vraid zum day I vill grow too tick : ” she was eighteen stone, if she was a pound, as she spoke the words.

Ned would have given the world to have laughed out, and screwed his mouth into all sorts of shapes, to keep in the rebellious merriment that was producing internal convulsion.

“ I zee,” said the old lady, “ you laughs at mine bat vorts of Hingelish ; but you naut know notten *Deitch* — zo me petters dan you.” Leaving the room as she spoke, Ned was left to his own observations of the chamber, which had much in it indicating wealth. There were an Indian cabinet and screen, jars and beakers of china, idols of marble and gilded metal, and monsters in porcelain of the direst forms of ugliness, rich cornices and mouldings, hangings of that stiff damask which we only now have a notion of through old pictures, and tall backed chairs of walnut wood and cut velvet inviting to sedentary ease. Everything in the room bore an aspect curiously coinciding with the figure of the mistress. The cabinet was square-built and thick, and one open

drawer, crammed with a medley of things, gave some idea of the surfeit under which the rest were labouring; while another empty one seemed protruded by the poor cabinet itself to get a mouthful of air. The jars were of the most rotund forms, the dragons seemed bursting, the idols were bloated, and the very chairs seemed stuffed as full as they could cram. His further observation was interrupted by the return of his hostess, followed by a stout-built *frau*, bearing a tray holding several dishes; upon which, as they were laid one by one on the table, the lady who feared she would grow "too tick" looked with an eye of affection little in keeping with such an apprehension, and, when all was ready, she motioned Ned to a chair, and then, flopping down into one herself, squeezed as near the table as *her good humour* would allow her, and commenced operations. After helping her guest, she set to herself, and though Ned, as might be expected from his youth, and hardy calling, could play a tolerably good knife and fork, or was, in Irish parlance, a capital "trencher-boy," he was a fool to his hostess, who made astounding havoc with both eatables and drinkables. No sooner was one dish cleared, than an assault was made on another; and, though Ned did all he could to keep a lady in countenance, he was forced to give in long before she relaxed in her labour of love. Heavens! how she did gobble and swill! it was almost sublime, and, somehow or other, she contrived to talk all the time. At last she seemed to have done, and spoke to the servant, who partly cleared the table and retired, and the interval was made use of by Madame Ghabbelkramme to pull a large handkerchief from her pocket and rub down her face, which began to give some dewy evidence of the exertion she had gone through. She pulled a second handkerchief from another pocket, and before making use of it, said, "I am zo partic, ebbery time, mid mine ankle-shift, — you zee I habben von — to make mine nose — and 'nudder vor to zweep mine face."

The servant returned bearing an enormous dish of salad, — a perfect stack of vegetable production, which Ned declined meddling with, though assured by his hostess it was an excellent thing after a hearty meal; but she remarked after his continued refusal to taste it, that perhaps he was right, as he was “too tin” to eat salad; — “Bickos,” added she, “I take him vor to kip minezelf tin.” Then plunging her weapons right into the whole dish of vegetable, she began to gobble salad in a style that might have shamed a Neapolitan bolting macaroni, and, as she paused sometimes to take breath, would pant forth this assurance to Ned: “Augh! — dat is goot for me!” But, as every thing in this world must come to an end, poor Madame Ghabbelkramme finished her salad at last, and, sighing, she followed the dish with her eyes as it was borne away by the attendant *frau*. The table, however, was replenished with dishes of fruit; and burly, round-bodied, jolly-looking bottles, filled with good wine, and long-stemmed glasses, ornamented with spiral lines of white, sparkled gaily on the board. In making free with these, Ned had a better chance of coping with the old lady, though it is not unlikely, if she had a mind, she could have put Ned under the table. The curtains being drawn, and the chamber well lighted with plenty of wax candles, which stood in handsome candelabra of bronze gilt, resting on richly carved oaken brackets, and the servant having retired, they were now left to themselves, and another avalanche of talk fell upon Ned. She told him she was very rich, with good houses, and good plate; “gelt and silber, — and blenty,” — and she “so grabble,” that it was easy to live with her, — and Bruges was a very good town to live in. On asking Ned if he did not think so, he answered, that it was impossible he could judge, as he had but just arrived. To this she replied that he might stay in Bruges as long as he liked, where he might consider *her* house as *his*. She then told him something of her history, assuring him

that when young she was extremely handsome, and even now that she had a more delicate skin than many a girl, and held out her arm to Ned that he might prove it by touch. He, young in the world, and never having had the opportunity of observing to what absurd lengths vanity can be stretched, did not attribute the old lady's absurdity to its true cause, but began to think she was a little mad; and, instead of being inspired with disgust, entertained pity for her, which gave such a softness to his manner, that the old dame entertained a notion she was making a conquest, and began to look round the room to see if there was a spare corner for Ned's picture. To Ned's great relief, their conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Ellen, attended by Ernestine, though the pleasure he experienced on beholding her, which at first chased every other idea, was a little dashed when he rose at her entrance; for the feeling of the fat burgher's clothes slipping off gave him such a notion of his own ridiculous figure, that it shocked him to be seen in such a plight by his charmer. She, crossing the room with exquisite grace, approached Madame Ghabbelkramme to make her salutation, which the old lady did not seem inclined to receive a bit too well, for it disturbed her in the pursuit of an agreeable idea. Ellen then turning to Edward begged him to be seated, with an air of the gentlest courtesy: he was glad to obey, being conscious he looked less ridiculous sitting, as he could stow away some of the extra folds and flaps and skirts of *Mynherr's* voluminous garments behind him, and show a better front.

"Vat vor you kummen here?" enquired Madame Ghabbelkramme, rather gruffly, cranching an apple while she spoke.

"I came to thank you, my dear Madame," replied Ellen, in the sweetest manner, "for the protection you have afforded this gentleman." As if she thought the ceremonious term of "gentleman" cold, she then said,



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— “my friend;” and then, as if she feared she had said too much, added, — “my father’s friend.”

Edward bowed low as she uttered the words, and felt himself elevated in the scale of creation, to have won such a name from *her* lips.

“And I am glad to tell you,” she continued to Edward, “that I have interested the good Father Flaherty in your behalf, and he has promised to see you into a sure place of safety, and get you unharmed out of the town.”

“He is ’nuff safe vere he is,” replied Madame Ghabbelkramme, tartly; “ve vaunt naut Vader Flart.”

“Remember, dear Madame, that, in case of need, he could place him in sanctuary.”

“Sanctum — fittle! de yhung mans is fer goot vere he is; — vaut a vright you iz, mine loaf, to-night! you iz as vite as mine dabble-clout;” — and she laid her hand on the table-cloth as she spoke; “vy iz you naut all rosen liken to me?”

“I have been much frightened, Madame, this evening.”

“Yais, — you looks liken to dead; you iz alfays too tin, bote now you looken like a skelter.”

“Not *quite* a skeleton, Madame,” said Ellen, smiling.

“Yais, — skelleter; — you never had proper-shins.”

Edward, who had hitherto listened with amazement, became indignant at what he thought an attack on the symmetry of the young lady’s legs, not being able to comprehend that old Ghabbelkramme meant *proportions*, when she said “proper-shins.”

Ellen only laughed, and the old lady continued —

“You can laughen, mine tear, — bote you iz no peauty, dough you tink zo, — maynbe; — young foomins tinks it peauty to be tin, — but de mans knows petters. Now you looken, mine tear!” and taking a knife in her hand and holding it upright on the table, she said: “Dere! you are just liken to dat — stret before, and stret behind, and *vairy* tin.”

Ned could hardly keep his temper; but the gentle smile of Ellen calmed him by its sweetness, and when he saw Ernestine laughing behind the old woman's chair, it taught him to regard the old lady's speeches as they did. As he looked at Ernestine, he saw a dark figure emerge from behind a screen, and gently approach the chair of Madame Ghabbelkramme, as she continued:—

"Yais, mine loaf, don't you be konsetted:—if you aff hearen as I aff hearen de mans talk of de foomins, you vould know petters: a poor tin tread of a ting is not grabble to de mans, I do adsure you!—de talken of poor tin tings, as—cane chairs, mine loaf;—as teal poards, mine tear!"

By this time, Father Flaherty, for it was he whom Ned had seen advance, laid his hand on the back of Madame Ghabbelkramme's chair, and overlooking the mountain of conceit beneath him, exclaimed in a rich brogue, after she had uttered the words, "deal poards and cane chairs,"—"Arrah, then, Madame Ghabbelkramme *acushla*, did you ever hear of such a thing as a feather-bed?"

Ned could "mind his manners" no longer,—he burst out laughing, and even the trained courtesy of Ellen could not repress her mirth. Ernestine, though she could not understand a word, gathered the meaning from the result of the father's speech, and ran out of the room to enjoy herself at freedom in the hall.

"Yais,—Vader Flart,—I know vat is vedder bet;—dere is vedder bet in mine 'ouse."

"All the town knows *that*, Ma'am."

"And you taken away must not—dis yhung mans,—vor I aff a vedder bet vor him dis neight, so kumfitab."

"It would be too much indulgence, Ma'am, for a youth. I must treat him to sackcloth and ashes in my own little gazebo."

"No, no!—not must be, Vader Flart!" Then turning to Edward, she said, "You vill not go,—you

vill not go to zackelout, and leaf your vedder bet, — you *vill* not leaf your vedder bet ? ”

She said this so tenderly, that Ned, remembering its allusion to herself, could not repress a smile, though he answered respectfully, that, much as he thanked her for the offer of her hospitality, he was bound to go wherever *Mademoiselle* and the good father desired.

“ Den you are bat mans, Vader Flart, to take away mine vrent.”

Ned hurried from the room with the father, who came provided with a proper disguise ; and in the side chamber off the hall, where Ned made his first change, he assumed a clerical habit, more suited to his size than the garments of the fat burgher.

“ ’Pon my word, you are a good figure for the part, young gentleman,” said Father Flaherty to Ned, when he was dressed ; “ only your hair has a very unsanctified twist about it ; however, we can shave your head if necessary.”

With this prospect of losing what it must be confessed Ned was a little vain of, and which, as he hoped to see Ellen again before he left Bruges, he particularly wished to preserve, he left the house closely tucked under the sheltering wing of Father Flaherty, who kept humming snatches of Irish tunes as they wended their way through the now silent streets.

Passing in front of the *Hôtel de Ville*, they walked close beside a soldier, keeping guard beneath its massive and lofty tower ; and the *padre* remarked, it was little the sentry knew who was close to him ! Striking across the ample square in its front, the chimes of the *carillon* rang forth, and Edward recognised in the plaintive melody the very notes he found written on the music paper he made prize of at Hamburgh. With those who love, every circumstance that relates to their passion, culminating to the one dear point, increases its force, and so the merest trifles become important. Thus it was with

Edward on hearing the chime ; — he stopped suddenly and listened, and the sweet tones of the bells, as they rang out their liquid melody high in air, seemed like ærial voices speaking to him of his love.

“What ails you ?” said the priest.

“Oh those bells !” exclaimed Edward in ecstasy.

“Why, then, is it stoppin’ you are to listen to the clatter of *thim owld* pots and pans !” exclaimed the priest, dragging him onward.

What a savage Ned thought Father Flaherty, and what a simpleton the father thought Ned.

“Sure this is twice as purty a tune as that owld *cronan*,” said the priest, lilting a bit of an Irish jig, which quickened their pace by urging them to step in time to it, and brought them the sooner to the end of their walk.

Ned thankfully refused the hospitable offers of refreshment on the part of the *padre*, as his supper had been so substantial ; and after the excitement and fatigue of mind and body he had experienced, he began to feel the need of rest, and the kind-hearted priest showed him to his sleeping-room.

Now that he was alone and in security, the eventful circumstances of the last few hours crowded rapidly upon him, and, despite his need of rest, kept him wakeful ; the thought that he had sacrificed a human life, though in self-defence, and what was to him still dearer, in defence of her in whose cause he would have laid down his own a thousand times, weighed heavily upon him, and he prayed long and fervently, ere he lay down to sleep, for pardon of his unpremeditated guilt. His conscience thus soothed, poor Edward flung himself on his bed, and exhausted nature yielded to that benign influence which can alone restore her — profound sleep.

CHAPTER IX

FATHER FLAHERTY'S STRATAGEM

IT took some hearty shakes by the shoulder to rouse Ned from his sleep the next day, when, at rather an advanced hour, Father Flaherty told him it was time to rise. Resuming his clerical disguise, he descended from his dormitory, and joined the worthy father at breakfast, after which they quitted the house, and proceeded towards the cathedral of *Notre Dame*. The gigantic outward proportions of the building struck Edward with amazement; but when he passed into the interior, a sense of solemn admiration made him stand still and silent before he advanced many steps.

There is a reverential feeling, produced by the aspect of a large Gothic interior, which even long habit cannot overcome; the first experience of it is almost oppressive. The cold vastness into which we at once are plunged on passing the portal has a chastening effect, and we pause; the lessened light permitted through its painted windows has a subduing influence, yet gratifies the sense of beauty by the tinted loveliness it sheds wherever it falls. The eye, raised in involuntary wonder up those lofty yet slender shafts that bear the over-hanging pile above, is lost in the complex beauty of the fretted roof. With slow and respectful steps we move towards the centre of the aisle; we stand beside one of those apparently slender columns, and perceive it is a ponderous mass of masonry, to which the artifice of sculpture has imparted the seeming of lightness, and the presence at once of beauty and power commands our homage. We look

through that long vista of columns, that stand like mighty sentinels guarding the approach to the altar, shedding its glories of gold and marble and pictured art from afar, through the open arch of the elaborate screen, whose slender filagree seems to support, as if by magic, the gigantic organ above, whose melodious peal, should it then be waked, first bursting like thunder through the vaulted pile, and then fading to the faintest echo through the solemn vastness, fills the heart with a reverence bordering on awe, and lifts the mind above this world.

With what dumb-stricken admiration did Edward first behold the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, where the gorgeous ceremony of a high mass increased his reverential wonder! Imagine a young man from the remote shores of Ireland, where the humble chapel of a friary was all he had ever seen in the service of that religion, whose exercise was there and *then* little better than felonious! — imagine him, for the first time, entering a temple of colossal proportion and elaborate beauty, and witnessing a high mass, in all the pomp of a dominant religion, with its gorgeous altars, its massive wax-lights, the odour of incense flung from silver censers by numerous acolytes before the train of bishop, priests, and deacons, clad in the utmost splendour of sacerdotal robes amid the organ's plaintive notes or full-toned peal, — the wail of choral voices or their exulting burst, as they were subdued to the penitential spirit of the *Confiteor*, or rose to the triumphant outpouring of the *Gloria in excelsis* — imagine this, and think with what emotion Edward knelt at a high mass in Bruges! Though the service in word and act was the same, yet the difference in extrinsic circumstances might well suggest the internal question — “Can this be the same religion in which I was reared? Is this the poor frightened faith which hides in holes and corners in my native land?” And then the wish arose that those who sat in high places in Galway could only witness the splendour of the rites which appealed so

powerfully to his own weak points. His passion for the lofty was flattered to its utmost bent by the "pomp and circumstance" he saw before him; and his father's apprehensions of the superior "gentility" of the Protestant religion were no longer valid, for from that moment Ned was firm in the faith of Rome. It is not saying much for our hero, that such influences held sway in a cause where deeper and holier motives should operate; but it is our business to tell the truth of him, and not make him out to be either wiser or better than he was.

The service being over, Edward was conducted by Father Flaherty up a lofty winding stair, which led to a small chamber that seemed to be cut out of the thickness of the wall, and was desired to remain there until the priest should return to him. "And here is a book for you, my son," added he, handing him one of prayers. "You had better occupy your mind with good and holy thoughts while I am away, and chastise the proud spirit of humanity, — for though I don't want to be too hard on a poor fellow in distress, yet I must remind you, my son, that you must not forget you killed a man yesterday." Hereupon Edward expressed such contrition, and gave such manifest evidence of his sense of guiltiness, that the kind-hearted priest felt more inclined to comfort than to blame, and spoke words of hope to him.

"There, there, that will do now. You killed the man, 't is true, but it was in a good cause — yet there is blood on your head, no doubt; but then if you killed him, he was a blackguard, and no loss to king or country *agra!* so don't fret. Not but that I would put a good round penance on you, if you were staying here in quiet and safety; but considering that you have to run some risk before long, and might be taken off sudden, you see, I must not let you die in your sin, my poor boy, but must hear you make a clean breast of it, and give you absolution before you face the danger of the road:

so while I am away, working out a little plan o' my own to get you out of the town, stick to that book like a good Christian, and chastise the proud spirit of humanity."

Leaving Edward with these words, the father went to make arrangements for an escape from the town: and an opportunity was offered by a procession of The Host being about to take place through one of the gates; and he conceived the stratagem of clothing Edward in the habit of an acolyte, and making him the bearer of one of the banners carried on the occasion, and thus eluding the vigilance of the guards. During his absence, Edward really did apply himself to the sacred book, the only interruption to his holy communings being the chimes of the *carillon*, which in the calmness of the day and the stillness of the high place where he sat, far above the noise of the town, he could distinctly hear. He felt it was sinful to wander from the sacred duty in which he was engaged; but, as every thought of *her* in his mind belonged more to heaven than earth, the lapse, perhaps, was pardonable. When the chime ceased, he again applied himself to the book; and his attention never wandered from the sacred page until withdrawn by the reappearance of the kind *padre*, who came at once to confess and shrive and liberate him. Of confession there needed not much, for, to say truth, in knowing that he killed a fellow creature, the priest knew the greatest of Ned's human offences; and as there was —

"Short time for shrift,"

he briefly received absolution of his sins, and was made ready for "rope or gun," as the case might be, in the gauntlet he was about to run for his life. He was then habited in a white surplice to represent an acolyte, and bade by the father to follow him. As they descended the long winding stair, the soft-hearted priest often paused to give Ned some fresh direction how he was to comfort himself, and told him to be "no ways afear'd,

nor *nervish*," though, in truth, the good father himself was infinitely more nervous about the matter than Ned. On reaching the church below, the persons to form the procession were assembling; and Father Flaherty, after a few minutes' absence in the vestry, returned in the sacerdotal habit suited to the occasion, and placing Edward next him, joined in the line, which, emerging from the church, carried before it homage through every street. The doffed hat, and bended knee, and downcast eye of humility showed the fugitive what an admirable means it was of escaping not only interruption, but even observation; and a fresh wonder was revealed to him in the reverence the Romish faith obtained *here*. Encountering in their course a handsome *cortège*, where stately coach and prancing steed had place, the pageant made way, and the servants of the church held their road.

At last the gate came in sight, and Father Flaherty began to exhibit symptoms of anxiety, while Ned was perfectly collected. The father was praying devoutly, mingling at the same time certain admonitions to the fugitive; and they were so rapidly alternated, that the good father sometimes looked to Ned when his addresses were meant for heaven; and he raised his eyes to the skies when he said something appertaining to his friend. For instance, winking at Ned, he exclaimed, "Holy Virgin, *purissima! pulcherrima!* — howld your banner straight. Holy saints and martyrs! — you'll be shot if you're discovered. Mind your eye when you come to the bridge, and don't look at them. — Guardian angels! — they've no mercy — but show a bowld face."

The sudden outburst of a bold strain from trumpets and drums now arrested their attention; and as they topped the middle of the bridge, they beheld a military column advancing, and close upon the gate. For the first time Ned felt somewhat nervous; to be stopped just at the gate was awkward; but his apprehensions were only momentary; for the instant the advancing

troops perceived the sacred procession, they halted ; the serried masses filed right and left on each side of the road ; and as the procession of the Host passed uninterruptedly through the gate, it was met with a military salute as it progressed through the opened ranks ; and when it reached that portion of the column where the standards were carried, the ensigns of a king were lowered before the banners of the cross.

CHAPTER X

AN INITIATION INTO THE MYSTERIES OF "FREE TRADE "

WE must now transfer our readers to the cabin of the "Seagull," where, four days after his escape from Bruges, Ned was cracking an after-dinner bottle of most exemplary claret with Finch, luxuriating in repose and safety, rendered the more enjoyable from the fatigue and dangers he had undergone in making his way to Dunkirk. These fatigues and dangers, as well as his doings at Courtrai he detailed to his friend while they sipped their wine; and the sparkling eye of the skipper, as he listened to the romantic recital, showed the ardent love he bore adventure. He congratulated his young friend on his having "done bravely," as he said, and foreboded brightly of the future. When Edward ventured a doubt of this, reminding him that Ellen would not have listened a moment to him but for the danger in which he stood, Finch met his doubtings with a laugh of derision.

"Tush, man! what a young hand you are at such matters! If she meant to crush your hopes, would she have gone to the old fat *frau's* house to see you? — answer me that."

"Consider," replied Ned, "that my life being endangered on her account, she came to see after my safety."

"Nonsense, I say," returned Finch. "Your safety could have been attended to by the old priest just as well; and take my word, if she was angry with you,

you never more would have had a sight of her by her own act and will. I tell you, make money, lad; be rich, and the lady may be yours. Say no more about it for the present; you need rest, so turn in, and take no care."

The working of the windlass, and the song of the sailors, as they lifted the anchor, were now heard.

"Hark!" said Finch, "they are weighing, so I must go on deck now; to-morrow we shall talk more about this—good-night."

Ned prepared to turn in with good will, and as the "Seagull" was standing out of the harbour before he got into his berth, the ripple of the water along her side helped to lull him to sleep; for sweet to all who have ever known it, is the music of that sailor lullaby. When he rose the next morning, the gallant boat was bounding gaily over the waters, and most of the day was passed in talking of his affairs to Finch, who won more and more upon Edward as the intimacy increased. He could start no doubt for which Finch could not find a satisfactory answer; no adverse circumstance for which he did not at once name a countervailing expedient: there seemed in him such a fund of ready contrivance for the exigencies of every occasion, that he passed upon Ned for a marvel of sagacity, and he willingly rendered to his words that ready submission which in early youth is so easily yielded to those who have a command of glib language, and can adroitly make use of commonplaces, which pass as good as new on the uninitiated. Ned felt *very* happy; he glided through the hours of the day as smoothly as the "Seagull" through the waters; and when the black cook had completed his work in the caboose, and the dinner was announced, he wondered how the time had passed, and could scarcely believe it was so late. The table still exhibited that superiority which Ned had first remarked, and when, after enjoying its good cheer, it was cleared, and he and the skipper were

left to themselves, he ventured to remark, that either the owners of the "Seagull" were much more liberal than those under whom he had had the chance to serve, or their trade must be far superior, to afford such enjoyments — "Unless," said Ned, suddenly catching at a thought, "unless you have a private fortune of your own."

"No fortune but what I make by the trade," answered Finch; "but then that trade is a glorious one! and the more a man knows of it, the better he likes it." He then enlarged upon the subject, and while discussing with his young friend seductive wines, and spirits, and liqueurs, discussed also some important questions of a fiscal nature; in the course of which all governments were shown up to Ned in the light of selfish and crafty tyrannies, whose only objects were robbery and oppression of the people, whose state would be too wretched for endurance but for the existence of free-hearted souls like the skipper, who endeavoured, by a generous and daring intervention, to counteract the baneful influence of the harpies who snatched from the labours of the industrious three-fourths of their honest earnings, by making them pay four times the original price of an article, which the skipper, in the spirit of philanthropy, was willing to supply to them for only twice the cost. Ned was fascinated by the glowing manner in which the skipper represented the case, yet, when all was done, he could not help saying, with great simplicity, "Why, as well as I can understand what you have been telling me, the traffic you speak of is very like what they call smuggling."

"That *is* the name the land-sharks give it," returned the skipper; "but we call it 'free trade.'"

"Well, now, is n't it odd," said Ned, "that, often as I've heard the phrase 'free trade,' I never knew what it meant before?"

"Not odd at all, my lad. — You are too young to know much yet, and the more you learn in my school the better you'll like it. Besides, instead of your pay-

ing your master, your learning shall line your pockets with gold, boy; and then — ah! I see your eye brighten! — then your heart's desire may be realised. Yes, when once you command the influence of what I call the magical letters — the £. s. d. — then you may ask and have the girl of your heart. But, even without this inducement, the romantic adventures we sometimes turn up — 'splood! 't would make a fellow of spunk a free trader, for the mere sport of the thing." A commendatory slap on the shoulder served for sauce to this speech; and the bright eye of the dashing skipper beamed upon Ned, as if he saw in him some future hero of free trade.

Ned went to sleep that night, his head heated with wine and the inflammable conversation of his friend; but in his dreams the glories of "free trade" always presented themselves in the shape of "smuggling;" and he saw his father's honest shop, and his father's honest face, and a frown upon it: he tossed and tumbled, and awoke rather feverish; but a walk upon deck in the fresh morning breeze, before which the "Seagull" was bounding over the bright waters, cooled his blood, and the activity of waking life dispelled every sad thought the visions of sleep had created. In truth, he must have been a determinately gloomy fellow who could be sad on board the "Seagull," for a merrier set of fellows never stepped on deck than her picked crew, which was chosen by the skipper himself, whose skill in selecting the men suited to his purpose amounted almost to instinct. He made it a rule never to have an ill-tempered man in the crew; if he chanced to make a mistake in his selection, which was rarely, he always got rid of the sulker; the consequence was that the duty was done with a spirit and heartiness which was quite beautiful. It was this same quick perception of men's qualities that made him pitch upon Ned: he had lately lost his mate, and among his crew he did not know one exactly suited to fill the place, and he fancied he saw that in Ned which prom-

ised, in the service, a bold, active, and enthusiastic participation, without which the daring risks of a smuggler's life could never be surmounted. He was not long in proving his neophyte. Ned was soon engaged in running some goods under very trying circumstances, and acquitted himself so well that he won the praises of the skipper, who handed him over a purse with no contemptible number of gold pieces, as his share of the night's work. Ned would have refused them, but his friend was peremptory.

"The money is *your right*, lad! — the owners consider that short reckonings make long friends; and after each successful turn of traffic, every man in the craft has his purse the heavier for it."

"Yet I have a scruple of conscience about it, somehow," said Ned. "I am not quite satisfied this smuggling is right."

"It is not right to *let it be known*," said Finch, — "that is the only harm to avoid. Bless your innocent heart! If you but knew the worshipful men ashore who are engaged in it, you would soon be reconciled to the practice. I tell you, lad, the outcry and scandal raised against it is only a got-up concern by those to whose interests its suppression tends — those in high places — and men of sense *know it is so*; and therefore, while they would avoid the publication and penalty of their doings, nevertheless dare to do what they are convinced is not morally wrong in itself, and brings those who have hardihood to venture, large profits. Could you but see the smooth and silky man who reaps his thousands a year from the 'Seagull' — a sanctified man; — goes to church three times on Sunday; a most worshipful man on 'Change: — an upholder of church and king; whose adversary, Charles Edward, he would gladly hang — though he thinks it no harm to get on the weather-side of his majesty's exchequer: — so take cash and counsel, and be the richer and wiser."

Ned never had so much money in all his life at once,

and there is something in the chink of a purse full of gold amazingly attractive, as a young fellow chucks it up and down in his hand, with the internal complacent feeling of "*this is mine.*" Ned had some qualms at the notion of being, after all that could be said for it, engaged in an illegal traffic; for though he had been humbly, he had been honestly reared. So far the pursuit was repugnant to the earliest lessons he had received, and next, his acquired notions did not exactly chime with it — he was not sure that it was *genteel*, and there is no doubt he would have declined engaging in a contraband trade, but for the hope it held out of sudden wealth, whose first instalment was in his hand. Not that Ned loved money for money's sake: — we believe there are few souls base enough to be actuated by this wretched motive; but he saw in it the means to realise the fond dreams in which he had dared to indulge; to fulfil aspirations that, however wild, were those which the noblest spirit might entertain. And thus gold may become precious in the eye of the enthusiast for the sake of what it may win. Refined in the fire of love, and bearing an ethereal impress, it ranks above the mints of kings and purposes of common traffic; — it becomes the coin of the realm of romance, and we may wish for its possession without being sordid.

Thus Ned was fairly enlisted — the bounty-money was in his hand, and he became a hearty contrabandist. Having made the first plunge, having gone through the trial with *éclat*, the golden harvest being suddenly reaped, with the increasing favour of the fascinating skipper, before whose plausible words all objections melted away insensibly, a few months discovered him to be, as Finch anticipated, one of the most ready, quick-witted, and daring followers of the "free trade." He soon became mate of the "Seagull," and won so fast on the confidence and good-will of his chief, that the latter let him do very nearly what he liked; and to such a height did this

esteem increase, that on one occasion, when a severe indisposition obliged the skipper to stay ashore, the craft and her cargo were entirely trusted to Ned, who won fresh reputation by the skill which he displayed in the conduct of the venture.

Ned's berth on board the boat was a picture of neatness, and a touch of his quality might be felt from the shelves of books with which it was stored. Histories of adventure, both real and fictitious, lives of remarkably daring persons, romances and books of poetry, abounded there. A few works of navigation also, with which science Ned had made it a point to become well acquainted, and instruments necessary for its practice as well. All these little possessions he had ample means to purchase, and had handfuls of money to squander beside in all the pleasures that might tempt a young man on shore, if by such pleasures Ned could have been tempted; — but he loved, and the poetry of passion preserved him through many a trial. Besides, his main object was to accumulate as much money as possible, — not that his present profits, liberal as they were, would have soon realised a fortune; but they made a handsome beginning, and Finch held out the hope of soon being enabled to purchase a vessel for himself, in which Ned should hold a share; and “then, my lad,” he was wont to say, “then shan't we have the wind in our sails? — wait a while; — once let us possess our own craft, and a couple of years shall make us good matches for ladies even as charming as yours.”

In one of their runs across the North Sea, after having made a safe landing of their cargo, Finch told Ned he had entered into an engagement to remove secretly from England a couple of his countrymen, who, becoming obnoxious to government, from being engaged in making enlistments for foreign service in Ireland, were obliged to fly; and, dreading the vigilance of the servants of the law at the ports, which were strictly watched, offered a

handsome sum to be taken off at some convenient and secret place along the coast, where they might embark with less risk of discovery.

"One of them I know," said Finch; "his name is O'Hara, an officer of the Irish brigade. I promised to meet him at a little inn that lies some miles inland, and while I am absent you can stand out and keep a good offing, away from all observation from the land, and be back about the same time to-morrow, and hang about that point to the westward, where I know there is a little creek will suit our purpose."

All their measures being preconcerted, signals agreed on, and other necessary arrangements entered into, Finch doffed his sailor's guise, and assuming the landsman's attire, became at once the dashing looking fellow, who so won upon Ned at Hamburgh. A boat was lowered, which rowed the skipper to the shore, and afterwards returned to the "Seagull," which stood out from the land, while Finch pursued his course to the appointed inn to meet the fugitives, who so anxiously sought the aid of his friendly vessel. A walk of some two or three miles brought him to a farm house, where, by the offer of a guinea, he obtained the loan of the farmer's horse for the next twenty-four hours. The good man proceeded at once to the stable to saddle his nag, which was soon ready for the road. Finch, as he was going to mount, addressed the farmer, saying, "By-the-bye, my friend, as you know nothing of me, had I not better leave you a deposit for the value of your horse?"

"Na, na," said the farmer, "yow'll bring un back, I's not aveard."

Finch was pleased with this exhibition of good faith, arising from an honest nature, which could not suspect guile in another; but willing to pursue his train of doubt regarding himself a little farther, he continued, "How do you know I won't steal your horse, and that you'll never set eyes on me again?"

"*Whoi*," said the blunt fellow, with a faint gleam of fun lighting up his habitually quiet eye, and casting a glance at Finch from top to toe, "whatever mischief yow 'll be after, I don't think it's a stealing of a 'orse yow 'll be 'anged vur."

Finch laughed at the rejoinder, and applied his heel to the side of his steed with a galliard air, as if he expected "Dobbin" was to prance off in a corresponding manner, but as his heel was unarmed (for spurs are not articles in much requisition on board ship, though we have heard of "horse marines,") Dobbin only grunted, and stirred not a peg.

The farmer had the laugh against Finch once more, and said, "Ah—yow beant up to our honest country ways; that be an honest beast yow 're a ridin' on; he waunt do nothin' onless he be convinced it's roight, and I'll give yow an argument for un." So saying, he went into the house and returned with a heavy thong-whip, which, before presenting to Finch, he cracked loudly, and Dobbin pricked up his ears directly.

"I towld 'e so," said the farmer, chuckling, "I towld 'e he 'd listen to reason."

Handing the whip to the rider with these words, the latter was not idle in reasoning Dobbin into a trot, though it cannot be denied that Finch was very much shaken in his argument; however, on they went wrangling over ten miles of ground, both right glad when the discussion was over. Calling for the hostler, and giving the beast into his charge with a good natured admonition to take good care of him, Finch entered the comfortable little inn, and, seeing the door of a snug parlour open, he at once took possession, and ringing a small bell that stood on the table, a plump and merry-looking girl answered the summons.

It is an established rule in travelling, that a bar-maid is fair game for flirting; indeed it would seem that there is something in the genus to inspire the propensity; for

the stupidest fellows, who cannot exchange a word of the most distant pleasantry with a lady, are elevated into wits at the sight of a bar-maid.

Finch was a sort of a man who does as the world does, so just to avoid being remarkable, he chucked the buxom girl under the chin, swore she was very pretty, asked her name, and what he could have for supper.

"Jenny, please your worship, and chickens."

"Very good, Jenny," replied Finch; "I'll have the chickens first, if you please — and Jenny!"

"Yes, your worship."

"Send me boots here, with a boot-jack and slippers."

"Yes, your worship," and Jenny vanished; but Finch heard her merry clear voice in the house, calling for Ralph to "go to the room and take boots." She came bustling backward and forward preparing the table, and never made an entrance or exit without some interchange of merry talk with Finch, who enquired every time when boots would make his appearance. At last, after the fifth asking, when Jenny was bustling out of the room, Finch called her back, and requested her to put her "pretty little foot" on the toe of his boot, and he would do without the lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, who seemed determined never to come. Jenny obeyed. And as she stood close to Finch, he took occasion to lean on her for support, and then affecting to lose his balance, caught her hand to save himself from falling, declaring he was the most awkward fellow in the world, and still keeping hold of her fingers, which if he had not squeezed he certainly must have tumbled to the ground.

"Ha' done! do!" said Jenny.

"My dear, this confounded boot is so tight," and he clung closer to her for support.

At the moment a great lout, bearing a boot-jack under his arm, and slippers in his hand, entered the room, and exclaimed, "'Ere be the boot-jack, your worship."

"Thank you," said Finch, "but *I prefer the boot Jenny* — you're not wanted."

Boots stared, and left the room; and after a great many trials Finch contrived to get off his boots, and Jenny managed to get out of the room, protesting his worship was the funniest roisterer she ever met.

Finch was joined at supper by a gentleman who rode over to the inn to enquire for him. The visitor was the brother-in-law to O'Hara, whose sister had come over to England to see him in safety out of the country; and whose agency, with that of her husband, was of importance to one who, being watched, could not conduct his measures of escape in person without imminent risk. It was agreed that O'Hara and his companion in flight should join Finch at dinner at the inn the next day, and the visitor, after a hasty supper, departed, for he had far to ride that night.

The next day, accordingly, the entire party assembled at the little inn, and O'Hara, after a hearty salutation of Finch, introduced to him the friend, who was going with him to join the Irish Brigade in Flanders, "to strike," as O'Hara said, "a blow for the rightful king." O'Hara's sister and her husband were with them, and there was evident effort on all sides not to be sad—there was even a forced merriment among them. O'Hara's handsome companion seemed to be the most unconcerned (except Finch,) and showed his fine white teeth in many a laugh, as joke or repartee passed round the board. It was the woman whose smiles would have given most pain to an acute observer. There, beneath an outward show of much cheerfulness, the torture of an aching heart might be seen. While she openly expressed thankfulness that her brother was so near the moment of escape, it was plain that the thought of parting was little less painful than the thought of death: but she went through her task heroically;—with the most difficult of all heroism, that passive endurance of pain, in which the gentle fibre of woman puts the stronger nature of man to shame. She never winced for a moment; nay, she even joined the

mirth, for mirthful they were, at least in seeming. Yes, they laughed—they even sang. Finch dashed off snatches about fair winds and flowing sails; O'Hara, like a soldier, did something in the "love, war, and wine" fashion; and to please the skipper, who professed an extravagant admiration of Irish melodies, the gentlewoman raised her voice in song, while her heart was steeped in sadness.

Oh, how hollow was all this — what a mockery — how false! what a deceitful thing is the human heart! Not only does it try to deceive others, but how often does it deceive itself!

The first check to the cheerful aspect of the party, was Finch looking at his watch, and saying, "'Time and tide wait for no man.' We must soon be at the shore;" and with good taste, wishing to leave the party alone at the last moment, he said he would go order the horses to be got ready, and left the room; O'Hara's companion followed the example, and on reaching the stable-yard, was struck with the sudden change in Finch's aspect; his eyes being fixed with an expression of much anxiety towards the horizon that lay seaward. In a moment he spoke. "Go back to your friends," said he, "and hurry them — I would we were afloat — the weather looks threatening, and we are on a bad coast."

In the meantime, the sister and her husband were in the room with O'Hara, interchanging those last words of parting, which make parting so precious and so painful, — impressing on each other the many fond remembrances which, hurried over in a moment, are remembered through our lives; those half-uttered wishes that we understand before they are half spoken, and reply to by a glance; or some promise exacted, which is better ratified by a pressure of the hand, than by the solemnity of an oath. In this endearing intercourse were they engaged, as their friend returned, to deliver

Finch's message. O'Hara's sister grew pale at the words.

"Remember, Honora," said her brother, taking her hand gently, "remember your promise — you told me you would behave like a soldier's sister."

"And have I not kept my word, Charles?" she answered gently.

"You have indeed; but will you do one thing more for me?"

"Name it."

"You will think my request foolish — absurdly weak; but you know there is another besides you *very* dear to me — and ——"

"Yes; what shall I say to her?"

"All that is kind at all times. But 't is not that I would ask ——"

"What then? do tell me."

"It seems a childish weakness — at such a time as this, it appears like trifling — but there is one song I wish you would sing me before I leave you — that *one* I love so *dearly*!" said O'Hara, with more sadness in his manner than he had yet betrayed.

"Do not ask it, Charles; it is more than you can bear — more than either of us can — remember how much it touched us both *last* night, how much more will it on *this* — when we are to part for so long a time."

"Soon to return, I hope, in triumph, sister," he exclaimed with energy; "but I would hear that song once more before I part."

"It will make you too sad."

"No, no — sing to me — pray do! Let me take away that song and story of my native land fresh upon my ear — my *outward* ear: — in my memory it will dwell for ever."

Nerving herself to the utmost, his sister raised her voice, rendered more touching by the emotion against which she did her best to struggle, but which, neverthe-

less, tinged the strain with a peculiar air of sadness. Wedded to the melody were these simple lines, which told the tale of many a broken heart in Ireland, a tale of whose truth O'Hara himself was but too painfully conscious.

MARY MA CHREE

I

The flower of the valley was Mary *ma chree*,
 Her smiles all bewitching were lovely to see,
 The bees round her humming, when summer was gone,
 When the roses were fled — might take her lip for one.
 Her laugh it was music — her breath it was balm ;
 Her heart, like the lake, was as pure and as calm,
 Till love o'er it came, like a breeze o'er the sea,
 And made the heart heave of sweet Mary *ma chree*.

II

She loved — and she wept ; for was gladness e'er known
 To dwell in the bosom that Love makes his own ?
 His joys are but moments — his griefs are for years,
 He comes all in smiles — but he leaves all in tears.
 Her lover was gone —

Here the voice of the singer, whose eyes betrayed how deeply the subject of the song and the circumstances of the hour affected her, began to falter, but by a great effort she controlled her emotion, and continued —

Her lover was gone to a far distant land,
 And Mary in sadness would pace the lone strand ;
 And tearfully gaze o'er the dark-rolling sea,
 That parted her soldier from Mary *ma chree*.

The soldier's head drooped as the stanza stole to its conclusion, and at the last line he hid his face in his hand, while the voice of the singer, no longer supported by the artificial exertion of sustaining the strain, was audible in stifled sobs.

O'Hara, dashing the gathering mist from his eye, wrung the hand of the beloved singer with convulsive fervour, and said, "God bless you — I am ready to go now."

Scarcely had he spoken, when a rapid knock at the door, and Finch's voice outside, were heard. He was invited to enter, and, on opening the door he said, with more of energy in his manner than he was usually betrayed into, "*Pray*, gentlemen, delay no longer — I like the look of the weather less and less every moment, and it behoves us to be off the coast without delay; as it is, we must ride hard for it."

O'Hara turned to his sister — one glance passed between them. Oh! how much of affection and agony were mingled in that look! his lip was pale, and slightly quivered; he did not dare to say more than a parting Irish blessing, as he folded his sister for the last time to his heart, and, after uttering that beautiful benison of "*God be with you*," he yielded her to the arms of her husband, on whose shoulder she drooped her head as her beloved brother left the room. Nestling to her husband's heart, her eager ear listened for every sound; she heard the hurried tread of the party leaving the inn, in another minute the clatter of horses' feet told they were speeding to the shore, and then the struggling emotions that had been so long pent up in her bosom had vent, and the little parlour of the inn, that so lately rang with song and laughter, echoed to the deep sobs of a bursting heart.

The husband sought not to interrupt her sorrow, but permitted its first outpouring to have vent ere he attempted to soothe. Then gently pressing her to his heart he spoke words of comfort, and with kind patience awaited her recovery from the prostration attendant on the violence of her emotion. Her head still rested on his breast, and thus for a long time she wept in silence — till suddenly she started up, as the heavy sigh of

the wind swept past the window where she sat, and shook it in its frame. For the first time she became conscious a storm was rising, and she listened to her husband's wish that they should leave the inn at once, and seek the retreat whence they came, before the weather should break. Their horses were soon at the door, and when the acclivity of a neighbouring hill enabled her to get a glimpse of the sea, and the threatening sky that hung above it, her tears ceased, for the chill of fear froze the fountain of sorrow! Strange operation of our passions! Had it been a calm, she would have wept throughout her homeward way — tears would have dimmed her sight to the soft sunshine, which had indicated safety; but a dry eye was bent on the lowering elements which threatened danger; and sorrowing for the past gave place to fears for the future.

CHAPTER XI

THE "SEAGULL" IN A STORM

OTHER eyes as well as those on shore were cast about, anxiously regarding the prognostics of the weather, and raising no favourable augury from the aspect of the darkening horizon, which seemed closing in on all sides, like some mighty net, which soon should make its sweep upon the waters, and gather within its deadly coil shattered barks and shipwrecked men. Ned had stood in for the land, according to his orders, before the lowering sky had given warning of the approaching storm; or, with such a coast under his lee, he would not have run the pretty "Seagull" into such a point of danger; and would have trusted to Finch's judgment for knowing why he did not, and acquitting him of blame for disobedience of orders. But there he was, as fortune would have it, and he should make the best of it. Already the wind had so increased as to oblige the topmasts to be struck, and sail taken in; and, that not a moment might be lost in getting Finch on board, Ned despatched a boat to the creek before the appointed time, and beat off and on as near the point as prudence would permit. Alternately looking to the weather and the shore, to watch the increase of evil omens on one side, or the signal that should announce Finch's arrival on the other, Ned paced the deck of the "Seagull" impatiently, and passed at every turn an experienced mariner, who had never quitted the same place for nearly half an hour, and leaning over the bulwark, with his weather-beaten cheek

resting on his sinewy hand, kept eyeing the weather with a steady gaze, as if he looked upon an enemy, and was measuring the strength with which he soon should have to contend.

Ned paused as he reached the mariner on his next turn, and said, "Dirty weather, Mitchell."

"As ever I see," was the curt answer of the man, who still kept his gaze fixed on the point he had been so long observing.

"And the change so sudden too ——"

"Can't say I liked the looks o' the morning, Sir."

"I wish you had told me so."

"Not my business, Sir," replied he; "besides I never likes croaking; I never know'd it lucky yet — them as looks out for squalls is the first to catch 'em; they 're bad enough when they comes without invitin' of 'em, as I think growling often does."

"Do you think I was wrong in standing so far in?" enquired Ned anxiously.

"Can't say you was, Sir; for, as you say, the change *was* sudden for sartin, and the weather deceitful — besides, there was the skipper's order."

"True," said Ned; "but as the craft was in my care, I should be sorry to have run her blindly into danger."

"No, no, Sir; don't you think that; the weather *was* deceitful, that's sartin, and might have deceived an older seaman than you; for I will say, Mr. Fitzgerald, you are, for your years, about as good as ever I see. You'll excuse me for saying so to your face: but it's true, and I would n't, only you was a blaming of yourself. But as you have hailed me on this here matter, I would recommend another reef taken in, Sir."

"She carries what is on her well, Mitchell: does n't she?"

"Yes, Sir, for the present, and may be for the next half hour; but remember, six hands are away in the

boat, and we may n't find it so easy by-and-by to take in canvas, Sir, if it comes to blow as hard as I expect before they come back."

Mitchell's advice was acted upon, and, as it proved, most wisely, for every ten minutes increased the violence of the wind, which howled louder and louder through the shrouds; the sea tumbled in more heavily, and the increasing line of surf along the shore gave rise to the conjecture that the boat would find it impossible to put back to the vessel. Ned kept a sharp lookout to the land with his glass, which he was forced to wipe from time to time, so thickly was the spray flying about.

"If they do not appear in five minutes more," said Ned, "it is impossible they can put through that surf, and after waiting that time I will put out to sea."

"I would, Sir," said Mitchell; "for it will be a foul night, and a foul coast under our lee, and it will be as much as we can do, as it is, to weather the head; thof, if there be a thing that swims can do it, the 'Seagull' can."

"Oh, we are safe enough yet, Mitchell."

"Yes — I don't say we are not, Sir; but we've nothing to spare, I reckon."

The next five minutes were anxiously passed in watching the coast, and just as they were on the point of expiring, a black speck emerged from out of the fringe of foam that whitened the whole shore; and, riding over the white crests of the waves that rolled in with increasing violence every moment, the bold boat was seen putting her head to the storm, and pulling gallantly against it. How anxiously Ned watched them! Calling Mitchell to his side, he gave him the glass, and said, he feared they would never be able to reach the "Seagull" with such a sea and tide making against them. "We must run in a little farther, Mitchell."

"Wait awhile, Sir," said the old seaman; "don't be in a hurry, they may make better way when they get

more clear of the shore, and if we go in farther, we shall never weather the point to the southward."

"But we can't let them be lost before our eyes."

"Sartinly not, Sir; we must all sink or swim together."

"If we cannot make sail, could we not ride it out at our anchors?"

"Ah, master!" said Mitchell, "I know what's a comin', and iron was never forged, nor hemp twisted, that would hold a ship this night."

As he spoke they saw a flash from the boat.

"'Tis a signal, they cannot make way to us," said Ned; "we must run down to them."

"Then we shall all have a squeak for it," said Mitchell.

The way that six stout rowers could not make was soon skimmed over by the "Seagull," that flew through the water before the storm which gathered thicker and faster every moment. Sweeping swiftly towards the boat, she approached it as near as safety would permit. "'Bout ship!" shouted Ned to Mitchell, who had gone astern.

Down went the helm, and the "Seagull" turning her head gallantly to the storm, swung up into the wind, leaving the boat but a few oar strokes under her lee.

It was a service of danger to get on board with such a sea running, — stout oars and lusty sinews bent to the work — a rope was hove from the "Seagull" and caught —

"Lay fast hold of that rope when you spring," said Finch to O'Hara. "Steady now! — wait till the boat lifts close to the ship's side, and lose not that moment to jump on board."

It was done, and in safety by O'Hara, and the next instant down swept the boat into the trough of the foaming sea. Again she lifted, and O'Hara's companion, without waiting for the rope, seized the favourable opportunity to spring to the chains, where Ned himself was standing to assist in getting the unpractised stran-

gers aboard. Less lucky than O'Hara, the bold stranger slipped his foot, as he sprang, and though he caught the shrouds with one hand, the pitching of the vessel, and his own impaired equilibrium, were swinging him back again into the hissing surge below, but that the powerful grasp of Ned recovered him, and in another instant he was standing in safety on the deck, and Ned beheld in the man whose life he had saved young Kirwan.

Even in that instant of commotion and of peril, the thought that Kirwan was going where Ellen was, brought with it a pang to Edward's bosom, that suspended all other considerations, and it was only the voice of Finch, who had sprung to the deck, shouting to him and giving orders, that recalled him to the business of the moment.

After issuing some few prompt orders, placing Mitchell at the helm, and seeing the craft beating out to sea, as close to the wind as she could run, Finch went below to rid himself of his landsman's guise, and assume a habit fitter for the rough work of the night he should have to go through. He took down O'Hara and Kirwan with him, requesting them to remain below as they would not only be exposed to unnecessary danger and discomfort on deck, but be in the way of those whose exertions were but too needful and urgent that night to bear interruption; "for I will not conceal from you, gentlemen," said Finch, "that we have an anxious night before us; the weather threatens to be worse even than it is, and we have a bad coast under our lee." Finch returned to the deck immediately, where an unpromising gloom sat on every seaman's brow, as they looked towards the dreaded headland that was now barely perceptible in the distance, for the evening was suddenly overshadowed by the storm, and premature night settling over the sea, added fresh horror to a scene already sufficiently appalling. They soon lost sight of any landmark, and swept through the boiling surge by the guidance only of their compass.

The gale was rising now to a perfect hurricane, and the increasing turbulence of the sea made every timber, plank, and spar of the "Seagull" "complain" as she strained, even under her diminished canvas, through the fierce elementary commotion which she faced so gallantly; riding up the overhanging waves that threatened to engulf her, and dashing back their fierce assaults from her bows, as a lion flings the dogs of the hunter from his crest.

An intervening bank lay between her and the headland which was the ultimate danger, and this more immediate peril became a source of anxiety as they approached it. When a calculation of their run induced them to believe they were in its neighbourhood, the flash of a gun a-head was observed, and every eye was strained to watch for a repetition of the signal of distress, for such it was undoubtedly. At the expiration of a minute it occurred, and Finch, as he saw it, exclaimed to Ned, who stood beside him, "We are all right yet! — the flash was on our lee bow — and see, 't is a large vessel — it can be but the tail of the bank we are near, and with our light draught of water we shall pass it in safety."

"With such a heavy sea running we might strike," said Ned.

"We shall soon know," replied Finch, "and escape at least the pain of suspense."

Again the flash broke through the gloom; and it was almost on their beam.

"Huzza!" cried Finch, "the bank is passed!" He walked amongst the crew, and cheered them by remarking, so much of their danger was over, and expressed the fullest hope they should weather the head yet.

Another signal of distress flashed from the stranded ship, which was now astern of them; and it was an unhappy response to Finch's speech of encouragement; for it is enough to shake the nerve of the stoutest, when, at the mercy of the tempest, you witness one of the fatal-

ities of which you yourself may be the next victim. Yet boldly and unflinchingly the gallant crew of the "Seagull" did their duty through the darkness and peril of the night, with that seaman-like skill, and heart of daring, that can best elude or readiest meet danger, which gives security in the tempest, and victory in the battle.

On sweeps the "Seagull"!—the darkness grows denser;—the hurricane grows fiercer! Scarcely can the speaking trumpet carry Finch's orders to his men, through the roaring of the wind. Higher rise the watery mountains, deeper rushes the boat down the yawning gulf before her; heavier is the buffet of each sea that smites her, and makes her tremble throughout from stem to stern; groaning at the instant she receives the shock, and then as she writhes with heavy pitching over each billow, the straining of her timbers producing plaintive sounds, like the painful whine of some living thing. Well may she complain, for the lash of the tempest is upon her! She bounds under each blow—she flies—but the tempest is merciless, and lashes more and more, and madly and blindly she rushes onward through the darkness of that terrific night!

Land as well as sea bore the marks of that memorable visitation; cattle were killed, and trees torn up by the roots: rivers burst their bounds, and the gathered produce of industry was swept away; the inundations rendered roads impassable, and many bridges yielded to the pressure of the streams they spanned. Few were the sleepers in London that night, for terror kept them wakeful; houses were unroofed and chimneys blown down, and loss of life and limb were amongst the accumulated misfortunes of that dreadful storm. Every hour brought tidings of the havoc made amongst the shipping; the shores were covered with wrecks, and many a merchant who held high his head on 'Change, drooped it under the ruin which the tempest made.

But while there was individual wail for private loss, and much of public lament too, for this sweeping destruction of national property, still it was overpowered by the rejoicing which later news created. The tempest had utterly scattered and demolished the threatening navy which had been preparing, at such an enormous cost to France, for the invasion of England. Her marine had for the present received a blow which must require a large amount of time and treasure to repair, and The Guelph sat easier on a newly acquired throne. The loyalists had further cause for rejoicing. Anson had returned from his voyage round the world. His ship, the "Centurion," had happily made her port, before the tempest had burst, and had brought back from the plundered possessions and ships of Spain a larger amount of treasure than had ever hitherto been taken.

The name of Anson was in every mouth. He had returned not only with the reputation of an able circumnavigator, but the glory of a conqueror. If the gamblers made long faces at the loss which had fallen on the merchant interest, the upholders of things as they were answered that the coffers of the bank would be filled with Spanish gold and silver; and the treasure, immense as it was, was magnified by the ever-exaggerating voice of rumour. If, on the one hand, the destruction of our shipping was lamented, the triumphant reply was, that the navy of France was annihilated.

But while joy-bells rang, and public feasting was held, the bitter wail of those whom that tempest had bereaved made mournful many a house in England. The noisy triumph of the hour soon passed; while the low wail of sorrow was heard for many a day.

CHAPTER XII

NED COMES ACROSS SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES

A FEW days after the dreadful storm we have recorded, a certain merchant sat in a dark little counting-house in the city of London, anxiously looking over his books. He was a staid looking man, somewhat beyond the middle age; whose thin lips, small eyes, scant hair, and low forehead, bespoke a poverty of nature; and the pinched cut of his snuff-coloured garments accorded well with the character of his countenance. His spare neckcloth was tied simply, and smoothed down in a plain fall in front, without the least particle of border, — an excess in which Mr. Spiggles did not indulge even on a gala day. Snuff he did indulge in, — or it should rather be said he *took*, for it was not for indulgence he used it, but merely to give him the opportunity, when he was asked a question which he did not like to answer hastily, of taking out his box, tapping it leisurely, dipping his fingers into it slowly, and making three solemn applications of his hand to his nose, that he might thereby gain time to answer the aforesaid question in a manner the most advantageous to himself. He was sparing of everything — even his words — though they were worth nothing, unless they were written, and this, it would seem, was his own opinion, from the fact that he was quite regardless or forgetful of them *himself*, unless the inexorable “black and white” held him bound, or refreshed his memory.

Mr. Spiggles was consulting his books after the “ter-

rible night," to see what amount of risks he had on the water, when a thrifty neighbour, as fond of money as himself, entered the counting-house. After the exchange of formal salutations between them, Mister Gripps remarked the sad visage of his neighbour.

"Ay, brother Gripps, and well may my visage be saddened as I look over the sums that I have trusted to the winds and the waves, which, mayhap ere now, have dispossessed me of the same."

"And yet, methinks," returned Gripps, "thou should'st rejoice rather that so much of thy ventures have come to port, when such a many of thy neighbours have been despoiled by the tempest."

"Thanks to Providence, truly, friend Gripps, I am a favoured man, doubtless, but still much is abroad. Yet, His will be done,—‘The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth,’ and these visitations may be for our good; for, alas! not only hath the tempest of the winds and the waves smitten us heavily, but, alas! the internal tempests of the factious and disaffected threaten us full sore."

"Verily!" said Gripps, "the adherents of the scarlet one waxeth bold: only think, as I passed by the Belle Sauvage just now, there was much ado about another discovery made of arms for the Papists."

"Have they seized those concerned therein?"

"No," said Gripps, "they know that a chest of basket-hilted swords and a cask of skull-caps hath arrived from Birmingham, and were on the road into Dorsetshire, and them have they seized."

"Ah!" exclaimed Spiggles, devoutly, "would they could seize those who sent and those who were to receive: what matter for the arms in comparison with the hands that were to wield them,—for the skull-caps, with the Papist-heads they were to cover: would they were over Temple-bar for ornaments!"

"But still it is well," answered Gripps, "to keep the

arms from the hands of the ungodly, that would work evil in the land."

"Truly, brother Grippe."

"And the nets of the godly are compassing the knaves round about. Just now have I seen two Irish rebels, in the pay of France, taken to Newgate. They were cast upon the coast by the hand of Providence, in the late storm, and were then fain to endeavour to escape, in the packet from Harwich into Holland; but the king's servants, who watch the ports narrowly, seized them there, and they were sent up by order of my Lord Cartaret, under care of two messengers."

"Heaven be praised!" piously ejaculated Spiggles; "these Papists would devour us with good will, but Heaven favours the godly and the righteous;—the church and state are under especial care from on high—yea, from above! But how heard you all this, brother Grippe?"

"From my friend Alderman Spiers, who looketh for news and salvation, as thou knowest; he told me, moreover, that it was a smuggling ship that cast them up, as pieces of her wreck which floated ashore did betoken."

"Ah! the vile and ungodly ones, that would defraud the king's revenue," said Spiggles; "Heaven be praised, they are smitten as with a rod!"

"A well-known and dangerous ship was the same," added Grippe.

"Heaven be praised!" again ejaculated Spiggles.

"Well known for her malpractices, though they never could take her."

"But the storm encompassed her round about as with a net," said Spiggles; "the finger of Providence pointed her out for destruction; praised be His name for smiting the ungodly!"

"She was entitled the 'Seagull!'" added Grippe.

"The 'Seagull?'" involuntarily echoed Spiggles,—looking more pinched and miserable than before.

"Yes, the 'Seagull' — dost know anything of her?"

Mister Spiggles began to take snuff, and after his usual manœuvres, answered, "Why, yes — I think — as well as I can remember, I have — that is, 't is like a dream to me ——"

"Well, Heaven be praised, she is a wreck at last," said Grippe. "What can honest dealers like me do, while such rogues are let to live?"

"True, neighbour — true," answered Spiggles with a long-drawn sigh.

"Art not well, neighbour?" enquired Grippe, observing the increasing pallor of his friend.

"To say truth, brother, I am but ill at ease since this storm; — I have not only my own proper risks at sea, but much of my money is out on bottomry, and the borrowers are not men of substance, so that if the ships reach not their port, my loans are in jeopardy."

A lank-haired clerk now entered the counting-house and whispered to his master, who grew paler than before, and telling his neighbour that a person on private business sought an interview, Grippe departed, and to his shuffling step of departure, succeeded the firm tread of the approaching visitor, who soon stood before the pallid Spiggles, in the person of Hudson Finch.

Neither spoke a word for some time, for each was startled at the other's appearance. The gallant skipper had been used to enter with a light and dashing air, and as far as a smile could take a liberty with the parchment features of Spiggles, it did, to welcome the man who was a valuable friend! but now both looked haggard; a gloom and anxiety were on Finch's brow, where brightness and daring were wont to sit, and his usually trim attire was changed for the coarsest guise of a storm-beaten sailor. Spiggles was the first to speak. — "It is true, then?" said he.

"What is true?" returned Finch.

"The 'Seagull' ——" said the merchant.

"What of her?" said the skipper.

"Is lost," faltered Spiggles.

"Yes," said Finch, sadly. "Do you read it in my face?"

"I heard it," said Spiggles.

"Zounds! but ill news speeds apace," returned Finch. "How did you hear it?"

Mister Spiggles had again recourse to his snuff-box, and the impatience of Finch in driving new questions at him before the preceding one was answered, gave the cautious merchant additional time to treat the headlong seaman's enquiries as he pleased. After some farther conversation, Spiggles began a long lament over the amount of his loss, but was suddenly cut short by Finch.

"Hang the money!" cried he — "It is not *that* loss I mind — of money there is plenty more to be had; it is not the money, but the *boat* I lament — there never was such a beauty swam the sea. Other craft we can buy, but never such another as the pretty 'Seagull.'" He said this with an expression of grief befitting the loss of a beloved friend.

"Captain Finch," replied the merchant coldly, "I shall never have such another vessel *at all*."

"What?" exclaimed Finch, eyeing him sharply. "You don't mean to say you are going to give up so thriving a trade!"

"Even so, Captain Finch. It hath pleased Providence to open mine eyes to mine iniquities," cried Spiggles, with a sniffing whine, "and I will wash myself from my abominations."

"That is as much as to say, you are so rich you don't want any more," said Finch.

"Nay," said Spiggles, "I am not a rich man — it is the inward yearning after righteousness."

"Well, my good Sir," said Finch, cutting short his cant, "I neither want to pry into your accounts earthly

or heavenly, but as I have been a useful friend to you, I hope you don't mean to turn me adrift now, when your own turn is served; and if you intend to abjure the traffic, I hope you will give me the opportunity of repairing my present mishap, by getting afloat again."

"Your skill is too well known, captain, to let you want for employment."

"It is rather a bad introduction to a new employer, though," said Finch, "to say, 'Sir, I have just lost one craft, will you give me charge of another?' No — that won't do. I don't want you, Mister Spiggles, to have anything to answer for in a new venture, if your conscience is against it; but as I have been a faithful and profitable servant to you, I only ask you to lend me a couple of thousand pounds, to put me afloat handsomely again, and I will repay you, with interest, within a year."

Spiggles opened his little eyes as wide as they could open, at the mention of two thousand pounds, and assured Finch he had not the money, nor a tenth part of it at command.

A mingled expression of indignation and contempt crossed Finch's countenance, as he said, "That is, in other words, you *won't*."

"*Can't*, captain."

"Fudge!" cried Finch. "You talk of conscience; how can you reconcile, I say, to your conscience to throw off one who has been the making of tens of thousands for you, and who now stands before you a ruined man? how, I say, can you reconcile the refusal of what is a small sum to you, to retrieve his fortunes — a small sum, were it even to be given — but when it is only a loan I ask. No, I am sure you cannot mean to refuse it."

"Could I even spare it, Captain Finch, my conscience would equally reproach me for aiding another in evil doing."

"Come, come, Gaffer Godly, that won't do. You



The 'factor' argument

can't humbug me, though you can the world — we know each other. You would not like to have the world know all I could tell of you."

Mr. Spiggles took snuff again before he answered. "You would find it difficult to prove anything against me, Captain Finch."

"More perhaps than you would like," said Finch — "but fear not — I would scorn to use so base a means to raise money, though I were starving. Once for all, will you lend me even a thousand?"

"I assure you, captain ——"

"Even five hundred?"

"Not only do I disapprove of the illegal traffic in which you indulge, but I have heard you have gone so far as to aid the king's enemies — flying rebels — and I own I am loyal to my church and my king."

"Pooh! pooh! put a stop on that lingo, you old hypocrite!" cried Finch, losing all patience. "Church and king, forsooth! much you care for either. Your religion you can put off and on like your coat, and, like it, 'twill be always of the sleekest outside — and your loyalty teaches you to cheat the king's exchequer. Church and king, forsooth! — If you could make a thousand pounds by selling both you'd do it. Religion and loyalty, quotha! — Your false oaths at the custom-house are good proof of both! and yet *you* talk of virtue — you, you forsworn hypocrite, with a string of perjuries hanging round your heart as thick as beads on a blackamoor."

Spiggles grew more ghastly as Finch poured forth his fierce invective, and opened a little window that looked into the outward warehouse to call his clerk, but Finch interrupted him.

"Don't be afraid, you paltry coward — I'll not harm you. Do you think I would soil my hands with such contemptible carrion — faugh! I leave you to your religious meditations, you perjured, pilfering, stingy, old

sinner; and in the middle of your prayers, don't forget my *blessings* on you!"

As he spoke he shook his clenched fist at the shrivelled-up Spiggles; and as he showed his teeth in a fiendish grin while he uttered the word "blessings," there was something more appalling in it than if he had used all the curses in the world. He strode from the counting-house, trembling and pale with passion, and thrusting his arm inside that of Ned, who was waiting for him at the door of the warehouse, hurried through the narrow lane without uttering a word, and did not speak until they reached the thoroughfare, as if his "great rage" could not get vent in a smaller space.

Then he copiously anathematised the miserly hypocrite who cast him off; but getting cooler when they got over a couple of miles of ground, as they walked westward, the indignant Finch snapped his fingers, swore he did not care a curse for the old hunks, and that all would yet be right. "I have another port still under my lee, lad, and though it is not the haven where I had most right to expect shelter, mayhap 't is there I'll find it."

In this hopeful expectation they pushed onward towards the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, and turning into a tavern, Finch walked straight into the bar, where a very pretty child was dragging her doll about in a quart pot, by way of carriage.

"Hillo—is that Polly?" cried Finch.

The child turned up her pretty blue eyes in wonder at hearing her name uttered by one whom she did not know.

"Where's mother?" enquired Finch.

The child only put its finger in its mouth, and kept gazing as before. The mother entered at the moment; and the instant she espied Finch, uttered a glad exclamation of surprise, and seizing him by both hands, poured forth voluble assurance of how delighted she was to see him.

"I *must* shake hands with you, captain!"

"You may as well give us a buss, mother!" said Finch, kissing the buxom landlady.

"You are as merry as ever, captain; though — bless my heart — you don't look as you used, saving your favour."

"Can't return the compliment as they say, Mrs. Banks, for you are looking better than ever I saw you."

"And am better, captain, thanks to you: I have thriven ever since the day you lent me the money and got me out of trouble. I've got on ever since; oh, you've been the saving of me and my orphans." She stooped and took up the child, and bade her kiss the gentleman, for that he was the best friend her mother ever had.

The child put its little arms round his neck, and pressed its ruby lips to the bronzed cheek of the sailor, who seemed touched by the incident.

"And I can give you back all your money now, captain," continued the widow; "ay, and more too," added she, in an under tone, "if you want it; for indeed, captain, you do look bad; don't be angry with me — but if a hundred more —"

She stopped, for she saw Finch's lip quiver; he could not speak, but catching her in his arms, he gave her another hearty kiss; and as the landlady wiped her eye, which glistened with the dew of pure human sympathy (though it was in the bar of a tavern), Finch recovered himself sufficiently to say, "Bless you, Mother Banks! you were always a good soul! — I hope your house is not so full but you can let me have room."

"If a lord was in your way, he should turn out for you, captain. The house is yours, and all that's in it!"

"Avast, mother, avast! — a woman's palaver always bothers me; so say no more — show my friend and myself to a room; and as soon as may be, let us have a

dinner of the best, and a rousing bottle from your pet bin!"

Mrs. Banks showed them the best room in her house; and as for dinner, protested she only wished she could melt down gold and silver for their dinner, and give them distilled rubies for wine — or words to that effect, as the lawyers say.

"There!" cried Finch to Ned, as Mrs. Banks closed the door; "there, in a poor widow have I found the friendship which the man whose fortune I have mostly made, refused me. Oh Ned, Ned! how unequally, and 't would seem to us how unjustly, are the riches of this world divided!"

Finch's spirits rose rapidly after he found himself under the roof of Mrs. Banks; her heartiness and gratitude chased the hateful recollections of Mister Spiggles from his mind, and the innocent kiss of the unconscious child that was told to love him, acted like balm upon his spirit; a spirit easily excited, but as easily soothed. Indeed, it was Finch's misfortune that he was too sensible to immediate impressions; he was capable of doing either a bad or a good action. But whatever his faults were, they were attributable rather to a headstrong nature than a bad heart, and were far outnumbered by his good qualities. Among these, generosity stood pre-eminent; and a loan of money, in an hour of need, to poor Mrs. Banks, had saved her from destruction; and it was perhaps the inward consciousness that the kiss of her innocent child was not quite undeserved, that made it the sweeter; for how much dearer is every enjoyment we have earned. Finch's misfortune (to go a little further into his character) lay in not having a fixed principle about anything; and this want, in conjunction with an excitable nature, often allowed him to be betrayed into that, in heat of blood, which, in cooler moments, he would not have committed, and in cooler moments often regretted. He was fond of pleasure, whose road, though generally

smooth, has some rough places in it, which, without careful driving, may overturn those who frequent it; and Finch had had some upsets in his time. Now, in these cases it is found that the warnings arising from experience do not always act as correctives, but rather embolden; and that when people have been flung very often, and escaped unharmed, they get so used to the matter, that they think nothing about it. And so it was with Finch. He had been so long following the bent of his will merely that he neglected any other form of guidance, and, of course, his horses sometimes ran away with him, and consequently an occasional break-down was the result; but as his energy and activity always put him on his legs again, he heeded not the momentary bruises he received, which, as they healed, *hardened*, and became insensible to future pain, as the culprit, often flogged, loses all terror of the lash.

Asking pardon of the reader for this slight digression from the immediate story, to afford a general idea of the class and "manner of man" to which Finch belonged, we shall now proceed.

Finch, as his spirits rose, opened to Ned the bright prospects the future presented to him; and, as they sat at the window, looking upon the busy thoroughfare before them, he suggested every five minutes a new plan to "be up in the world again." His fourth proposition was just on the point of being broached (making exactly twenty minutes they had been at the window), when his thoughts were interrupted by a singular arrival at the door of the tavern. Two coaches drove up, having their roofs occupied with four sailors each, while their interiors were empty; and as an altercation commenced between the drivers and the tars, which seemed to excite the indignation of both the disputing parties, and the mirth of bystanders, who rapidly gathered to listen, Finch threw up the window to hear what was going forward. He found the dis-

pute occasioned by the sailors desiring the coachmen to drive them "back again," while the coachmen swore they would n't, for that their horses were tired, and that they had driven them back and forward the same road three times, and what could they want more?

"What's that to you if you 're paid," said one of the Jacks.

"Well, I don't like it," said coachee.

"Well, no matter whether you like it or not — you 've got the bounty, and are under orders, and must sail — so weigh and be off."

"Can't you get another pair of coaches?"

"We see none here," cried the sailors.

"There are plenty to be had," answered the coachman.

"Well," said a more reasonable tar, "let them drive us to one of their anchoring grounds where the craft lie, and let these lubbers go into dock and be paid off, if so be they like it."

"But I like this craft," says another; "she's none o' your fair-weather cockle-shells — she pitches as if it blew a trifle, and 't is a'most as good as being at sea."

The crowd laughed at the sailor's choice of a coach, but the coachmen turned to them and said, "Ah! *you* may laugh, but if you knew what a plague we've had with them — and they won't even sit inside."

"Why, you lubber!" said the principal spokesman, "would you have us stay below while we can come on deck?"

The absurd answer of the seamen always turned the laugh against the discomfited drivers, and the arrival of another coach similarly laden to the former ones, strengthened the party of the Jack tars. Indeed, this coach was stronger in attraction to the crowd, for amidst the sailors on the roof sat a piper, who was playing away for the bare life the most rollicking of

tunes. Hitherto Finch and Ned had enjoyed the scene in silence, but now the latter involuntarily exclaimed,

“By the powers, ’t is he!”

“Who?” enquired Finch.

“There — there!” said Ned, pointing to the piper, and made no further answer, but, rushing from the room, ran down stairs, and in another moment Finch saw Ned clambering to the top of the coach, and after addressing a word to the piper, beheld the most cordial marks of recognition pass between them. This put an end to the dispute between the drivers and their strange fares, for as *Phaidrig-na-pib* — for it was he — said he would go into the tavern with his friend, the sailors agreed to go wherever he went, so the coaches were discharged with ten times the amount of their proper fare; and as the crowd saw the sailors showering money into the hands of the drivers, they cheered the open-handed liberality, whereupon some of the Jacks dipped their hands into their pockets again, and presented them full of coin to the crowd, many of whom were not loath to take advantage of such a windfall. The thoughtless sons of the sea, however, were soon housed in the tavern, the crowd dispersed by degrees, and after Ned had seen the sailors comfortably stowed in a room below, he conducted Phaidrig up stairs, and introduced him to Finch, who, he had no doubt, would be as glad to hear, as himself, by what chance the blind piper had come to London.

“I’ll tell you how it was,” began Phaidrig.

“Stop,” said Ned — “perhaps you would like a glass of something before you begin.”

“Bless your sowl, not at all! — them divils of sailors keep me dhrinkin’ mornin’, noon, and night, so that, in throth it’s refreshing to have a mouthful o’ nothing. Faix I’m so full o’ spirits, that I’d be afeard to blow out a candle for fear my breath would take fire. But to come to my story. You see, one fine day there

put into Galway-bay three ships, and soon afther came a power o' sailors on shore with handfuls o' strange money, that no one could tell the value of, *not even the sailors themselves*, for I hear broad pieces of silver and even *goold* was scattered about like *dust*—and maybe the townspeople did n't *sweep it up*. Well, Sir, the sailors was mad for divarshin, and av coorse coortin' and dancin' comes undher that denomination, and as music is wanted for the fanatistical toe, to be sure they could not do without me—Phaidrig-na-pib was in request—and maybe they did n't pay the piper. By dad, I was a rich man in a few days, and paid off all the incumbrances on my estate."

"Have you an estate, then?" enquired Finch, rather surprised, for Finch, be it known, was an Englishman, and had never met an Irish piper before.

"To be sure I have," said Phaidrig. "Have n't I the estate of man upon me, and what more throublesome estate is there to manage?"

"True," said Finch, with a smile. "But what were the incumbrances you spoke of?"

"It was all in consequence of a legacy was left me," said Phaidrig.

"Ah!" said Finch, anticipating—"and you sunk your own trifle of property in going to law with the executors, I suppose!"

"Not at all," said Phaidrig.—"In the first place I could not sink my property much more than it was by nature, for it is undher wather nine months in the year—being in a bog; and as for the executioners, or whatever you call them, I never heard o' such people at all; but not to bother you with such bits and scraps o' nonsense, just let me tell you how I got here.

"The sailors, as I towld you, kept me busy, mornin', noon, and night, and at last the captain himself came ashore one day, and heerd me, and swore nothing would content him but that I should go aboard and play for

him, and by dad he pulled out some goold pieces and popped them into my hand, — not that I went for the sake of the money, but that he praised my playing powerful, and I remarked he liked the fine *owld airs*. His name was Talbot — and he took me aboard sure enough, and the way he came into Galway-bay was, that having taken some Spanish ships prizes, and the weather turning bad, he made for Galway-bay, until the storm was past, and the word was that the prizes was so rich, that Captain Talbot never touched the private goods of the people at all, only the cargo of the ship, although the people wor so rich that they had diamond rings on every finger, and goold-hilted swards, and diamonds in *them* too — but not a taste the captain would take av them, and was so pleased with the great haul he made, that he gave a present of twenty goold pieces to every sailor and sarvant in the ship. Well, I staid aboard for two or three days as happy as a king; when one mornin' as I got up, afther a pleasant night aboard, I began to stagger about and could n't keep my feet. 'Ow wow!' says I, — 'I'm drunk yet,' and was going into bed again, when I no more could get into it than if it was the eye of a needle, and I was catching at everything in my way to lay howld of it, but nothing would make me stand; and with that I heerd them laughing at me all round about, and my head began to reel, and I began to feel *quare* a bit, and down I fell on the flure as sick as a dog. To make a long story short, they had put to sea in the night, and that was the cause of my staggering and qualmishness all the time I was blaming the dhrink for it. Well, I was so bothered with the sickness for five or six days, I could n't take bit or sup, or handle the pipes at all, so that the captain was disappointed of all the music he expected to get out o' me while he was sailing from Galway to London, but when I got well, I paid off the old score, for I worked a power, and did n't lave a tune in the bag I did n't give

them, and I got such a favourite with them that they made me put up with them here in London, and they pet me like a first child — and that's the way you see the Irish piper came to London."

"And how do you like London?" asked Finch.

"Oh, it's a fine place, Sir."

"How can you tell under the deprivation of sight?"

"Don't I *hear* it? — Can't I tell what crowds are passing up and down, and what a power of waggons and carriages there's in it? — and all the different bells that's a-ringing tell me 't is full o' churches. Sure fifty ways I know it's a big place."

"How would you like to live here, Phaidrig?" enquired Ned.

"Not at all — the air breathes thick to me, and wants the sweet smell of the mountains."

"When do you mean to return, then, to Ireland?"

"When these divils o' sailors will let me — and faix I'm beginning to get tired o' them — and would be long ago, only for the thundering lies they tell, that divarts me. And one chap, a new friend they have picked up to-day, bates all the rest hollow; I give it up to him for the biggest liar I ever met, and I have met a few, and, indeed, am not a bad hand at it myself, on an occasion — but this fellow — Ow, ow!"

"Who is he?"

"One of the sailors out o' the great ship come home lately; I forget her name, but the commander's name is Anderson."

"Anson, I suppose, you mean," said Finch; "Commodore Anson."

"That's it," said Phaidrig. "Well, if you were to hear this fellow tell of all their doings."

"He can scarcely tell more wonders than the reality, I believe," said Finch; "they say Anson's sufferings, and dangers, and triumphs, are beyond the wonders of fairy tales."

“Faix, the fairies are fools to the fellow I spake of, if the half of what he says be true.”

Finch suggested to Ned that they should join the party of sailors, doubting not it would be good fun. Ned chimed in with the proposition, and Phaidrig undertook to make them welcome on his introduction. They at once acted on the suggestion, and found the jolly tars “tossing the can” gaily. Phaidrig was hailed with a shout of delight, and his friends heartily welcomed him; and, having been accommodated with seats and glasses, Finch and Ned were on as good terms with the lads of the ocean in five minutes as if they had been shipmates. Finch essayed immediately to draw out the principal romancer, of whom Phaidrig had spoken, and found it no difficult matter. Every sailor is ready enough to talk about his ship; and when a man had such a ship as the “Centurion” to brag of, he had reason to speak the more. He rattled away about the disasters and triumphs of the circumnavigation right willingly, every now and then bolting out some tremendous fiction, whereupon Phaidrig would make his pipes give out a little querulous squeak, that made every one laugh but the story-teller, who only swore the more stoutly to the truth of all he said, the more doubt was cast upon it. *He* was one of the principal people engaged in the attack on the shores of South America — *he* was the first to land — *he* made the Dons run—five-and-twenty of them—and the Governor at their head, *all with his own hand*.

Phaidrig’s pipe gave a plaintive cry, as if it was calling for mercy.

“What’s that you say?” cried Jack. “D—d if I did n’t, though; and I would have thrash’d twice as many, if they were there!”

On went the narration again. The town was burnt, after being emptied of its treasure, and the triumphant boats rowed back to the ship, all but sinking with the weight of gold they carried; again they are afloat on the

great Pacific Ocean; again they traverse the mighty waste of waters; again sickness attacks them.

"Then," said Jack, "we knew that unless we could make an island, we were lost — and, by hard work, we did make an island at last."

"You *made* an island," cried Phaidrig; "well, that is the best thing you towld yet!" — and Phaidrig made his pipe give a *screech*, while he shouted with laughter. "I suppose you 'll tell us you made the world next."

"Put a stopper on that chap's lingo, will you?" cried Jack.

It was now explained to Phaidrig that "making" an island, in nautical parlance, meant arriving at an island.

"Oh, that's it, is it!" said Phaidrig; "then, that's the way you sailoring gentlemen arrive at your wonderful stories, I suppose — by *making* them."

The story-teller swore he would carbonado the piper if he did n't take care; but the rest of the sailors overruled him in this, swearing Phaidrig was a treasure, and the best fellow in the world, and that he had the privilege of saying anything he liked.

"Well," continued Jack, "we made the island — mind, you piper-chap — we made it."

"Ay, ay!" cried Phaidrig.

"And then," cried Jack, with enthusiasm, "how we did enjoy the fresh water and vegetables — and such vegetables. You will hardly believe it, now, but as true as I'm here, there was little round loaves growing nat'ral on the trees, and as good bread as I'd wish to eat."

"I hope it was ready butthered," said Phaidrig.

"No, it was n't, you old piperly humbug. But if we had n't butter, we had milk on the trees, though. Now, what do you say to that?"

"As far as milk is consarned, Sir," said Phaidrig, "all I say is, that 'Kerry cows have long horns.'"¹

¹ A saying in Ireland, applied to any incredible story. Kerry being a remote corner, it would be more difficult to detect any ex-

"It was not from cows we had it, I tell you ; but trees — out of nuts ; there we found nuts that gave us more than a pint o' milk a-piece."

"That 's the hardest nut to crack I ever met," said Phaidrig.

"It 's true though, so hold your jaw ; they call 'em *co-co* nuts."

"*Cow-cow* would be a fitter name for them," said Phaidrig.

"Well," continued Jack, "after making all right and tight for sea, we made sail for China, and stood for ten days or so —"

"And why did n't you go on ?" cried Phaidrig.

"So we did go on, you nincompoop."

"Why, you tell me this minit you *stood*, and how could you go on while you were standing ?"

It was again explained to Phaidrig that the sea-phrase to "stand" for a place, meant to go towards it.

"Well, you have quare ways of talking," said Phaidrig ; "and if a plain-spoken man can't make you out, it's your own fault, with your contrary words."

"Well," continued Jack, "we made China ; — you know *now*, I suppose," said he to Phaidrig, rather testily, — "you know now, old blowpipe, what I mean when I say we *made* China."

"Oh, yis," said Phaidrig, mischievously, "you mean you made cups and saucers."

"No, I don't, old double-tongue," exclaimed Jack, while the sailors laughed at the continued quibbling by which Phaidrig annoyed him — "No, I don't ; — but it 's no use talking to you — only don't vex me too much — that 's all — mind your eye !"

"I wish I had one to mind," said Phaidrig.

The cheerful spirit of the man, jesting on his own misfortune, touched even the impatient story-teller, and aggeration promulgated as to its wonderful productions ; hence the saying.

he joined in the chorus of laughter which followed Phaidrig's last rejoinder. Phaidrig's spirit of jest was fully satisfied in making the man join in the laugh against himself; and when the noisy mirth abated, he begged Jack to go on, and said he would not annoy him any more, *if he could help it*.

"In China," continued Jack, "we did the grand thing. They wanted us to pay port dues there, and all that sort of thing, in going into harbour, but our commodore said he'd see 'em far enough first — farther than any of us would like to go, I reckon; and told 'em the king of England never paid no duty at all, but took all he could get, and more too, — which stands to reason, or what would be the good of being king of England? So we got all the 'commodation in life we wanted, and did n't pay a rap to the long-tails; and then, all being ship-shape again, we put to sea. The commodore said nothing to none of us, thof all of us suspected there was something in the wind, by the long walks the commodore used to take, all by himself, up and down the quarter-deck, with never a word to nobody; and sure enough we were right. We were nigh a fortnight at sea afore he broke his mind to us; but then, ordering all hands to be turned up, he tipped us the lingo. 'My lads,' said he, 'would n't you like to go back to old England with your pockets well lined?' says he. 'Ay, ay, Sir!' says every man in the ship. 'Well, then,' says the commodore, 'there's the rich Spanish galleon,' says he, 'a-sailing from Manilla to Akkypulky, and *that's* what I'd like to take.' The commodore's speech was hailed with a shout. 'Remember, my lads,' says he, 'I never want to deceive you;' — we shouted again; — 'the galleon is strong,' says he, 'and we are wasted by sickness; our numbers are few, and that few are weak; we have only half our complement of hands; but at the same time,' says he, 'a'n't we able to lick twice as many Spaniards, my boys?' We shouted louder than ever. 'That's

enough,' says the commodore, 'we'll take the galleon; — keep a bright look out; let every lad have his eye open.' And sure enough we had; — then you might see the officers sweeping the horizon with their glasses every half hour, and night and day a man at the mast head. Well, about noon one day a sail to the southward was reported from the top; — up ran the officer of the watch, with his bring-'em-near;¹ — and when the commodore hailed him from the deck, to know what he made her out to be, he answered 't was all right — a large ship, running to the southward. My eyes! what a shout did rise when we heard the news; we were all as nimble as monkeys; and, with a 'will O,' we made all sail in chase. When we had every inch of canvas drawing, and were going well through the water, 'Let the men have their dinner,' says the commodore; 'they have work before them.' Dinner we had soon, accordingly, tho' the thoughts of making so rich a prize almost took away our appetites, so we made short work of it. All this time we were nearing the galleon, that did not seem to notice us for some time, but soon we saw she was alive to it, for she crowded sail and seemed inclined to show us her heels: but all of a sudden, 'bout she comes, and bears right down on us. 'T was such a comfort to see we were not in for a long chase, and maybe lose her in the night, after all, but to settle the matter out of hand at once; so we cleared the decks, and made all ready for action. Now, you see, it's a custom with these Spanish chaps, to lie down when an enemy comes up to them to deliver a broadside, thinking they have less chance of being killed crouching than standing; and then, when the broadside is over, up they jump and work *their* guns;² — it's a dirty dodge; but so it is; — so the commodore passed the word round the ship, that instead of

¹ Telescope.

² Such is described to be the Spanish mode of fighting, by the writers of the day.

firing a broadside into the enemy, we should give her our guns one after another, as we brought them to bear when we neared her, and so we did: so that the lubbers were lying flat, waiting for a broadside, while we bore up to her, going bang, bang, into her with our starboard guns as we ran past her, and then, going about, we had our larboard broadside ready by the time the Dons were on their legs: so that we exchanged with them, after giving them thirty guns before we got any answer. We had rather the advantage in metal, but they had twice our number of men—five hundred and fifty to little more than two hundred, weakened by sickness too;—but what o' that?—they were Spaniards, and we were Britons! The Spaniard mounted thirty-six guns on his lower deck, besides twenty-eight lighter ones on his gunwale quarters and tops; they call them 'pidreros'——"

"Pattheraras, we call them in Ireland," said Phaidrig.

"Don't stop me, and be d—d to you!" shouted Jack.

"Twenty-eight pidreros, and they peppered our decks pretty well; but as most of our hands were below fighting the heavy guns, they did not do us much damage, while our heavy metal was pounding them in their vitals; they were only scratching our face while we were digging them in the ribs; and their hands were so numerous that every shot of ours was killing more on their crowded decks, than theirs among our spare crew. They did not fight badly, however—but at last down came the flag of the *Nostra Signora de Cabadonga*—that was her name; those Spanish chaps, men, women, and children, ships and all, have such confounded long names;—and her commander *Don Jeronimo de Montero*—there's another o' them—came aboard the *Centurion*—now there's a tidy name—and delivered his sword to—*Commodore Anson*—that's short and sweet too—so there's how we took the——*Nostra* confound her, I can't say her name right over again."

“Bravo!” cried Finch — “well fought; and her treasure, they say, was a million and——”

“Avast heaving, messmate — we’re not come to the treasure yet; there was worse danger than the battle, after the enemy struck. Just as we were conquerors, up walks the first lieutenant to the commodore to congratulate him on his victory — *as he pretended* — but it was to whisper to him that the ‘Centurion’ was on fire below, close to the powder room. That was the time to see the cool courage of the noble Anson — not a word of alarm was whispered on the deck, and the commodore went below as unconcerned, to all appearance, as if he was going to dinner, and by his example kept the men so steady and quiet below, that the fire was extinguished in a few minutes. As it turned out, the danger was really less than it appeared, for some oakum had caught fire by the blowing up of a small portion of the powder between decks, and the smoke and the smother made matters seem worse than they were — but a moment’s confusion might have blown gold and all, friends and foes, into the deep ocean, and no word would have been heard of Anson’s glory.”

“A brave tale, i’ faith,” said Finch.

“Stay, there is one thing more I have to tell,” said Jack. “What I told you, partly is credit to ourselves; what I’m going to tell you, is to show how Providence watched over us all the way home. Our sickness diminished, we had good weather round the Cape, and prosperous winds home, and just as we were entering the Channel it fell thick and hazy, and this we were ungrateful enough to call bad luck, when, as it turned out, it was our salvation, for in that very fog we passed unseen right through the middle of a whole French fleet.”

“Providential indeed,” said Finch.

“Yes,” said Jack thoughtfully — “I will say Heaven was special kind to us all through, though we had some sore trials and sufferings.”

"But how amply rewarded you are by the tremendous treasure you have brought home! Near a million and a half, I hear; you must have prodigious prize money."

"Why, yes — pretty picking," said Jack. "Every man before the mast got three hundred pounds on account the other day, and we have a heap more to get still — so call for what you like; I'll pay for all."

"No d— me! you sha'n't," cried another of the revellers; "I'm not a 'Centurion' man, and did n't sail under a commodore; plain Captain Talbot was my commander, and my ship only a privateer, but as far as prize money goes I pouched eight hundred guineas to my share, so *I'll pay* — you can pay for me when you get the rest of yours!"

"Eight hundred!" exclaimed Finch.

"Ay — eight hundred hard shiners!" cried the sailor; "there's a sample," said he, thrusting his hand into his pocket and dragging out a fistful.

Finch exchanged a look with Ned, and said, "*That's* the trade!"

"And though a commodore did n't command us," added the tar, "we had a pretty tightish fight of it, as I could tell you, if so be you'd like to hear it."

"I should, of all things," said Finch, who, wishing to ingratiate himself with these roving gentlemen, knew the surest road to a sailor's heart was through his story. The sailor popped a fresh quid in his cheek, hitched up his trousers, and put himself into an attitude — in short, "squared his yards" to tell his story, when, just as he had got over the preliminary sentences, his yarn was suddenly cut short by a very sharp sound of hooting in the street; and as the noise grew louder the whole party rose and ran to the windows to see whence the hubbub arose. A dense mob of people preceded a carriage, which was guarded by some strange-looking soldiers, whose singular uniform seemed matter of special dislike to the populace. They wore gray jackets turned up

with red, and there was a very un-English cut about them altogether. They were, in fact, a body of Swiss, resident in and about London, who, in the absence of the greater part of the regular troops abroad, in the prosecution of the king's *foreign* wars, volunteered to do military duty, and were embodied accordingly; and this seeming confidence in foreigners in preference to Britons was a most odious measure, and rendered the king very unpopular with the great mass of his subjects. The crowd seemed inclined to impede as much as possible the progress of the guarded carriage which contained prisoners, who were on their road to examination at the Cockpit, where the Privy Council then held their sittings. Reproaches were showered on these Swiss guards, and terms of disrespect loudly shouted against the king and his ministers by the growling crowd, which pressed more and more on the guard, who seemed half inclined at last to use their bayonets.

"Kill Englishmen if you dare!" roared the crowd.

"Down with the Hanoverian rats!" was thundered from another side.

"Why won't the German good-for-nothing trust his own people?" cried a third party.

"Down with the badgers!" was echoed round about—alluding to the gray regimentals of the Swiss.

At this moment the carriage which bore the prisoners came within full view of the window, and Ned recognised Kirwan in one of the captives. For an instant he almost rejoiced that the man whose presence in Flanders he so much feared was retained in England; but in an instant his better nature triumphed over the selfish thought, and he called Finch's attention to the carriage, at the very moment that *he*, too, had caught a glimpse of O'Hara. Exchanging a significant look with Ned, Finch made a rapid and impassioned address to the sailors, saying the prisoners were friends of his, and as innocent as babes unborn; winding up with an appeal

to their feelings, as "men and Britons," if they would allow free-born Englishmen to be dragged to slaughter, like sheep to the shambles, by a pack of beggarly foreigners?

"Will you, who have thrashed the Spaniards, let a parcel of hired strangers make Britons slaves in their own land?" cried Finch.

"No, no, no!!" was indignantly shouted by the thoughtless and generous tars, who headed by Finch and Ned, made a rush from the tavern, and, further inflaming the crowd by their fierce invectives and daring example, a bold dash was made at the carriage, the doors dragged open, the guard overturned right and left, and Kirwan and his companions in bondage were freed in an instant, and hurried through the rejoicing crowd by the posse of sailors down the narrow streets of the favouring neighbourhood; and, while the tumult raged wildly behind them, and all pursuit was successfully retarded by the mob, the two men, so late in deadly jeopardy, sped securely onward towards the river, where they effected an embarkation in safety; the broad Thames was soon placed between them and their pursuers, and the obscure haunts on the Surrey side of the river gave sanctuary for the present to the rescued prisoners.

CHAPTER XIII

A COUNCIL AT GRAVELINES

THE storm which had so nearly made an end of the persons most prominently engaged in our history, which dealt such heavy blows on the mercantile interest in England as almost to amount to national calamity, had not inflicted such smarting wounds as those under which France suffered. She had been for months preparing a great blow against Britain, which the winds in one night had paralysed. And as this threatened movement was known to all Europe, its defeat was bitterly felt by the sensitive nation that looked on it so hopefully.

But still they could attribute their failure to the elements in *that case*; but another occurred which was more difficult to support with patience. Admiral Roquefeuille, having made a junction of the Brest and Rochefort squadrons, sailed up the British Channel with the intention of making an attack by sea, while Saxe should make his descent by land, and, having run up channel as far as Dungeness, the British fleet hove in sight, bearing down upon him. The lateness of the hour, and state of wind and tide, prevented the gallant old Norris from at once closing in action with him, and Roquefeuille took advantage of the night to get away in the dark, and return to port, while Norris had the credit of clearing the channel of the enemy without firing a shot.

But the extreme vigilance which our fleet and cruisers were obliged to exercise for great national purposes, gave facility to minor adventurers, who dared the channel,

and the safety which could not be obtained by the guns of a line-of-battle ship, was secured by the insignificance of a fishing-boat. Under cover of such protection, Kirwan and O'Hara reached the coast of France in safety, in a few days after their rescue in London; and at Gravelines joined Lynch, who was deeply engaged in the interests of Charles Edward, and in constant communication with the prince, who kept quiet at this little spot under the name of the Chevalier Douglas. *His* hopes had been fearfully dashed by the disasters of the storm. His cause, which had hitherto been so popular, fell into disrepute; for that great element of popularity — success — seemed to be denied to him, and the unfortunate Stuart was blamed for all the failures. Some few faithful and untiring friends still clung with desperate fidelity to his cause, and his small house was the rendezvous of these devoted adherents, where the prince was still cheered by their hopefulness, and assisted by their advice. Of the latter he stood much in need; for the chevalier was deplorably deficient in judgment, and allowed trifles to attract or annoy him, when greater interests might have been expected to engross his mind at that important moment.

Lynch had been on a mission to Paris, to make interest amongst the friends of the prince in the capital, and, through them, to endeavour to influence those in power in his favour; but he found the cabinet as much disgusted with the failure of their last grand effort as the people in general; and, so far from having the interests of Charles Edward discussed in council, their best energies were employed to send a sufficient force into Flanders, which was seriously threatened by the Dutch, who seized this favourable opportunity to join England in the war more heartily than they had yet co-operated.

A little council of four sat in the small house of the chevalier at Gravelines. The prince himself, Lord Marshal, Drummond of Bochaldy, and Lynch, just

arrived from Paris. After he had laid his statement of how matters stood in the capital, Drummond asked him if he had seen Marshal Saxe.

"Yes," said Lynch.

"And what said he?" enquired Charles; "he seemed to be all heart and soul in the cause."

"Yes, Sir," answered Lynch, "as he would be heart and soul in any cause that promised daring military achievement. The marshal is essentially a soldier, and loves war for war's sake."

"I am quite of Captain Lynch's opinion," said Lord Marshal.

"Then he," pursued Charles, "does not seem to care about following up the expedition?"

"His attention is now turned towards the Low Countries, Sir, where the French will soon take the field under his command — that is, if the marshal's health permits him to leave Paris; for he is reduced to a state of great exhaustion, and when he allowed me the honour of an audience, he was in bed."

"His debaucheries, I suppose, have reduced him to so helpless a state," said Lord Marshal. "'T is a pity so great a man should be such a slave to pleasure."

"Tush!" exclaimed Charles. "What were life without pleasure? I vow to Heaven I would rather be on a sick-bed in Paris, than stuck up in a vile corner like this, where one earthly enjoyment is not to be had. I am *ennuyé* to death. I have neither hunting nor shooting: I have not had a gun in my hand for two months."

This was said with a petulance and levity that was shocking to the devoted men who heard it; and glances were exchanged among his followers, that, if Charles could have read their eyes, should have made him blush.

"'T is very hard the king refuses to see me," continued the chevalier, in the same tone of complaint. "If he would even permit me to reside in Paris — the Duke de Richelieu promised to intercede for me in this particular, — did you see *him*?"

"I did, Sir," said Lynch.

"Well?"

"He strongly recommends a continuance of quiet residence here for some time."

"Plague take it!" cried Charles. "The deuce a thing there is to do here but buy fish."

"Is there not such a thing as '*mending our nets*'?" said Lord Marshal, pithily.

"Pshaw!" said Charles, pettishly; "my patience is worn out."

"I think we shall not have so long to wait before we see clearly, one way or the other," said Drummond. "Much depends on this campaign. Let the arms of France be successful again, and our cause prospers beyond a doubt. Let victory remove the remembrance of recent disasters, and they will be ready to back your cause again, Sir."

"I agree with you, Bochaldy," said Lord Marshal.

"And even then," said Lynch, "though the French government should not give all the aid your highness may reasonably expect, still *their* success makes *your* success. You remember, Sir, the Irish merchant at Bourdeaux, of whom I spoke; he is ready to advance money, and if we watch the moment of England's defeated arms abroad, a well-arranged descent on the shores of Scotland and Ireland at that time must be successful."

"You always tell me I may depend on Ireland."

"Sir, she has been always faithful to the cause of your royal house, and is so still."

"And all Scotland would die for you," said Drummond.

"So be not impatient, my prince," added Lord Marshal. "Await the result of this campaign."

"Then I will join the army," cried Charles Edward, "and share in the campaign myself; for I must have something to do."

"Oh, my prince!" exclaimed Lord Marshal, reddening to the forehead with shame for his master's folly, "think not of so rash a step. Consider, Sir, your posi-

tion. For God's sake think not of raising your arm in battle on the side of a foreign power, against the people over whom you seek to rule !”

“ It seems I am never right,” said Charles, peevishly, seeming quite insensible to the noble rebuke his faithful servant gave him ; and, rising suddenly, he left the room.

He retired to his own chamber, and employed the remainder of that day in writing to his father bitter abuse of the devoted and high-minded exile who sought to direct his folly. And the men who had abandoned home and country, and were ready to sacrifice their lives for him, were the objects of this ungrateful trifler's anger, because his humour was thwarted by their good sense. He also wrote to Paris, to obtain permission to join Louis' army in Flanders ; but the king felt, as Lord Marshal did, the indecency of such a proceeding, and positively forbade his presence.

Lynch, after the prince retired, had some further conference with Lord Marshal and Bochal dy, who were much better able to concert measures for their master's good in his absence ; and when the future chances in favour of the Stuart cause were canvassed by the three adherents, till no topic was left untouched, Lynch bade them farewell, as he was going to join Dillon's regiment — so called after its gallant colonel, than whom a more devoted adherent of the Stuarts did not exist. Repairing to his own lodgings, he rejoined Kirwan and O'Hara — the latter bearing a commission in the Irish Brigade, the former about to join, less perhaps with the love of arms than of Lynch's fair daughter ; for it is more than probable that to be near Ellen was one of the objects, if not the principal, which made Kirwan quit Ireland. For the present, however, he was not likely to see her ; for, as the army was about to take the field, it was now concentrating on the frontier, and the following day Lynch and his two countrymen set out for Douay.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DAY OF FONTENOI

IT was a beautiful morning in spring, when the active inhabitants of two neighbouring villages in the province of Hainau, adjoining French Flanders, had just finished their morning meal, and were outgoing again to the fields, to continue the healthful industry with which the morning opened, when the blast of a trumpet attracted their attention, and the peaceful peasants were startled at the sound; for who could live in that province and not know that any day might bring the horrors of war to their door, and, though the little villages of Fontenoi and Antoine had hitherto escaped that perennial scourge of the Lower Countries, the sinking heart of every inhabitant foreboded that their hour was come at last; and the happy hamlets which hitherto had known no greater excitement than a wedding-feast or a christening, were about to have a burial-service celebrated on a large scale. The implements of husbandry, which had been cheerfully flung over the shoulders of sturdy men as they went a-field, were suddenly cast downwards again, and the listeners to the trumpet leant thoughtfully on spade and hoe, as they caught the first glimpse of the party whence the warlike warning proceeded, and some squadrons of French horse were seen approaching! Women and children now crowd the village streets, as the cavalry ride in and dismount, and appropriate houses and stables to their use, as they are billeted by the proper officer,—and when houses and stables can hold no more, the horses are picketed and the men bivouac.

When all is, so far, settled, the peasants go to work, but they cannot work with that heart-free spirit which makes toil pleasing. The demon of war

“ Casts his shadow before,”

and all is darkened beneath it. The women in the villages are busy with ordinary cares; they are preparing “sops for Cerberus,” and hope to soften the hearts of the men of war by roasting and boiling. So far, so well. But, in another hour, the engineers arrive, and, shortly after, a group of officers of the higher rank gallop into the town,—rapid orders are given, and the officers depart swiftly, as they came, and then a terrible work of destruction commences. Whole families are turned out of their houses; the engineers set to work, the rafters of the cottages are sawn through—in tumbles roof after roof, and each house is made the platform for a piece of artillery. Yes, the smoke of the happy hearth that curled in the golden mist of evening, and invited the weary traveller from afar, was to be replaced by the repellent vapour of the cannon’s mouth!

“ The war clouds rolling, dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in the sulphurous canopy.”

The hospitable village that afforded welcome and healthful fare, and wholesome slumber to the wayfarer, was preparing to hurl destruction on all who should approach it. The homes that heard the first fond whispers of bride and bridegroom, and the after holier blessings of fathers and mothers on their children, were soon to hear the roar of cannon thundering above their ruins.

When this work of destruction began, the men ran back from the fields, while the women and children stood in the streets into which they were turned, and looked on,—some with horror, others with the clamour that bereavement will produce in the most patient. Here

was a woman, in silent despair, looking on at her dwelling tumbling into rubbish, — there was some youthful girl, struggling with a swarthy pioneer, endeavouring to stay the upraised axe, about to fell some favourite tree. The men, returning breathless from the field, add to the clamour in a different fashion ; but curses or prayers are alike unavailing, — the work of destruction goes on.

Far apart, sitting by the road-side, was a woman, whose tears fell fast, as she held her baby to her bosom, — the fountains of life and of sorrow were both flowing. The unconscious baby smiled ever and anon, and looked up with its bright eyes at the weeping mother, while an elder child, who could just lisp its thoughts, was crying bitterly as she told her little grief — that the soldiers had trampled down all the pretty flowers in the garden. An officer approached this group, and attempted words of consolation. It was Lynch ; for the vanguard of the French army was a portion of the Irish Brigade.

“Do not cry so bitterly,” said Lynch to the weeping woman.

The woman only answered with her sobs.

“Do you not see the other villagers are getting away their furniture and making the best they can of it ?”

The woman looked up gently through her tears ; for, though she could gather no comfort from his *words*, there was charity in the sound of his *voice*, and even *that*, to the wretched, is something.

“You would find relief in going to help your husband.”

“I have no husband to help,” said the woman.

“What ! a widow ?” exclaimed Lynch.

“No, thank God !” replied the woman. “But my husband is not here, — Pierrot is gone some miles away to see his mother, who is dying, and I don’t know what to do. I think less of the destruction of our house and the loss of all, than the thought of what poor Pierrot will think when he comes back and sees his house in ruins,

and won't know what has become of his wife and children. O! if Pierrot were only here I would n't mind it; but what shall I do all alone?"

"Show me which is your house," said Lynch, touched by the woman's agony, "and perhaps I may be able to preserve it."

"You can't," replied the woman sadly; "there it is!" added she, "there — there, where they are dragging up the cannon now."

'T was true; the artillery had arrived, and they were mounting the guns on the ruins of the houses. A dragoon rode up and handed a note to Lynch, saying, as he made his salute, "From Colonel Dillon, Sir." Lynch, after glancing at the brief contents of the missive, turned his eyes towards the weeping woman, with much sadness and pity in their expression; he looked as though he wished to speak, but, feeling he could give her no comfort by his words, he hastily told the dragoon to lead him to Colonel Dillon, and galloped from the spot, heartily wishing he had escaped the scene of suffering he had witnessed. He soon reached a rising knoll, where Colonel Dillon and some other chiefs were issuing orders to numerous officers, who, arriving and departing in rapid succession, were scouring over the broken ground that lay between the villages of Fontenoi and Antoine and the wood of Barri on the opposite side of the narrow little valley, directing the operations that were going forward with speed and energy across the entire line of this point of defence. Spade and mattock were busily plied in thousands of hands, and deep trenches were cut across the pass, and trees felled and made ready barricades, behind which cannon was judiciously planted, to sweep, with cross fires, the intermediate points where an enemy might dare to force a passage. Thus went on the day; every hour making the approach to the bridge of Calonne more terrible; and *there* were the engineers constructing a *tête du pont*, which soon bristled with cannon, and gave

the French complete command of the passage of the Scheldt; for Saxe chose to fight with the river in his rear, thus giving himself the means of throwing the river between him and the enemy, in case the day should go against him, and hence the powerful work constructed to hold the bridge, which afforded retreat, if retreat were needed. And now the gentle slopes which rise from the banks of the "lazy Scheldt" began to show upon their crests battalion after battalion crowning the heights and making a brave array of the French force; and soon the hill sides, whitening with their tents as though a sudden fall of snow had taken place, show that the army of Louis is encamped. Ere long a burst of trumpets and saluting cannon is heard, one universal shout arises where the liliated banners float:—these sounds announce the arrival of the king and the dauphin; the chivalry of France is to fight under the eyes of their monarch and their prince, and all is enthusiasm.

"Where is the gallant marshal?" enquired the king, as he missed the presence of Saxe, in the crowd of chiefs who surrounded him.

"Sire," said the Count D'Argenson, "the marshal is so reduced by sickness that the fatigue of superintending the preparations of to-day has obliged him to retire to rest."

"What trumpets are those?" said the king, as he caught the distant sound of the warlike blast coming from afar.

"Those of the enemy, Sire," said D'Argenson, looking across the Scheldt, and beholding the distant columns of the English advancing

"They are welcome," answered the king; "we shall measure our strength to-morrow."

But the English seemed not inclined to wait for the morrow, for a smart fire opened on their side, the French outposts were driven in, and the Marshal de Noailles paid a tribute to the ready gallantry which the English

always exhibit to join battle. And now, not content with driving in the outposts, and taking up their position, they even commenced a cannonade against the French lines, although the evening began to close; and it was deemed advisable to consult Saxe on the subject. The marshal was no way disturbed by the news. "Let them fire away;" he said — "the Duke of Cumberland is young and precipitate; he bites against a file; he little knows what I have prepared for him; he has no time this evening to force a single point, and must wait till to-morrow to find out the trap into which he is running his head. So never mind this demonstration to-night — they will soon stop."

The event proved the truth of Saxe's word. The cannonade soon ceased, and the Duke of Cumberland called a council of war. He held the chief command, though the Prince de Waldeck had some share of authority at the head of his Dutch troops, and burned for military glory which had been so brilliantly won by the English prince at Dettingen; but the ardour of these two young men was held in check by the old Marshal Kœnigsec, who commanded the Austrians, and was entrusted by the States-General for the very purpose of overruling the temerity of the fiery young princes.

On the English side the arrangements were soon made. On the left, the Prince de Waldeck promised to seize Antoine. The Duke of Cumberland undertook all the rest with his British and Hanoverians.

In the French camp all was gaiety. The king held a banquet in his pavilion, surrounded by his chiefs — he was never known to be more lively; the discourse ran on battles and feats of arms, and Louis remarked, that since the fight of Poitiers no king of France and his son had been together present in battle. The remembrance of a fight so fatal to the French chivalry was looked upon as an evil omen by many, and rather darkened the end of the festive evening.

On retiring to his quarters Dillon met Lynch, who, at his colonel's request, was awaiting him. Unusual gloom sat on Dillon's brow ; he grasped Lynch's hand with fervour as he told him he wished some parting words with him before the morrow's fight, as he knew that fight would be fatal to him, and, he feared, disastrous to the cause they both loved.

Lynch endeavoured to dispel such gloomy forebodings.

"I fear they are too true," replied Dillon. — "Only think of a French king, by way of inspiring his soldiers, refreshing their memories with Poitiers on the eve of a battle?"

"'T was less felicitous than Frenchmen generally are in their allusions, certainly," said Lynch ; — "but what of that?"

"Let it pass," returned Dillon ; "but for myself I feel — I *know* I am to die to-morrow, and would bid you, my staunch friend and faithful adherent to the Stuart cause, farewell : and request you to bear to the prince my dying wishes for his prosperity, and the assurance of my fidelity to him to the death, for I shall fall to-morrow in making my best charge for the regaining of his crown."¹

"My colonel — my friend!" exclaimed Lynch ; "why this —"

"Say no more, my dear Lynch," said Dillon ; "such presentiments as mine are always fulfilled. I shall fall — but it will be at the head of my gallant regiment,

¹ Though the gaining of a battle in Flanders could not immediately replace the Stuarts on the throne of England, still every success against England was looked upon by the exiled Irish as favourable to their cause ; and the brigaded Irish in their gallant aid to France were not actuated by love for the French, but by a desire to favour the Stuarts, whom they regarded as the legitimate race of their sovereigns ; and, though fighting under the banners of Louis, it was the *feeling* for their own exiled king, and their own persecuted faith, that inspired them, and whetted their courage — it must be owned not unnaturally — against the English *of that day*.



The Harshbarger's

and *I prophesy* it will be a charge that England will long remember, and make the wise regret the cruel laws that convert Irishmen into exiles and enemies.”¹

The friends then parted with a “Good-night,” and “God bless you,” and Dillon offered up his soul devoutly to God before he slept : for he felt his next sleep would be that of death.

Night and slumber now wrapped the two camps in darkness and in silence, save the pale glimmer of the stars, or the faint ripple of the river which reflected their light. But this repose was of short duration ; drum and trumpet startled the quiet dawn, and the first rays of sunrise glittered on the ready arms of both the powers.

The king of France was one of the first to rise in the camp, and Count D’Argenson sending to Marshal Saxe for his last orders, the marshal replied that all was ready for his majesty to enter the field. The king and dauphin, each followed by their splendid suites, wound down the slope, crossed the bridge, and entered on the field of battle, of which, to obtain a better view, many of the followers of the court climbed into trees to feast their Parisian eyes with slaughter.

Saxe was in such a state of exhaustion, that he was obliged to be carried through the ranks in a litter made of osier, to give his final orders ; and the soldiers, looking with fond admiration on their glory-loving general, who made a sick couch serve for a war chariot, hailed his presence with applauding shouts. Around him rode a brilliant staff, and, as he had completed his arrangements, he pointed towards the enemy as various generals and commanders departed for their respective posts, and said, “Gentlemen, I have but prepared for you the road to victory — alas ! I cannot lead you myself ; but you

¹ George the Second, on hearing of the terrible and triumphant charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoi, uttered these memorable words : “*Curse on the laws that deprive me of such soldiers.*”

need not the guidance. None know better how to follow the road to glory ! ”

The English guns open as he speaks, and the generals ride to their respective posts. The Count de la Mark gallops to Antoine, where he is received by the brave Piedmontese with cheers. The Marshal de Noailles embraces his nephew, the Duke de Grammont, ere he departs for his post : but he quits the embrace of his uncle for the embrace of death : he is struck by a cannon-shot, the first victim of that sanguinary day. The old man hides his face in his hands, but the soldier triumphs over the mortal, and dashing a tear from his eye, he bows to Saxe, and cries, “ *I will take his place, count. Let Fontenoi and vengeance be mine !* ” The marshal puts spurs to his charger, and rushes to the defence of Fontenoi, on which the English and Hanoverians make a joint attack ; the slaughter is terrific ; never was seen a fire so rapid and so terrible : the valour of the assailants is only to be equalled by the bravery of the defenders ; but the village is one blaze of fire, sweeping destruction on all who dare approach. No living thing exists before it — the English retire, the French shout in triumph, the taunting sound stings the brave Britons, and again they assault the village. So rapid has been the French fire that the ammunition is nearly exhausted ; *aide-de-camp* after *aide-de-camp* is despatched, for a fresh supply — it does not arrive — the English continue the assault, every ball in Fontenoi is exhausted ; but they still have powder. “ Let them fire with powder only, then ! ” cried the brave old marshal ; “ we must keep up the appearance of defence, at least. ” On press the English, Fontenoi is almost theirs, when a fresh supply of ammunition arrives, the fire is no longer a mockery, and the English are mowed down : they are too much weakened to hope for success, they retire till a reinforcement arrives.

The Duke of Cumberland, in the centre, passes through

the village of Vezon under a tremendous cannonade, and, though not more than fifteen or twenty men can march abreast, still, undauntedly, they press through the fire, and file off to the left, forming line with the cool precision of a parade, while the iron shower makes wide gaps in their ranks, which are instantly filled up, and rapidly a column of undaunted British infantry forms, and advances across the broken ground of the centre; they are suddenly checked — the ground is *escarpé* — an enormous trench is before them. Old Kœnigsec whispers the duke, he dreaded his attack was rash, and that *he told him so*. The duke makes no answer, but, rushing to the front, exhorts the men to remember Dettingen, and, dashing through the trench himself, he leads his gallant guards forward, who drag with their own nervous arms six guns across the trench, and again move forward at the command of the duke.

Four battalions of the French guards now confront them, and the picked infantry of both armies prepare for deadly conflict. The Scotch guards under Campbell and Albemarle, the English under Churchill — a descendant of the great Marlborough. When fifty paces interpose between the combatants, the English officers advance, and, with a courtly air, take off their hats and salute the French guard. The Count de Chabanes, the Duke de Biron, and all the French officers return the salute. Such were the chivalrous customs of that time, that even an invitation to fire was made, which seems absurd, in these more matter-of-fact days, when “Up, guards, and at ’em!” was the pithy and unceremonious phrase of Waterloo; but, in the polished day of Fontenoi, the gallant Lord Charles Hay exclaims, “Gentlemen of the French guards, fire!”

The gentlemen of the French guard would have been shocked to do anything so rude, and Count d’Auteroche replies, “Fire yourselves, gentlemen — *The French guards never fire first!*”

The English take them at their word, and when they did once set about it, they certainly fired in good earnest, for nearly the whole front rank of the French guard fell. The incredible number of 380 killed and 485 wounded was the result of that first volley, to say nothing of officers, nearly all of whom bit the dust; indeed Fontenoi presents a more fearful list of leaders killed than any other action on record; such was the heroism on both sides with which the men were led to assault, or inspired to resistance.

The second rank, appalled by the utter annihilation of the first, look back for support; they see the cavalry 300 toises behind them, they waver, but throw in their fire; it is fearfully returned by the English, and when Luttaux and D'Aubeterre at the heads of their regiments attempt to support the guards, they arrive but to witness and join in the rout. Luttaux bit the dust. The Duke de Biron had his horse shot under him. On press the victorious English, and the Duke of Cumberland pours fresh masses into the field. An impenetrable body of 14,000 men is firmly established. The duke looks to the right, and expects to see Ingoldsby driving the enemy in before him — alas! he only receives a message from Ingoldsby asking for fresh orders, as he has hitherto done nothing, being kept in check by the skirmishers, and intimidated by the batteries. The Duke of Cumberland curses him for a coward, and swears he shall be tried by court-martial for it — *and he kept his word*. This is a fatal mistake. The duke must either dare all, and pass between the batteries on his right and left, or retire; he chooses the desperate resolve to hazard all, and the invincible British bayonets drive all before them, though a cross-fire of batteries rips up the English ranks, and carries fearful slaughter into the advancing column, *but still it does advance*.

Saxe is alarmed for the fate of the day, and the thought of defeat lends him strength: he calls for a horse, and

mounts, but his weakness prevents his carrying a cuirass, and a sort of buckler of quilted taffeta is placed before him on the pommel of his saddle. For some time Saxe permits it to remain there, but he soon cries, "Curse such mantua-making!" and, flinging it down, dashes into the hottest of the fight in a light, open dress. He retrieves the disorder, but sends the Marquis de Meuze to the king requesting him to retire. The king refuses, and determines to remain in the fight. At the moment, his suite is scattered by the broken regiments rushing back upon them. The body-guard, of their own accord, without waiting for orders, interpose their columns between the king's person and the fugitives. Saxe heads the second column of cavalry himself, and makes another charge upon the unflinching column — the cavalry are flung back from the serried bayonets, as a broken wave from a rock — the column is unshaken, and Kœnigsec already congratulates the Duke of Cumberland on his victory. And so it might have been, had the Dutch then advanced; but alas! for the Prince de Waldeck, his fame is tarnished. After the first assault upon Antoine, which he undertook to secure, he retired, and never attempted to do more. Saxe rode amidst a tremendous fire all along the centre British line, to reconnoitre their state with his own eye. They were firm, but quite unsupported by any other portion of their troops; charge after charge, nevertheless, they resist, and the marshal saw nothing for it but to prepare for a safe retreat for the king. To this end he ordered Fontenoi and Antoine to be abandoned, which bravely held out against a third attack of the English, who, from that quarter, were in vain looked for by the Duke of Cumberland, as the Dutch were as vainly expected from Antoine. The Count de la Mark would not obey the order to retire from Antoine: and Fontenoi was held also. Again Saxe orders the French infantry to advance and revenge their comrades — "Men of Hainau, you fight on your own fields

—drive hence the enemy! Normandy, remember your ancient chivalry! you conquered all England once — shall a handful of Britons resist you?" Thus inspiring regiment after regiment with his words, he ordered them to charge, calling on their leaders by name as he passed them. Saxe watched the result of the charge — the English were still invincible. The Prince de Craon fell as he led his troops to the charge, and the regiment of Hainau was swept from the field by a terrible fire of musketry and cannon: for the English had some few guns with them which they used with great judgment; and as their musketry was fired in divisions, it kept up a continued slaughter amongst the French, which drove them back in utter disorder. Saxe now gave up the day for lost — the English column, though it did not advance, was master of the field. It remained motionless, and showed front everywhere, only firing when it was attacked.

Seeing this state of things, a rather noisy council was held round the king, and Saxe despatched fresh orders to have Fontenoi and Antoine evacuated, telling Count de la Mark to refuse at his peril. Just as these orders were despatched, the Duke de Richelieu, the king's *aide-de-camp*, arrived at full gallop.

"What news?" cried Saxe.

"That the day is ours, if we only wish it! The Dutch are beaten, and the English, too, at Fontenoi — the centre only holds out. Muster all our cavalry and *fall upon them like foragers*, and the victory is won ——"

"I am of that opinion," said the king to the marshal.

"Then we'll do it," said Saxe; "but first shake them with some cannon. Pequigny," cried he to the duke, "advance four heavy pieces. D'Aubeterre, Courten, head your regiments! Ride, Richelieu, to the household troops, and bid Montesson charge! Jumillac, head your musqueteers! let the movement be concentrated. Dillon" — for the colonel was among the knot

of officers round the king, — “Dillon! let the whole Irish brigade charge! — to you I commend its conduct. Where Dillon’s regiment leads the rest will follow. Let the Irish brigade show an example!”

“It shall be done, marshal!” said Dillon, touching his hat and turning his horse.

“TO VICTORY!” cried Saxe, emphatically.

“OR DEATH,” said Dillon, solemnly, kissing the cross of his sword, and plunging the rowels in his horse’s side, that swiftly he might do his bidding; and that the Irish brigade might first have the honour of changing the fortune of the day.

Galloping along the front of their line, where the brigade stood impatient for the order to advance, Dillon gave a word that made every man clench his teeth, and grip his weapon for vengeance; for the word that Dillon gave was talismanic as others that have been memorable; he shouted as he rode along, “*Remember Limerick!*” and then wheeling round, and placing himself at the head of his own regiment, to whom the honour of leading was given, he gave the word to charge; and down swept the whole brigade, terrible as a thunderbolt, for the hitherto unbroken column of Cumberland was crushed under the fearful charge. Dillon was amongst the first to fall; he received a mortal wound from the steady and well-directed fire of the English column, and as he was struck, he knew his presentiment was fulfilled; but he lived long enough to know, also, he completed his prophecy of a glorious charge, — he saw the English column broken, and fell, fighting, amidst a heap of slain. The day was won; the column could no longer resist; but, with the indomitable spirit of Englishmen, they still turned their faces to the foe, and retired without confusion; *they lost the field with honour*, and in the midst of defeat it was some satisfaction to know, it was the bold islanders of their own seas who carried the victory against them. It was no *foreigner* before whom they

yielded. The thought *was* bitter that they themselves had disbanded a strength so mighty ; but they took consolation in a strange land in the thought that it was only their *own right arm* could deal a blow so heavy. Thanks be to God, these unnatural days are past, and the unholy laws that made them so are expunged. In little more than sixty years after, and not fifty miles from that very spot, Irish valour helped to win victory on the side of England ; for, at Waterloo, Erin gave to Albion not only her fiery columns, but her unconquered chieftain.

CHAPTER XV

A PETITE SOUPER AT MADAME DE MONTESSON'S

THE battle of Fontenoi may be said to have decided the campaign it opened. Town after town rapidly fell into the hands of the French; and though gallant defences were made here and there on the part of the allies in detail, no general movements could be effected; and the greater part of French Flanders was once more under the dominion of Louis. Nevertheless, while plumed with victory, he offered peace; but whether England thought the offer insincere, or fancied that at such a moment favourable terms would not be obtained, she rejected the pacific overture, and France and England continued belligerent powers. This circumstance was considered by the adherents of Charles Edward most favourable to his views, as it was hoped the successes in Flanders would be followed up by striking a home blow at Great Britain, and his partisans flocked to Paris, whither the prince himself had been now allowed to proceed; and although yet refused a personal interview with the king, he resided in the vicinity of the capital, and was in constant communication with those about the court who were favourable to his interests. Here he could pursue the amusements he so much regretted at Gravelines, and awaited his happy hour with better temper than on the sea-coast, the interregnum being agreeably filled up by the pleasures of the chase and the charms of a society which, though small, was brilliant, and offered a foretaste of St. James's in the observance of courtly etiquette and homage to his rank.

Not only some of the *haute noblesse*, and many gallant cavaliers, but fair and stately dames made the small country house of the handsome young prince an enviable residence. And pre-eminent amidst the beauty which graced it was Ellen — no longer the inmate of the cloister at Bruges, but mingling in the gaieties of Paris, under the protection of Madame de Jumillac. To none were the little meetings of the mimic court of Charles Edward more agreeable than to Ellen, whose personal charms won homage from all the cavaliers, and whose sweet manners almost reconciled her triumph to her own sex. As the daughter of one of the most active and devoted of the prince's agents, *he*, too, was studious in his attentions to her; and wherever the fair daughter of Captain Lynch appeared — at masque, or ball, or theatre — she attracted universal admiration. Madame de Jumillac particularly loved the opera; and one night, as she and her fair *protégée* had taken their seats to witness the representation of *Armide*, an unusual commotion was observable among the audience; whispers seemed to pass from box to box, and eyes were eagerly directed towards a conspicuous place near the stage which was yet unoccupied: the pit catches the movement from the boxes, and are equally anxious gazers at the vacant place. The overture commences; and though, of course, that strict silence which the severe etiquette of the French theatre most fitly enjoins, immediately ensued, still it was manifest the audience were inattentive; and the vacant seat near the stage carried it hollow against the crammed benches of the orchestra. In a minute or two the door of the box opens, and, ushered with profound reverence to his seat, appears an officer in brilliant uniform. It is the victorious marshal himself, just arrived in Paris — it is the temporary idol of the people, the glorious Count Maurice de Saxe, and all etiquette is forgotten by the audience. The pit rises *en masse*, and loud *vivats* ring through the house; the powerful orchestra is drowned

by that burst of popular admiration — sweeter music to the hero's ears than if Apollo himself led the band. The musicians themselves have lost self-control, and the bewildered leader can scarcely keep them together, while Saxe returns repeated obeisances to the applauding audience. At length order is restored, and the last few bars of the overture are audible. The curtain rises, and an impersonation of Glory appears, and sings a species of prologue; some lines occur in the verses which singularly apply to the hero of Fontenoi, and the actress, catching the enthusiasm of the moment, directs her gaze upon the marshal as she pours forth her strain of triumph; and finally, as she completes her heroic *roulade*, she advances to the box, and presents the laurel wreath she bears, as one of her attributes, to the marshal. Again the pit simultaneously rose; and so taken by surprise were *all* by this impromptu of the actress, that even the courtly boxes were urged to a breach of decorum; and *vivats* from the men, and white handkerchiefs waved by fair hands, hailed the conquering count, who seemed sensibly touched by the enthusiastic welcome. Again and again he bowed to the audience; and when, after some minutes, order was restored, he might be seen making slight marks of recognition, as his brilliant eye wandered round the house, and, piercing the deepest recesses of the farthest boxes, caught some smile or glance which beauty cast upon him. But suddenly his attention seems particularly arrested; and he makes a salutation in which there is more of devotion than he has yet manifested — his glances wander no more — he continues gazing on the same place — and all eyes, by degrees, turn to see who has enthralled the *volage* count. It is the box of Madame de Jumillac that is the point of observation. It cannot be *Madame* who has made the conquest — she is *passée* — it must be *la belle Irlandaise*. Yes; the unaffected graces of the beautiful Irish girl put the overdone Parisian *belles* into the shade; and the

coquettes of the capital are indignant, while Madame de Jumillac, in the second-hand triumph of a *chaperon*, whispers to Ellen with a smile — “My dear, you have conquered the conqueror.”

Ellen would have given the world to have escaped from the theatre. A host of disagreeable emotions crowded upon her; and the natural repugnance of a woman to speak of herself as the object of an unbecoming admiration, prevented relief in words. No woman of delicacy, even to one of her own sex, chooses to admit that she has inspired aught but an honourable passion; and, therefore, Ellen preferred keeping to herself the knowledge of the marshal's atrocious attempt, through his emissary at Bruges.

She knew that Madame de Jumillac was a woman of honour and reputation, and that under her protection she was in security, and that speaking as Madame did, she only made a sportive use of the phrase, which, in that age of gallantry, meant nothing; for where so much of gallantry — not to use a stronger phrase — was then tolerated, the tribute of open admiration to a lady's charms might go much further without being blamed, than in the modern times. Ellen, therefore, sat patiently under the disagreeable trial to which she was exposed, though the blushes with which the concentrated observation of the whole theatre suffused her cheek were sufficiently painful, without the deeper and hidden feeling of maiden indignation. Still, with all her desire to conceal her emotion, Madame de Jumillac saw the triumph of the moment was not pleasing to her whom most it concerned; and she attributed to the recluse nature of her early education this shrinking from what a court-bred belle would have enjoyed.

“My love, do not think so seriously about it,” said Madame de Jumillac.

“Seriously, Madame!” replied Ellen, echoing the word; “how could I think seriously of such folly?”

"But it makes you uneasy : — pray be tranquil, child, or all our friends will laugh at us."

"But it is *such* folly," said Ellen.

"My dear, such follies may sometimes be made to serve good purposes. Remember the marshal's enormous interest at the court at this moment, and how signally he may benefit the cause of your exiled king."

These words gave a new turn to Ellen's thoughts. She felt how much truth there was in the observation; and in her devotion to the cause of the royal Stuart her personal feelings were sunk. In that devotion she had been early instructed by her father, than whom a deeper enthusiast in the cause did not exist; and the seeds thus sown, taking root in a heart full of affection and sensibility, produced that unalloyed attachment, which can supersede all selfish considerations — an attachment to which the tendril nature of a woman's heart and mind conduces, and has furnished so many examples of heroic self-devotion.

The thought of enchaining the marshal to the Stuart cause in the rosy bondage which Madame de Jumillac hinted, thus entered Ellen's mind for an instant; but that sanctuary was too pure to permit it to remain there longer; — its temporary admission was obtained through the generosity of her disposition in preferring the cause of her king to her own, but the dignity of her nature revolted at the idea, and she almost blushed for herself, that any cause could have made her harbour a thought repugnant to honour. In thus speaking of honour, of course the word is used in its most *refined* sense; for Ellen Lynch was too strongly fortified in virtue to feel any evil consequences to herself from the attentions of the most accomplished *roué* in the world. She had also sufficient confidence in her own powers of attraction (of which every day gave evidence), and reliance on a sufficiency of woman's wit, to hold a hero in her chains, if she had looked upon coquetry as allowable; but her

simple dignity of nature, and a deep sense of moral rectitude, were above the practice of what she held to be wrong; and even for a cause in which she would willingly have laid down her life, she could not stoop to a course of conduct which would have forfeited her own self-respect. She was so absorbed in thought, that the pageant on the stage passed before her eyes as unseen as though she gazed on vacancy; her whole mind was preoccupied in anticipating circumstances that chance might combine to force her into intercourse with the marshal, and forming thereupon resolutions as to how she should act: and after much consideration, her final determination was, that prudence made it advisable to appear unconscious of any cause of anger against the count, should they meet, and that she must rely on a punctilious politeness to protect her from any advance that could offend.

This, perhaps, was the most delicate course she could have adopted in her present situation. Her father was absent at Bourdeaux, concerting measures with an Irish merchant, named Walsh, in the cause of Charles Edward; and confided, as she then was, to the protection of a lady moving in the court circles, and the wife of an officer in the army, it might have placed Madame in an awkward position had Ellen spoken the real state of her feelings, and the cause; to say nothing of the repugnance, already alluded to, which she entertained against speaking of such matters at all.

Besides, she expected the return of her father soon, and, for a few days, she reckoned it impossible any evil could result from the silence she had determined to observe.

As soon as the first act was over, the marshal's box was crowded with a succession of visitors, some *few* really glad to interchange words of kindly greeting; the *many* proud to be seen as of his acquaintances, thus deriving a reflected light from the star of the evening.

One, however, remained longer than the rest, and took a seat beside the count — it was Voltaire. They seemed mutually pleased with each other's company, and ere long the eyes of the philosopher were turned towards the box where Ellen sat. It was the first time she had seen him, and she was forcibly struck by the intellectuality of that face, where keenness of perception and satire were so singularly marked, while he was as much attracted by the expression of simplicity with intelligence which characterised the beauty of the Irish girl. It is difficult to say which had most pleasure; she, in gazing on distinguished ugliness, or he in admiring the beautiful unknown.

"What are you about there, Sir Poet?" said Saxe, noticing the rapt gaze of Voltaire.

"I am not a poet at present," answered he, "but an astronomer. I am making an observation on that heavenly body."

"Heavenly, you may well say!" ejaculated the marshal.

"Your cynosure," said Voltaire slyly.

"I should rather call her Venus," returned the count.

"I should think *Mars*," said Voltaire, eyeing the marshal, "would like to be in conjunction."

"Or *Mercury* either," rejoined Saxe, with a glance at the poet.

"You are getting too close to the sun, now," answered Voltaire. "We shall be dazzled in the light of our own metaphors, so we had better return to the earth and common sense. Who is she?"

"The daughter of a captain in the Irish Brigade."

"*Ma foi!* — those Irish are victorious every way. We have heard wondrous rumours of them at Fontenoi, from the Stuart party here."

"The fact is," said Saxe, in a whisper to the historian, — "*they won the battle* — but for Heaven's sake don't say I said so, or you know, it would not be relished in France."

"Don't fear me," said Voltaire, "I won't make either *on-dit* or history of it.¹ But *revenons à nos moutons* — the lady is very charming; I wish we had a brigade of such."

"A brigade!" cried Saxe in surprise; "why there are not as many *such* to make it in all the world!"

"*Parbleu!* count! — You are positively *entêtê* on this point."

"I am over head and ears in love with her!" said Saxe; "I confess it — and the worst of it is, she is a piece of snow."

"From the top of a mountain in Ireland," added Voltaire, with a sneer.

"Provokingly pure, on my honour," said Saxe.

"But the snow melts when it is no longer on the top of the mountain," said the scoffer.

"Would I were the valley it would fall upon!" said Saxe.

"I should think the air of Paris sufficiently warm to thaw your frozen beauty."

"She is not so easily melted, I assure you."

"*She's a woman*," said the leering cynic, who had no faith in any virtue.

"By my faith, she has more of Diana about her than ever I met yet," said Saxe.

"'Tis most natural," returned Voltaire, "with your love of sporting, that you should liken your fair one to the hunting goddess; but, marshal, if I mistake not, you admire the *chase* more than the *chaste*."

"The difference is but a *letter*," said Saxe.

"How can you say *letter*, in your present state of mind," said Voltaire; "you should say *billet-doux*."

"Hold! hold!" cried Saxe, "I cannot play at *jeu de mots* with you."

¹ The historian of *Précis du Siècle Louis XV.* kept his word. He behaves shabbily to Ireland in the account of the battle. It is from other sources we hear the whole truth of the memorable charge of her gallant brigade.

Here a fresh visitor entered the box, and made his salutations to the count in the most obsequious manner. He was one of those useful persons whom nobody likes, yet nobody can do without; who is always abused in his absence, but whose presence seems always welcome; who, by a species of ubiquity, is present at every party, where every one votes him a bore, yet smiles at his sayings, and asks him to forthcoming fêtes and suppers. He had the singularly appropriate name of "*Poterne*." The marshal was delighted at the sight of him, shook him by the hand, and invited him to a seat. Even the great Voltaire gave him a pleasant nod of recognition.

"Charmed to see you, my dear Poterne," said the marshal. "As usual I find you in the midst of fashion."

"And as usual, count," returned Poterne, with a monkeyish grin, "I find you worshipping beauty—" and he made a grimace, and looked to *the* box as he spoke.

"By-the-bye, Poterne," said the marshal, in a confidential whisper over the back of his chair, "I wish you could find out for me where Madame de Jumillac sups to-night."¹

"I can tell you already," said Poterne, with a knowing look. "I thought you would like to know, so I found out and came to tell you."

"My dear Poterne, you are a treasure!" exclaimed the count, squeezing his hand in a fit of momentary friendship: "where? — where?"

"At Madame de Montesson's."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Saxe, "I can invite myself there."

"You need not do *even* that," said Poterne, with a shrug. "*I* managed all that—the whole thing I imagined, *à l'improvisé*, and I have just come to tell you that Madame de Montesson hopes for the honour of your company."

¹ The "*petite soupers*" of this period were brilliant things, and matters of course after the opera.

"You are my good genius, Poterne!" said Saxe in ecstasy; "pray bear my compliments to Madame de Montesson, and say how happy I am in accepting the honour she proposes, and add that I will bring with me the wit of Voltaire to season *my* stupidity."

The "fetch and carry rascal" departed to do his message, content with being seen in close converse with the great man, as the payment of his dirty work.

"*Mon ami*," said Saxe to Voltaire, "you must come with me to supper. I depend on you to engage Madame de Jumillac in conversation, while I talk to her *protégée*. You alone can serve me, for she is given to virtue and letters—therefore you must make a diversion in my favour."

"I will prevent sport being spoiled as much as possible," answered his friend.

Again the door of the box was opened, and a servant in the livery of the theatre made his appearance, but remained in the background.

"Well?" was the brief exclamation of the soldier.

The servant still remained within the shadow of the back of the box, and exhibited a small note.

"Give it me," said the marshal, without leaving his seat.

The servant advanced, and placed the missive in his hand; Saxe broke the seal and read—

"Glory waits you !

"Supper at 10. Quai d'Orfèvre.

"CELESTINE."

"A Monseigneur

"Le très illustre

"Le Maréchal

"Comte de Saxe."

It was a note from the actress who had personated "Glory" in the opera, and this very brazen invitation to supper so displeased *even* Count de Saxe, who was not

very particular, that he tore a slip from the note, and, borrowing a pencil from Voltaire, wrote,

“Glory should not seek a soldier, —
A soldier should seek Glory.”

And twisting up the paper, handed it to the servant for answer. He made a low obeisance and retired; and as he was hastening back along the corridor to the stage, he was met at the head of the staircase by Adrienne le Couvreur, who arrested his further progress. She had been in the auditory of the theatre, and all unseen had witnessed the presentation of the laurel branch to the marshal by Celestine, who was a very pretty woman, and a desperate coquette, and had avowed her determination to rival the tragic queen with the gallant marshal. This demonstration had put Adrienne on the *qui vive*, and a little ruffled her temper; but when she saw the servant of the theatre hand a note (for with all his care to keep in the shade, the vigilant eye of Adrienne saw him, and her suspicions told her his mission,) her jealousy and indignation were no longer under her control, and instantly hurrying from her box she rushed down stairs to intercept the servant, and was successful in her manœuvre.

“Give me that note, Sir,” said Adrienne.

“What note, Madame?” faltered the messenger, his eyes wandering from side to side as if he dared not meet the vivid glance which was fixed on him.

“You dare not look me in the face and repeat that question,” said Adrienne quickly. “That note in your hand behind your back.”

“*Vraiment!* Madame!” said the messenger, holding forth his empty hands with a seeming candour.

“Then you have put it up your sleeve,” said Adrienne. “You can’t impose on me — I know all about it — it is an answer to a note you bore from Mademoiselle Celestine to Marshal Saxe —”

"Really, Madame!"

"I must have the note. I do not expect it for nothing — here," she said, drawing forth her purse, and handing the servant a couple of *Louis d'or*.

"Madame!" exclaimed the fellow in a deprecatory tone, "consider my honour!"

"Well, Sir, tell me the price of your honour."

"Pardon me putting a price on my own honour, Madame," said the fellow, with an air that was very whimsical, "but I think a note from a field marshal is worth five gold pieces."

"There!" said Adrienne, handing the money.

"And now, Madame, consider my character, I pray you! For pity's sake order a couple of these gentlemen to force me to deliver the note," and he pointed to some of the servants of the lobby, who were standing near and laughing.

"You are a gentleman of the nicest punctilio!" said Adrienne, smiling, and giving the order he requested to the attendants, a mock scene of forcing the note from the messenger was gone through, who with a tragic air wrung his hands, and swore he was in despair, while Adrienne seized the *billet*, and gave another *Louis d'or* to the attendants for their service. Hastily untwisting the *chiffon*, she read the count's answer with intense delight, and observing one of the principal persons in the stage direction passing at the moment, she addressed him, and requested the favour of being allowed the advantage of his private key, and being passed at once to the stage. This little favour was immediately granted, and *La belle Adrienne*, flushed with victory, and meditating vengeance, trod the boards with lofty dignity, seeking for her would-be rival. Soon she espied "Glory" at the front wing, surrounded by many subordinates; and entering the *ring*, that at once made way for the approach of so distinguished an *artiste*, she made a most dignified inclination of her head to Celestine, and, handing her the

billet open, said, "Allow me the honour to return Marshal Saxe's answer to your *obliging* invitation," laying great stress on the word "obliging," and making a low courtesy as she spoke.

Celestine might be seen to grow pale, even through her *rouge*. She bit her lip, and could not refrain from bursting into spiteful tears, which contrasted strangely with the emblems of triumph with which she was decorated.

Adrienne, with a scornful curl upon her lip, said scoffingly, "What a Glory, to be sure! This is not French glory," she added, to the women who stood by and enjoyed the scene: "'tis a glory of the Dutch school."

The words were received with a titter, for Celestine being rather a full-blown beauty, and the Dutch behaving so dastardly at Fontenoi, the words bore a double application; and, satisfied with having raised the laugh against the vanquished Celestine, Adrienne returned to her box, first having despatched a messenger with another note to the marshal.

He was much surprised to see a second theatrical messenger hand him a second billet, and exchanged a laugh with Voltaire as he broke the seal. The note ran as follows:—

"I am glad you are not *too* fond of Glory. Come sup in peace and quietness with
ADRIENNE."

"*Embarras de richesse!*" exclaimed Saxe, with a shrug, to his companion, who lending his pencil again, the count, taking a leaf from a pocket-book, wrote a few words to Mademoiselle le Couvreur, regretting he could not accept her invitation for that evening, having a pre-engagement.

To that engagement he looked for much gratification, and with the eagerness of a new passion longed for the moment that would enable him to make his compliments

to Ellen; and as soon as the opera was over, he lost no time in seeking his carriage, and driving with the poet to the hotel of Madame de Montesson. He had but just alighted when his quick eye caught sight of Ellen in the carriage that was drawing up to the door, and waiting till she was going to alight, he stepped forward, and offering his hand with an air of the most courtly attention, he assisted Ellen from the coach, and ushered her into the hall with the most respectful assurances of his great delight in having the good fortune to meet her in Paris.

It was lucky that Ellen had, by anticipation, prepared herself for the occasion, as it gave her an ease and composure of manner most calculated to serve her under the circumstances, and which rather took the count by surprise; for where he expected a certain amount of apprehensiveness and timid reserve, which his practised address was to reassure and overcome, he found a calm but faultless politeness which puzzled him excessively, and induced him almost to believe that Ellen could not be aware of the nature of his design at Bruges. On entering the drawing-room where Madame de Montesson had arrived but a few moments before, the count, after paying his compliments to Madame, followed to where Ellen had taken her seat close beside Madame de Jumillac. The proximity to her *chaperon* prevented the immediate adoption of any urgent strain of compliment which he might otherwise have attempted, and he waited till the announcement of supper would give him the opportunity of monopolising her attention out of inconvenient ear-shot, when his friend should have drawn off the elder lady to a distant corner of the table. In the meantime he addressed polite enquiries after her father, and took occasion to flatter Ellen's nationality by high praise of the Irish Brigade. Of this Ellen took immediate advantage, by turning the conversation into a channel the farthest removed from that into which the count could

wish it to flow; she spoke of the death of Colonel Dillon in terms of affectionate regret, saying she knew the whole family well in Ireland, and could tell the count many anecdotes connected with their history, which she had learned during her early intercourse with them in her childhood, and which, she was sure, would interest the count much, from the great regard he was known to entertain for the late colonel.

The count protested the most devoted friendship, but would have willingly made the anecdotes a present to his Satanic majesty; but so well did Ellen feign great interest in the recital, that he was bound to hear, without the opportunity of saying one gallant thing till supper was announced.

"Now," thought Saxe, "my time is come," as he offered his arm to Mademoiselle, and led her from the drawing-room, while Voltaire held the delighted Madame de Jumillac, proud of the poet's attention, one of the last to leave the *salon*.

The count seated himself at supper most favourably for his purpose, and was studious in his attentions to Ellen, who, having worn out the Dillons, bethought her of a new subject. She, after some preliminary askings of thousands of pardons, *et cetera*, hoped the count would excuse her if as he had already spoken of the brigade, and so far touched on public affairs, he would allow her to mention the cause dearest to her heart.

The count here edged in some speech about hearts in general, and *her* heart in particular, at which Ellen only smiled, and said a woman never could make use of the word "heart," but the gentleman beside her thought it his bounden duty to make love on the spot. "But I absolve you from that duty, count," said Ellen, "you know the cause *I* mean is that of my king, — what think you of his prospects? brightly, I trust."

Hereupon she engaged the count on the business of the Pretender during the whole of supper, that is to say,

the *eating* part of it, when people are so engaged in their own immediate interests that they care very little about their neighbours' doings, and, therefore such time is the more propitious to a tender *tête-à-tête*, when well managed by a practised *cavalier*; but so quickly did Ellen put question after question, and suggest fresh and *sensible* matter for discussion, that all the *soft nonsense* the count had hoped to utter he was forced to keep to himself. The business of supper advanced, the champagne circulated, conversation grew brisker, laughing more frequent, as if mirth and champagne had been bottled together, and every cork that popped out emancipated hilarity. And now, what sharp ringing laughter comes from the other end of the table! — 't is the tribute to the pleasantries of Voltaire, who, in endeavouring to enchain the attention of Madame de Jumillac (quietly though he does it), enchains the attention of all besides — for Madame's laughter attracts notice — 't is something Voltaire has said has made her laugh; who would not like to hear Voltaire's *bon mots*? — all became attentive by degrees. The count now thinks his time has arrived; he makes a desperate dash at compliment, and hopes to have Ellen all to himself; but she, with a well-acted air of innocent rudeness, turns to him and says, "Oh! count, pray don't talk now; I want to hear Monsieur de Voltaire," — then, suddenly stopping, as if she recollected herself, she said, "Marshal, I beg your pardon; I fear I have been very rude."

"By no means," said Saxe, with a smile, though he really *was* very much stung, wished Voltaire where the whole Catholic Church wished him, and vowed in his inmost heart he would never call upon a wit to help him when he wanted to make himself agreeable.

Voltaire had now every eye and ear devoted to him, and after a brilliant hour the *petite souper* broke up.

Saxe handed Ellen to her carriage, without having

advanced his position one step since he handed her out of it.

“Well,” said Voltaire, as he drove away with the marshal from the house, “how have you fought your battle?”

“Never was so beaten in my life,” said Saxe. “That girl is either the most innocent or the cleverest woman I ever met.”

CHAPTER XVI

MARSHAL SAXE'S DISCOMFITURE

THE day following, when Madame de Jumillac and Ellen met at breakfast, the latter complained of headache. This was true, but not quite to the extent that Ellen feigned. The excitement of the previous evening was sufficient to account for the throbbing of her temples, but the pulsation under ordinary circumstances would not have been sufficient to make her forego a very gay *fête champêtre* given that day in the neighbourhood of Paris; but, as she had heard overnight that Marshal Saxe was to be present, she made her headache serve a good turn for once, and excused herself on that score from being of the party.

"My dear child, the air would do you good," said Madame de Jumillac.

"Not to-day, dear Madame—I feel it is too bad a pain to play with."

"And such a charming party too!" added Madame.

"So charming," said Ellen, with a sweet smile of suffering, "that they won't miss me."

"Dear girl, half my pleasure will be gone if I have not you with me."

"I am sorry, dear Madame, to deprive you of any pleasure, but pray enjoy the other half without me."

It was in vain that Madame de Jumillac urged arguments or persuasions or coaxings. Ellen would not go; and, therefore, when in due time the carriage was announced to be at the door, Madame de Jumillac was

destined to be the sole occupant, and drove to the *fête champêtre* alone.

On arriving at the tasteful *château* where the *fête* was held, Madame de Jumillac was accosted by many a gallant cavalier as she sauntered through the shady walks and gaily dressed *bosquets* of the pleasure-grounds, and the salutation graciously tendered to *her* always finished by an enquiry after *Mademoiselle*, whose companionship in the dance was ever held a high favour. On hearing that a slight headache was the cause of her absence, there were a thousand “pities!” uttered; — some hundreds were “*very sorry*” — and about fifty “in despair;” — nevertheless, they all contrived to enjoy themselves. It was when she was almost wearied out with the eternal regrets of all her friends at the non-appearance of her *protégée* that Madame de Jumillac saw the Marshal Saxe passing through a crowd of distinguished persons to make his respects. After observing all that courtesy could desire to a lady at her time of life — in short, paying the *octroi* that is due at the gates of the *chaperon* before you can deal for the goods that lie within her circumvallation — the count made a polite enquiry after Mademoiselle de Lynch, and Madame de Jumillac thought he exhibited more real emotion when he heard that poor Ellen was alone at home, than any person who had heard of her indisposition. And true it was that the count *did* exhibit more emotion — but it was emotion arising from very different causes than those for which Madame de Jumillac gave him credit — ’t was an emotion which his quick spirit of stratagem excited; for, in this circumstance, he perceived a chance of obtaining a *tête-à-tête* with Ellen, and determined at once to act on the suggestion of the moment; therefore, bowing and smiling his way towards the point of egress, he seized a favourable opportunity to retire, and, finding his carriage himself, without making the *éclat* of having it called, he was driven back to Paris with all speed.

Ellen, in the hours of Madame de Jumillac's absence, had devoted her time to reading a heap of old letters, some of which (in the accumulation that time will bring) it became necessary to destroy ; as, in the rambling life she was forced to lead by her father's occupation, the most portable luggage was of importance. Perhaps there is no sadder occupation than reading old letters — particularly where you are obliged to burn some of them. Sometimes their words recall pleasures of the past — such pleasures as you feel you may never taste again ; sometimes assurances of affection, or some expression of sympathetic endearment which you are loth to destroy, and which you read over and over again before the paper is given to the flames ; sometimes a trait of unlooked-for friendship — of distant kindness that has cheered when most we wanted, and in some desolate hour has made us feel we are not forgotten. Such are the things that render old letters dear, and make the burning of them painful. The ancients used to keep the ashes of the dead in urns. Might we not do the same with letters ?

It was in the midst of such employment — her mind attuned to the tenderest pitch of sentiment, that Ellen was startled by the loud rattle of a carriage and a commanding knock at the door ; and, in a few seconds afterwards, the door of the sitting-room she occupied was thrown open, and a servant announced Marshal Saxe, who approached Ellen with the most courteous ceremonials, but at the same time with a devotion of manner far above the level of commonplace politeness, and which no woman could mistake.

"Mademoiselle," said the marshal, "I have hurried hither from a scene of pleasure, where I went in the hope of seeing you ; you being absent, it was no longer a scene of pleasure to me ; and I came to throw myself at your feet, and tell you so."

Ellen was so taken by surprise at this sudden avowal,

that it absolutely took away her breath, and she could not answer; while the count, profiting by her silence, poured forth a voluble flood of passionate protestation. At length Ellen, recovering her self-possession, though still pale with mingled alarm and indignation, answered; her voice, though less sweet, retained all its clearness, and fell with that cutting distinctness which irony imparts.

"Count," she said, "I must suppose you have been at a masquerade, and, retaining the spirit of the scene you have quitted, have come here but to mock me."

"No mockery, by Heaven!" exclaimed Saxe, "and you know it, lovely one! Did you not see, last night, how I was watching for one look of tenderness at the theatre, which you refused to grant? Did you not see, in the midst of all that engaging scene, my thoughts were wholly yours. Why were you so cruel? Could you not afford one kind look?"

"Sir," said Ellen, "in the midst of that scene of your triumph, I should have thought it a vain and unseemly intrusion had so humble a person as I am dared to claim your attention."

"Humble person!—scene of triumph!" exclaimed the count, echoing the words—"yours is nature's nobility; and as for *triumph*, I swear to you by a soldier's honour that, in the midst of all the flattery showered on me last night, I had no thought but *you*. The applauding shouts of all France would charm me less than one sigh of yours—if *I* might win it."

He fell on his knees as he passionately uttered these words, and, seizing Ellen's hand, impressed several kisses upon it.

After a momentary struggle she disengaged her hand, and the tone of irony was instantly changed to that of dignity, and as her noble brow was slightly knit, and her bright eye dilated with emotion, she said, "You have spoken of a soldier's honour, Sir; remember, I am a

soldier's daughter, and that *his* honour is involved in *mine*. I hope I need say no more." She was rising to leave the room, but the count, again seizing her hand, retained her in her seat.

"You must not leave me thus! not without some word of hope to me——"

"What would my father say, Sir, if he saw you kneeling at my feet?"

"It is not what your father would say I want to know, but what his daughter would say," returned the unabashed marshal; "by Heaven, you are the most enchanting creature in the world. My angel, my goddess, my——"

Thus was the marshal pouring forth his raptures, attempting to kiss Ellen's hand between every two words, when she became alarmed at his impetuosity, and bethought her of a stratagem to relieve herself from her painful predicament. Feigning a new apprehension, she held up her finger in token of silence, and exclaimed softly, "Hush!" Affecting then to listen for a moment, she muttered quickly, "'T is *he*! I am lost! Oh! count, if you would not have my future prospects utterly destroyed, pray conceal yourself for a moment; if you are seen here I am ruined."

"Where shall I hide?" exclaimed the count, springing to his feet.

"Here," said Ellen, opening the door of a china closet.

"Oh! you rogue!" said the count, laughing, and looking archly at her, as he obeyed her command, and entered the open portal.

"You dreadful man!" said Ellen, with a coquettish air, as she was shutting him in.

"Remember you owe me something for this," said Saxe, popping out his head.

"Take care!" said Ellen, affecting alarm; "be quick."

Saxe entered the closet, and Ellen locked the door upon him, and withdrew the key. Then throwing a light mantle round her, and casting a veil over her head, she hastened down stairs, and entering the marshal's carriage, which stood at the door, ordered the coachman to drive back to the *château* where the *fête* was held. Here she was soon enabled to find Madame de Jumillac, to whom she communicated what had happened, briefly relating the Bruges adventure, and giving her reasons for the silence she had observed on the subject. "But now," said Ellen, "I am convinced nothing will cure him but to make a scoff of his gallantry; he is locked up in the china closet; here is the key. I leave his exposure to you, Madame, the sanctity of whose roof he has dared to disrespect."

Madame de Jumillac was deeply indignant at the marshal's conduct, and, quite approving of the punishment Ellen proposed, bethought her how she could make it most severe. She determined his own particular friends should be the witnesses of his discomfiture, as well as hers to bear evidence of the affair; and with this view she sought for Voltaire and Poterne; for anything in which Voltaire bore a part must become celebrated; and Poterne was the man of all men to give currency to a piece of scandal. Having found them, Madame promised them a piece of the richest ridicule they ever witnessed if they would come with her, and so successfully piqued their curiosity, that the wit and the tale-bearer joined her party back to Paris, whither they speedily drove.

In the meanwhile the gallant Saxe remained locked up in the china closet — not the first, by many a dozen, he had been in — exulting in the success of his bold move: for the moment a lady proposed to conceal him, he was sure he had triumphed. He looked upon a china closet as the very citadel of love, which having carried, it was his to propose the terms. Not that he imagined

the lady in this case would have yielded so soon. He thought her the very slyest person he had ever encountered, and set her conduct down as one of those strange varieties of the sex, of whose caprice he had such extensive experience; but this example, he admitted, surpassed by far any he had hitherto met; and he laughed to himself at the sudden turn affairs had taken. She all honour and indignation; and then, in a moment, is proposed a china closet. "Capital!" thought Saxe—"capital!—to be sure, she would not have yielded so soon, I dare say, if she had not heard her *other* lover on the stairs, and dreaded my being discovered. Good!—her *other* lover—and she playing injured innocence all the time—and at a word proposes a *china closet*! Oh woman! woman!! woman!!!"

Such were Saxe's reveries (though they have not appeared among his *published* ones) while he was awaiting liberation and love. He began to get very impatient, however, towards the end of his imprisonment; and it was with no small satisfaction, after the lapse of a couple of hours, that he heard a tap at the door, and Ellen's sweet cautious whisper outside. After some soft mumblings through the key-hole, the key is employed, the door is opened, and forth pops the count, expecting to embrace a charming girl, when, to his horror, he sees a *group* of his particular friends, who are as much surprised as he, for Madame de Jumillac had not told the nature of her piece of ridicule, nor the name of the principal actor.

Madame de Jumillac advanced with an air of serious dignity, and said—

"Marshal, I hope this lesson will prove to you that there are some virtuous women in the world. That you should offer an affront to a young lady under my protection, at once grieves and surprises me; and I think your violation of my house justifies the severe revenge I have taken in thus exposing your defeat to the world."

Saxe looked, first very foolish, and then very angry, as he saw every one grinning ridicule upon him, and knew the story would be all over Paris next day. Poterne was the only looker-on who did not enjoy it; he was really sorry to be made an unpleasant sight to a great man, and advancing with a cringe towards the count, requested him to believe that he had no idea *he* was the person engaged, or he would not for the world have been of the party.

The count only pushed him aside, with a half-muttered malediction, as he passed towards the door, near which Voltaire was standing looking on in ecstasy.

"My dear count," said Voltaire, with a smile of malicious delight, and a tone which clearly implied he did not mean a particle of what he said, "you may be certain *I* will not mention one word of this affair."

"Of course not," answered Saxe in a corresponding tone. "I dare say I shall have an epigram at breakfast to-morrow."

"Unless you would like it better at supper to-night," replied his friend.

"Plague take you!" muttered Saxe. "As for you, ladies," he added, with a severity on his brow that seldom sat there, "since you have chosen to play at lock and key with me, I beg to remind you that *two* can play at that game, and perhaps my locks and keys may be stronger than yours."

He left the room as he spoke, and the spirit of jest was chilled under the terrible influence of his words. An involuntary shudder passed through the heart of every woman in the room; for Saxe, hero as he was in the field, was known to have been, on occasions, very unscrupulous about the means of indulging any and all of his passions, and the fearful *lettre de cachet* had been employed by him more than once to accomplish his purposes. With such reminiscences on the minds of all, the reconnoitring party of Madame de Jumillac broke up suddenly, and with that embarrassment which the dread

of something unpleasant produces ; and the affair of the china closet did not turn out so good a joke as was expected to the parties who made it, though Paris laughed at it considerably ; and Saxe's prediction was fulfilled by his receiving a note next morning, containing the following epigram : —

“ Love's empire is celestial ! — Yes !
And so is China. — Count, confess.”

CHAPTER XVII

PHAIDRIG-NA-PIB BAFFLES THE MAGISTRATE

IT is necessary, now, to return to the fortunes of Ned and Finch, whom we left in London, after assisting in the escape of O'Hara and Kirwan, who, it has been seen, got out of England in safety.

The rescue of prisoners from the Swiss guard made a great commotion in London. It gave a colour to those who wished to carry high-handed measures, for the exercise of the law in its greatest severity against all those who had the misfortune to fall within its compass: and tirades were uttered by the upholders of government against the daring disaffection of the times, when state-prisoners were rescued in open day from the king's soldiers. At the moment the circumstance occurred, the Privy Council were quite taken by surprise, on hearing of so bold a movement of the mob, and they instantly set measures on foot to enquire into the circumstances of the case, and punish the guilty, if they could be discovered. Knowing that some sailors had been the instigators of the riot, and that they had issued from a certain tavern, an order of the Council was despatched to the magistracy, to make diligent enquiry at this house of entertainment, touching the offence and its perpetrators.

It was not long, therefore, ere Mrs. Banks had a domiciliary visit from Sir Thomas de Veil (an active magistrate of that day), and a posse of constables, who searched the house, high and low, for any against whom suspicion could lie, of having taken part in the riot.

Mrs. Banks, *of course*, knew nothing about any of the party ; they were, according to her account, a pack of noisy sailors, not one of whom she had ever seen before, and devoutly hoped never to see again. She would have been the last woman, so she would, to let an enemy of the king, God bless him ! into her house. *She* harbour rebels ! — no, no — she knew better than that ; — what would become of her licence if she would permit such goings on !

In the midst of her torrent of eloquence, the officer who commanded the guard, and who had accompanied the magistrate, caught sight of Phaidrig, and pointing him out as having been in the window of the tavern while the affair was transacting, at which he seemed in great delight, and that he was playing on his pipes at the time, as if to encourage the rioters, and yelling forth some most unearthly cries, enough to make one's heart sick in their bodies.

The fact was, Phaidrig *had* been lilting one of the wildest of the pipe war-tunes, and shouting the battle cry of "Kierawaun aboo," during the fray ; and when this fact was brought home to him before Sir Thomas de Veil, all Phaidrig had for it was to mystify the magistrate as much as possible.

"What were you playing on the pipes for, Sirrah ?" asked Sir Thomas, fiercely.

"That's my business, your honour."

"You had no business, Sirrah, to be playing when rebels were impeding the king's officers."

"I beg pardon, your honour. I had no business, it's thue for you ; and when I said business, it was all through modesty."

"How do you mean modesty, Sir ?"

"Why, your honour, I said business, when in fact, I should have said profession, and that was all through modesty ; for mine is a profession, I being a musicianer."

"You're an Irishman, I perceive."

"Faix, I am."

"Then you 're a Papist?"

"No, Sir — I 'm a piper."

"No quibbling, Sir: a piper must have a religion."

"Excuse me, your honour — pipers never has any religion at all: they must make themselves plazing to all companies."

"Then are you a heathen, you vagabond?"

"No, your honour, — I 'm only a Pagan."

"Dare you acknowledge yourself a Pagan in my presence, Sirrah?"

"To be sure, your honour; there 's no law agin Pagans; it 's only agin Christians the laws is."

"But there are laws against unbelievers, villain?"

"That 'll do me no harm, your honour, for I believe every thing."

Here some persons amongst the many who were listening to Phaidrig's examination, laughed, which was all Phaidrig wanted; for nothing damages the intention of a serious examination so much as a hue of ridicule cast over it.

"But you were of the party of the sailors, however," said Sir Thomas. "Did he not come with them?" added he, addressing Mrs. Banks.

"To be sure I did," said Phaidrig, before she could answer, and to relieve her from any difficulty as to her reply.

"Silence, Sirrah! I did not ask you — but the woman of the house."

"He did come with them, your worship," answered Mrs. Banks.

"See there!" exclaimed Phaidrig, triumphantly — "I towld you so; do you think I want to tell you a lie?"

"Then if you came with them, you must know something of them," said the magistrate. "Who are they?"

"Not a one o' me knows," returned Phaidrig.

"How did you come into their company?"

"I did not *come* into their company at all. It was they *took* me into their company agin my will."

"How did that happen?"

"Why, your honour, it's a long story, but I'll make it as short as I can. You see they are wild divils of sailors that was out looking over the wide ocean for the Spaniards, to rob and murdher them, accordin' to rayson, as your honour knows, is only right and proper; and so comin' back they wer dhruv in by hard weather to Galway bay, which is the finest bay in the world, and came into the town of Galway, which is the finest town in the world, barrin' this town of London, of which your honour's glory is a chief governor, and long life to you. Well, I must tell you, Sir, the Galway people is very proud of being descinded from the Spaniards, and they are always braggin' of it evermore, and by my sowl, when the wild divils o' sailors heerd the Galway people, one and all, saying they wor Spaniards, the sailors swore they would thrate them as sitch. And sure enough they lived at free quarters, and robbed right and left, and not a thing in the town they took a fancy to they would n't take without have your lave or by your lave; and among other things, sure they took a fancy to me, God help me! and took me a prisoner, and made me play for them mornin', noon, and night, and divil a penny they paid me; and not contint with that, nothing would sarve them but to carry me off in the ship with them all the way here, sore agin my will, and when I said I would n't play for them, they said they 'd hang me—and I b'lieve they 'd ha' kept their word, for I don't think anything is too hot or too heavy for them."

"Well then," said Sir Thomas, hoping to incite Phaidrig through personal motives to disclose all he knew, "you have a heavy charge to make against these men; and if you can only bring all, or any of them to justice, they shall be punished, and I will endeavour to obtain for you ample compensation for the loss you have sustained."

"Long may you reign, my lord!" exclaimed Phaidrig; "it's the first word of pity or justice I have heerd for many a day."

"Then you'll swear against them for this offence?" said Sir Thomas.

"I'll swear *sthrong* agin them?" thundered Phaidrig.

"You know their names, I suppose?"

"'T would be hard for me to forget them, for they had the queerest names I ever heard of with cat or dog. One fellow was called 'Bumbo,' and another 'Nosey;' and there was 'Dasher,' and 'Slasher,' and 'Smasher.'"

"These are not surnames," said Sir Thomas.

"No, your honour, but they had very fine surnames with them for all that. There was 'Alexander.'"

"Alexander is a Christian name," remarked the magistrate.

"No, your honour, beggin' your pardon, *this* Alexander was n't a *Christian* name, but an *owld anshint* name — it was Alexander the *Grate* they meant all the time, together with Pompey, and Saizer, and Nickydemus."

"But these are not surnames. Were there not amongst the crew some one of the name of 'Smith,' 'Brown,' or 'Jones,' or some such name?"

"No, your honour! I never heerd sitch a name at all. There was only one smith on board, and he ——"

"There now, you are contradicting yourself," said Sir Thomas, hastily. "You said you never heard such a name on board as Smith, and in the next breath you acknowledge there was a Smith on board."

"Yis, your honour," returned Phaidrig, in a most soothing tone of voice, "so there was a Smith — that is what I was going to tell your honour; but *that* Smith was a *blacksmith*, that they had to make and mend iron things when they wor broke with fightin', or storms, or the like."

"Then you never heard regular English surnames amongst them?"

"No, indeed, Sir. My own private opinion is, they thought it better to leave their names behind them when they went to *saa*, for their doings there was not likely to do their names any credit; and maybe they thought it would be saving the magisthraits throuble to make themselves as little known as possible."

"Ah — I see — each man was provided with an *alias*."

"I can't say I ever heerd of sitch a thing among them, Sir."

"I mean they all had nicknames."

"Faith they had; and owld Nick himself never gave his name to more desarving childher, for they are the greatest set o' divils I ever came across. Oh, your honour, won't you do me justice, and sthrive and nab them, and get me my lawful due agin them?"

"What can I do, when you can give no clue? — You don't know anything of them."

"That's thrue, your honour; and I wish I knew less. Oh, weira! weira! — ruined I am. Maybe it's your honour could give me a thrifle o' money to take me home to Ireland?"

Sir Thomas did not relish this proposal, and asked, had the piper no friend in London? He answered, by asking, how could he have one in a city where he had first set his foot that morning? The magistrate asked by what conveyance he came to London? Phaidrig answered, "by the river." The functionary demanded the name of the ship. Phaidrig replied that the desperadoes had quitted their own ship a long way off, and came up the river in a smaller one, the name of which he did not know. To various other questions tending to find a clue to the sailors, Phaidrig pleaded his blindness, as preventing his making the observations other men, blessed with a sense of vision, could; and continued, by his seemingly simple and queer answers, to baffle all the efforts of the magistrate to implicate him in the transaction, or to make him implicate others. Sir Thomas

de Veil and his satellites departed, and left Phaidrig to the care of the kind widow, who was right well pleased when she saw the authorities cross her threshold, and charmed with Phaidrig for his address throughout the affair.

"You are staunch and true, and right honest," said Mrs. Banks, "and it is a pity so clever a fellow should want his eyes."

"'T is a loss to me, Ma'am, certainly," said Phaidrig, with an air of gallantry, "since it deprives me of the pleasure of seeing you."

"Ah! you rogue," said the widow, "you have a tongue worth more than a pair of eyes. Is n't it enough to have talked over Sir Thomas de Veil, without palavering me?"

"Veal, is it, you call that janius?" said Phaidrig. "Faix, he'll never be *veal* till he's dead."

"You mean he's a *calf* while he's alive," said Mrs. Banks.

"Mrs. Banks, Ma'am," answered the piper, "you're a mighty purty-spoken, sinsible woman."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Finch and Ned, no longer in their rough sailor's trim, but rather handsomely dressed in laced coats, embroidered waistcoats, and the rest of their attire correspondingly beauish. Mrs. Banks was rather surprised at the sudden metamorphosis, which Finch readily explained.

"You see, mother, the sooner I cast my sea-skin the better, after the row; so I took the loan of a handful of doubloons from one of the Jacks, and at a respectable establishment of cast-off finery, rigged myself and friend afresh, and under our new canvas the sharpest thief-catcher in England would not know us."

"But you *do* look handsome, captain!" exclaimed the widow.

"Yes, the clothes are not much the worse for wear — they'll do well enough for a turn on shore."

"And the young gentleman, too, becomes the fine

clothes well; my certie! but he has a nice leg of his own."

"Hold up your head, Ned," said Finch, laughing, "here's money bid for you! And now, mother, a word with you in private: this day's rough work is like to turn out well for me, if I can make all things requisite *fit*. A few of these bold dogs, who left you to-day in such a hurry without paying their score, are going to fit out a slashing privateer to cruise against the Spaniards, and if I can lay down some rhino in the common stock, I can have a share, and then my fortune's made. Now, mother, you told me you can let me have the cash I lent you ——"

"And a hundred more I told you, if you like."

"So you did, mother, like a good soul as you are; but the matter is, can you spare it? — not but that I'll pay it back again all safe to you, but do not inconvenience yourself for me — that's all."

"Lor! captain, would n't I lay down my life, let alone my money, for you! But consider, my dear captain, this fighting work is very terrible, and maybe you may lose your precious life, and then what's all the money in the world to you — or to me either, indeed? — for I should break my heart, I think, if anything happened to you."

"As for that, Mother Banks, have no care. Thrashing the Spaniards is simple work — just as easy as paying out cable."

"But a bullet may reach you as well as another; for somebody must be killed in these affairs."

"I may get a hole in my jacket, certainly, mother, but I might get run over on shore; or my head split with a falling tile from a house-top; or my windpipe split by some of your city Mohawks as I am going home some night. We must all die, mother, some time or other; and I'd rather have a bullet out of one of those long smooth Spanish guns ——"

“Lor! don’t talk so, captain!” exclaimed the widow, writhing as if she felt a bullet had gone through her.

“I’d rather die at sea than ashore any day; and if so be in fighting the Dons, all the sweeter. I hate ’em! Zooks! I could eat a Spaniard without salt. And as for plundering them on the high seas, I think it a good deed.”

“No doubt of it, captain, as long as you come home safe.”

“No more o’ that palaver, mother; I don’t think my yarn is quite spun yet. The money I can have, you say.”

“Whenever you like, captain. May Heaven preserve you!”

“Fiddle-de-dee, mother! — Come, Ned, we’ll have a jolly day of it; I’ll show you a good week’s sport on shore before we go afloat again — for afloat we *do* go, lad; it’s all right! — the mother here, bless her —” and he gave her a hearty kiss as he spoke — “she’ll furnish the cash, as I knew she would; so we’re before the wind again, hurra!” He snapped his fingers above his head gleefully, and tucking Ned’s arm within his own, forth they sallied on the town to have a surfeit of amusement.

CHAPTER XVIII

AN HEIR ROBBING HIMSELF OF HIS INHERITANCE

IN about a fortnight after their London adventure, Finch and Ned were at Portsmouth, where the privateer lay, in which they were going to seek their fortune. In playing this game, in this particular way, many hundreds of Englishmen were at the moment engaged; and even some of the Irish ports sent out cruisers against the Spaniards, so infatuated had the whole kingdom become with the spirit of privateering. In England it was a perfect rage at the time; scarcely a port that had not her little cruiser out to harass the enemy in detail along their coasts, and make them suffer in their minor merchant trade, while many a dashing craft of heavier metal scoured the ocean in search of larger and more valuable prizes. In this pursuit not merely the love of gain inspired the undertakers; a deep and rooted hatred to the Spaniards rendered them more energetic in their measures; and the British pride, so long wounded by the right of search which Spain, in all her treaties, continued to enforce along the coasts of South America, found balm in this opportunity of wreaking vengeance on an arrogant foe, now that the king had declared war by the reluctant advice of his ministers, who were almost forced by popular clamour to that measure; the public indignation being roused to its highest pitch of fever by the accounts constantly brought home by almost every British ship that traded to the West Indies, of the insults and cruelties exercised upon them by the Spanish *Guarda Costas* in those seas.

It sounds strange to English ears, in these triumphant days of our navy, to hear that right of search was ever submitted to by us ; but the fact was, that our ships of war were then very inferior to those of other powers, particularly those of Spain, at that day the first in the world ; and the scientific writers of England on the subject lament the inferior build and power of our vessels, which, in all their classes, were so weak in comparison with the enemy's, that it was overtaking the valour of British seamen to expect them to cope with such fearful odds against them ; and though they kept the British flag of that day untarnished, yet they could not add many laurels to the national wreath of glory, inasmuch as that in some instances, when an English ship had absolutely beaten a Spaniard, she was not strong enough to take possession of her, from sheer want of the proper power belonging to her class.

This was a cause of much national vexation, and was attributed to the love of having an army in Flanders on the part of the king, instead of triumphant fleets at sea. And when the activity and courage of privateers were so successful, these deeds of daring on the ocean were welcomed by the people with a rejoicing which, in other times, might not have been given to such a questionable mode of warfare ; and the taint of piracy which, to a certain extent, must ever tarnish privateering glory, however brilliant, was overlooked at a time when vengeance upon an enemy was the predominant feeling.

So thoroughly did this sentiment pervade all the seaports, that the crew of a privateer were held rather in more repute than a man-o'-war's-man, and the chances of rich plunder held out to all able hands engaging in the service, brought the most dashing fellows flocking to the privateer flag ; insomuch, that if a group of particularly fine seamen were walking up the main street of a seaport town, it was reckoned certain a privateer was in the harbour. Then, while all the men of the

port liked them for the cause they were engaged in, the women admired them for their good looks; and the little boys, who are always glad of any excuse to make a noise, used to go hurraing after them up and down.

Thus it was that Finch and Ned and their companions were greeted as they paraded Portsmouth in very trim attire; and when their equipment was complete, and their beautiful craft, the "Vulture" (a snow) had her "blue peter" flying, swarms of boats put off from shore, and cheered her as she made sail. Thus it was that, with the good wishes of all England and a favouring breeze, Ned was afloat again, and yet he was not quite happy. He could not divest himself of the idea that privateering was only a sort of *licensed* robbery, far worse than smuggling, which was *illegal*. Whatever is wrong in smuggling, its evil effects are not so immediately apparent, and are spread over a wider and less tangible surface; whereas, in the case of the privateer, the success of the victor can only be based on the immediate loss, perhaps ruin, of some very few; and thus, the wrong being more apparent, is more startling, particularly to a nature like Ned's, where sensibility and want of reflection were so dangerously blended. But the old temptation lured him on; the phantom which love prompted him to pursue. "Riches and Ellen," cried hope. What chance had a whisper of conscience after the "voice of the charmer?" So bracing himself up for the consequences he had determined to dare, he bade conscience be silent; he looked onward over the bows of the bounding bark, that was cleaving her way into those "blue waters" of which Finch had spoken when first he fired Ned's brain with the love of adventure. He was going to share in the excitement and peril of battle, in which he was yet untried, and that thought strung his nerves with new fortitude. With clenched hand he smote his breast, and muttered, "Conscience, be silent; *I must be a man!*" When his watch was

over, and he slept, he dreamt of a Spanish galleon of enormous magnitude; they board her; he sees her deep hold crammed full of treasure; in the heat of the fight he tumbles amidst the ingots and the doubloons, which open like water to receive him, and he sinks into the metallic mass, which closes on him, and he feels himself crushed to death by the enormous weight of the wealth he has won. He started and woke, but soon slept again, and Ellen smiled on him in his second dream, and his waking in the morning was happy.

Every depressing thought was cast to the wind—to the wind that gave them wings, and sped them onward on the path they hoped to make golden. Onward they ploughed into the deep Atlantic, and the bold and merry hearts of the treasure-seekers expanded in revelry every night over the “flowing can.” There was one joyous fellow in particular, who was the life and soul of the company. He abounded in anecdote, though now and then a dash of bitterness was perceptible in his sallies, which his companions attributed to his having been engaged in literary pursuits wherein men get so used to “handling the foils,” that they cannot help hitting their friends now and then, to keep their hands in practice. He had been to a certain extent soured by some of his early experiences. Born in a small town, the paltry jealousies which beset any aspiring man who offends his brethren by trying to do more than *they* can, stung young Tresham, and gave an occasional unamiable turn to his thoughts. Having left his native town in disgust, he proceeded to London, and won some literary reputation. He became a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and wrote pamphlets for parliament-men, who wished to have the credit of wielding a stinging pen. But his love of pleasure ran him into difficulties, from which his literary pay could not extricate him; so he joined the privateering speculations of the time, and had already done something in a small way, near the coast. Ned

admired Tresham extremely, and Tresham sufficiently liked Ned, only he said he was too sentimental by half. "You are always talking," he would say, "about your 'native land,' and all that sort of thing, which is pure nonsense, believe me. Excuse me, my dear fellow, for the word; I don't mean it offensively — but nonsense it is. Now, I am of the pure cosmopolite breed; that's the thing, nothing like it; cosmopolite for ever!"

Notwithstanding such discourse, however, Ned persevered in his love for his country, and was not ashamed to avow it — nay, he even would *sing* it; and one night while enjoying their grog, as songs were going round the board, Ned, in his most sentimental vein, gave the following: —

LOVE AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND

I

When o'er the silent deep we rove,
 More fondly than our thoughts will stray
 To those we leave, to those we love,
 Whose prayers pursue our wat'ry way.
 When in the lonely midnight hour
 The sailor takes his watchful stand,
 His heart then feels the holiest power
 Of love, and home, and native land.

II

In vain may tropic climes display
 Their glittering shores — their gorgeous shells;
 Though bright birds wing their dazzling way,
 And glorious flowers adorn the dells;
 Though nature there prolific, pours
 The treasures of her magic hand,
 The eye — but not the heart, adores:
 The heart still beats for native land.

Tresham only laughed at Ned's sentimentality. "You Irish fellows are the most incurable patriots in the world;

there's no curing you. Now, I'll volunteer a song on a native subject, gentlemen, if you allow me."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed all.

"It is not about my whole native land, for that is too extensive a subject for my limited genius; it is only the thumping heart of an Irishman can entertain so gigantic an affection; I am content with a town." Then off he dashed as follows:—

MY NATIVE TOWN

I

We have heard of Charybdis and Scylla of old;
Of Maelstrom the modern enough has been told;
Of Vesuvius's blazes all travellers bold

Have established the bright renown:
But spite of what ancients or moderns have said
Of whirlpools so deep, or volcanoes so red,
The place of all others on earth that I dread
Is my beautiful native town.

II

Where they sneer if you're poor, and they snarl if you're rich,
They know ev'ry cut that you make in your flitch;
If your hose should be darn'd they can tell ev'ry stitch;
And they know when your wife got a gown,
The *old* one, they say, was made *new* — for the brat;
And they're sure you love mice — for you can't keep a cat;
In the hot flame of scandal, how blazes the fat,
When it falls in your own native town.

III

If a good stream of blood chance to run in your veins,
They think to remember it not worth the pains,
For *losses* of caste are to them all the *gains*,

So they treasure each base renown.
If your mother sold apples — your father his oath,
And was cropp'd of his ears — yet you'll hear of them both,
For loathing all low things they never are loath
In your virtuous native town.

IV

If the dangerous heights of renown you should try,
 And give all the laggards below the go-by,
 For fear you 'd be hurt with your climbing so high,
 They 're the first to pull you down.
 Should Fame give you wings, and you mount in despite,
 They swear Fame is wrong, and that they 're in the right,
 And reckon you *there* — though you 're far out of sight
 Of the owls of your native town.

V

Then give me the world, boys ! that 's open and wide,
 Where honest in purpose and honest in pride,
 You are taken for *just what you 're worth* when you 're tried,
 And have paid your reckoning down.
 Your coin 's not mistrusted — the critical scale
 Does not weigh ev'ry piece, like a huckster at sale ;
The mint-mark is on it — although it might fail
 To pass in your native town.

Before a word of comment could be made upon the comparative merits of the two songs, the report of "a sail" from the deck soon cleared the table, and all rushed to join in the look-out. It was soon agreed she was a merchantman; and the most experienced made her out to be a "Spaniard for sartin," so all sail was made in chase. For some time the stranger seemed to take no notice; but soon it was perceived her course was altered, and sail crowded upon her, and this made the pursuit more urgent. The evening now was closing; but before sun-down, they found they were gaining on the chase; and ere darkness settled over the deep, they had neared her sufficiently to be convinced she was "foreign" and to prove they could outsail her; so vigilant look-out was kept during the night, that they might not lose her before dawn, as in case they could but have her *then* within view they could run her down before night. Fortune favoured the privateer. With every effort of nautical stratagem to get away during the darkness, the

Spanish ship was visible in the morning, and an anxious chase ensued during the day, which caused beating hearts on board both vessels. At last the Spaniard saw she must fight, and she prepared for action:—she was a large merchantman, well-armed and ably manned; but the superior sailing qualities of the privateer enabled her to choose her position, and her better-handled guns gave her a decided advantage, the results of which were soon apparent. The Spaniards, nevertheless, defended their ship gallantly; and it was not until a large proportion of her men lay dead upon her deck that she struck. Then, what a thundering shout arose from the privateer; how eagerly pushed off the boat to take possession of the prize. She was found to be a rich one; a large amount of treasure and a valuable cargo secured to the captors ample reward for their enterprise. The bullion was at once removed to the privateer, together with a portion of the crew of the Spaniard; while a draft of men from the victorious ship was put on board the prize, leaving a portion of her own people free, under the armed control of the captors, for the purpose of working the vessel; and the few passengers on board were allowed to remain, and enjoy the conveniences of their berths, but under the authority of the person put in command.

That person was Ned, who had behaved most gallantly in the action, and who, from his seamanlike reputation, was accounted the fittest person to entrust with the prize, as Finch could not be spared from the privateer, where his presence was indispensable.

The first care was to repair on both the ships the damage done in action; and after the requisite “fishings” and “splicings” and “knottings” were completed, they both made the best of their way in company towards England.

The prisoners were let up on deck by turns, and it used to go to Ned’s heart to witness their dejected looks. But one of the passengers in particular excited his deep-

est compassion. He was an old man, of venerable aspect, on whom an Indian climate had set its mark, rendering the traces of time more decided ; but since the taking of the ship, ten years seemed added to his age ; and the sunken and lustreless eye, now and then cast up to heaven, as if accompanying some inward prayer for pity, but chiefly bent downwards despairingly, as he paced the deck, bore heart-rending evidence of suffering. Up and down that deck would he pace with slow and tottering footsteps, occasionally uttering such heavy sighs, as though his heart were breaking.

The Spaniards called him Don Jerome Carcojas, but the old man spoke English so fluently, that he would not have been taken for a foreigner by his accent. Ned sought every opportunity to exercise little acts of kindness towards the old man, who seemed soothed by his attentions, and sometimes entered into conversation with Edward, who did his best to divert his melancholy by the most amusing anecdotes he could recall ; and by degrees he so won upon the captive, that their conversations lengthened daily, and the poor old gentleman at last used to leave his confinement below, less for the sake of the refreshing breeze of the deck, than the society of Ned.

One very beautiful morning, as the captive made his appearance, Ned was pacing the deck with a light and joyous step, and singing snatches of sea-songs. In short, Ned was in great spirits. The ship was going swiftly through the water before a favouring breeze, the sea sparkled brightly, all external things were calculated to cheer, and Ned was anticipating how many hundreds he should have for his share ; and it must be owned, that in the frequent indulgence in this thought of late, it was wonderful how fast he was getting rid of the conscientious scruples that suggested themselves when he first set sail on the expedition. As he turned lightly on his heel to pace forward on his beat, he caught sight

of old Don Jerome, and instantly ceasing his merry carol, accosted the old man in a gentler tone.

"Yes, you are all life and merriment," said the old man, sadly. "Ah! there is one about your age, as light of heart as you are now: light of heart in expecting me, and in anticipating riches in my coming, who if he could see me here a captive, and bereft of all my wealth, would hang his head, and maybe weep."

Ned attempted some words of comfort, which the old man heard with a silent shrug.

"Comfort to me!" he exclaimed, after some minutes' silence. "I will tell you with what hopes and intentions I was going homewards, and then you yourself may answer how a poor disappointed and ruined old man may ever hold up his head again. But God's will be done! 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' Many years ago I left my native country. Indeed, I ran away from it; abandoning parents and friends in a wild and wilful spirit, that possessed me in my youth, and maybe this heavy blow in my old age is a punishment intended by Providence for the waywardness and disobedience of my early years."

The old man paused and sighed, as if recollections of the past brought with them bitter regret, and Ned, in thus witnessing the gray-headed sorrows for youthful disobedience, bethought him of his own infraction of parental authority, and abandonment of the course wherein his father had ordered him to walk.

The old man resumed. "Years and years rolled on, and I never heard of home or kindred; but in the bustle of young and active life, I thought nothing of that; and as I prospered fast in worldly affairs, and not only all comforts, but pleasures were at my command, the present hour always drove both the past and the future out of my head. But when age began to creep on me, I had no one to care for, nor to care for me, and then regrets for past ties began to steal upon me, and self-

reproach for early heedlessness used to disturb my hours of solitude. At last, by a chance intercourse with a trader, I learnt that my brother was still alive in his native land, and had a son, the prop of his age — a blessing I did not possess, and I took the resolution of going back to Europe with all my wealth. I converted every thing into treasure — the treasure which you took, and is now on board your ship — and was returning in the hope of embracing my brother, and my nephew whom I intended making my heir, and in the enjoyment of kindred to end my days, with the hands of one who should love and honour me to close my eyes when it should please Heaven to call me away, not to be left in the last hour to the cold care of heartless hirelings in a strange land. Such were my intentions; but worse is before me than the death I wished to shun; for where I expected to go back a welcomed benefactor, I shall return but a burden and a pauper.”

Tears trickled down the old man’s cheeks as he spoke, and he sunk down exhausted on a gun-carriage.

“’T is a sad tale,” said Ned, laying his hand gently on the old man’s shoulder — “a bitter tale!” — and he wished in his heart he had not heard it.

“You are compassionate,” said the old man, “and compassion to the wretched is much. There is kindness in the tone of your voice that is welcome to me; — an accent belonging to the kind-hearted land you came from.”

Ned was surprised at such a remark upon accent coming from a foreigner, and asked him to explain himself.

“Are you not Irish?” said Don Jerome.

“Yes.”

“No wonder then I recognise the accent of a countryman,” returned the old man.

“I thought you were a Spaniard.”

“I lived amongst them in their American possessions

for forty years, and in the course of that time have become like one of themselves."

"And how comes your name to be Don Jerome Carcojas?"

"It was only a slight alteration which the Spaniards made, to accommodate my real name to their pronunciation — which is Corkery."

Ned started — gasped for breath, and had he not laid hold of the bulwark, must have fallen upon the deck.

CHAPTER XIX

NED DISCOVERS HIMSELF TO HIS UNCLE

WHAT a confused rush of contending emotions whirled through Ned's brain, as, gasping for breath, and his heart thumping against his ribs, he held on for support, and cast a fearful gaze upon the old man, who, with one word, had made him miserable. Poor fellow ! his case was a hard one. He saw before him his own uncle, of whose wealth he himself was the intended heir, and of that wealth he had helped to despoil him. The compunctious visiting of conscience he experienced before he entered on this course of pillage had been disregarded in his greedy desire for wealth, and they all recurred to him at that moment, adding weight to the blow which had fallen. He felt the chastising hand of Providence was upon him ; and that, when he went forth in violence to plunder others, the bitter retribution was ordained that he should despoil himself. Then in what fearful relation he stood to this new-found relative ! His heart prompted that he should embrace him ; but how could he dare acknowledge himself his nephew — he who was amongst his captors and his plunderers ?

The old man looked up, and Ned could hardly fortify himself against the kind expression of his glistening eye, as words of thanks were given to him for his sympathy.

"You are a good-natured fellow," said the Señor — "God bless you !"

The benediction was worse than curses to Edward's ear, and he writhed under it.

“Do not think me a poor, weak old driveller, because I droop so. I would not grieve so much if the boy had not heard of it ; but I lately sent home word of my being alive (for they thought me dead,) and of my wealth, and good intentions towards my nephew ; and of course he, poor boy, is full of joy and hope : and when he knows the result, ’t will be hard for him — hard — hard ! It is crushing in early youth to receive a blow so heavy.”

Bitterly the truth of these words was felt, while the unselfish nature of the old man’s regrets increased Ned’s anguish. “Wretch that I am !” thought he, “that all this solicitude should be entertained for the worthless fellow who has helped to work his ruin ; and these kind considerations be given to one whom he imagines far away, while the miscreant is at his side.”

“I have not long to live,” said the old man ; “the grave will soon shelter me from worldly woe ; but *he*, full of youth and health, has long years of regret before him for this mischance.”

“True,” was the response, uttered with a pang.

“While with the wealth I could have left him, he had a future of enjoyment in prospect.”

A heavy sigh followed from Ned.

“Proudly might he have claimed the girl of his heart.”

These last words were as coals of fire on the head of poor Edward, who could endure no more, but rushed from the spot, and, hiding himself in his berth, gave vent to the convulsive feelings with which his heart was bursting.

When these had run their rapid and violent course, calmer musings succeeded ; and then it was that Ned saw his case presented one point of consideration which was downright ludicrous. He was a brilliant specimen of an Irish heir, who had destroyed the fortune to which he was to succeed. He was his own cut purse. — He

had come forth to shear, and was returning shorn. — He dare not confide his case to any one. — Finch would only laugh at, while his uncle would abhor him ; therefore must he be doomed to imprison the fatal secret in his own bosom, saddening his heart, and gnawing at his conscience. What prolonged misery he endured, on the homeward passage, as day after day he was forced to meet his uncle, and experience frequent repetitions of his griefs, his thanks, and his yearnings towards his nephew ! This became at last insupportable ; it was a load his conscience could no longer bear, and he felt it would be some alleviation of his misery to confess the relationship at once, and, by the voluntary exposure of his shame, make some atonement for his transgression. But this he found was not so easy. Often he essayed, but, as the words of confession were rising to his lips, his courage failed, and pride was stronger than conscience — he could not so humiliate himself. But as the old saying hath it —

“Continual dropping will wear a stone.”

And one day the expressions of affection for his nephew, on the part of the old man, were so fervent, so full of thoughtful tenderness, that Ned could stand it no longer — he felt almost choking ; his eyes glistened with rebellious tears, and asking the Señor to follow him to the cabin, he there “made a clean breast of it,” relating his adventures from the time he left home — love, smuggling and all, — and finally disclosed his name and relationship to the old man, who, when the first shock of astonishment was over, folded Ned to his bosom and wept over him.

“Can you forgive me ?” said Ned.

“Forgive *you* ?” returned his uncle. “My poor fellow, *you* are more to be pitied than I am,” were the only words of reproof the generous old man uttered, and Ned wrung his hand with gratitude.

"What I blame you most for is your not writing to your father."

"I thought he would have disapproved of my course of life," answered Ned, "and I did not like to give him unhappiness."

"No unhappiness like uncertainty about those we love," said his uncle; "you should know that from your own experience."

"Oh, as for my love," said Ned sadly, "I told you of it because I determined to confess all. Of course you think it a wild and absurd vision — as it is; nevertheless, it has led me to all I have dared."

"Where will not love lead?" returned the old man, with a sigh, and a tone of tenderness in his voice, and his sunken eye lighted with a gleam that Edward never had marked before. "What will it not make us dare! What will it not make us hope! Think not I blame you for entertaining a love so much above your station. You could not help it — I know it, boy — for I could not help it myself. I loved as you have, Ned. But don't fear an old man is going to prate of his love — no, Ned, no. Love is for youth. I have said it, boy, only to show you I could not blame you. *My* days and hopes are past and gone, but the thoughts still lie here — here!" and he laid his attenuated hand on the slowly-beating heart, which still carried in its lessened current the unlessened tenderness of an early and hopeless passion. "Ah, Ned!" he added, with an expression of the deepest longing in his voice, "Would to God my fortune had been yours — that you might have claimed your love — that I might have seen in one of my own kin, at least the happiness that was denied to me! it would have been making real before my old eyes a dream of the past to me!"

Ned suggested that their present conference must cease, as too protracted a *tête-à-tête* might create remark on board, and remark excite questions; "and I would

not for the world they should suspect our relationship," said Ned. "How the rascals would laugh! and, though I have borne the shame of avowing myself to you, I could not bear the humiliation of being the jest of these dare-devils."

"The laugh of scorn is a sore thing," said the old man; "but the humbleness which repentance makes is consoling — do you not feel the happier, Edward, for your confession?"

"Oh, so much happier!" said Edward; "but to what merciful ears I confessed!"

"Boy!" said his uncle, solemnly, "remember that repentance ever begets mercy. And now let us part for the present — fear not discovery from me."

With these words they separated, and met no more for that day; but every four-and-twenty hours afforded them the ordinary meeting, and uncle and nephew enjoyed the interchange of affection.

Ned's spirits returned as soon as he had unburthened his conscience, and, without saying a word of his intention to his uncle, he had determined that, whatever his share of the prize should be, he would hand it over to the old man; and, though this placed as wide a gulf as ever between him and the object of his love, it brought peace to his conscience, and the inward conviction of doing what was right proved, as it ever must, a great consolation.

The ships were now nearing the shores of Europe, and, one morning, Ned was asked by his uncle for a few minutes of secret conversation. "Be sure there is not a creature within ear-shot of us," said the old man.

Ned took his opportunity for obtaining the privacy his uncle required, and the old man told him he had a secret to reveal which might in some measure retrieve their fortunes.

"It sometimes happens," said he, "that, when ships are taken by privateers, some strong-handed plunderer,

under another flag, may wrest the prize from the first captor; and this has happened so often of late, that privateers make it a rule to seize upon all the treasure they can find, and convey it on board their own bottoms, in case of the worst; and that, however ships and cargoes may slip through their fingers, they, at least, will make sure of the pieces of eight. Now my boxes of treasure have been so served by your friends, and are on board the privateer yonder; but, when I left the main, in case of accident, I——”

The old man paused and cast a look of alarm towards the door.

“Did you not hear a noise?” said he, in an under tone, to Ned.

Ned answered in the negative; and, opening the door to see that no one listened, his uncle was reassured and continued.

“In case of the worst, I——” again he paused, looked round, and, lowering his voice to a whisper, continued — “I concealed no inconsiderable sum of gold in the bags of snuff which are among this cargo.”

“Well,” said Ned, breathlessly, “what then?”

“If you could only procure some trusty agent on shore to buy all this snuff when the cargo is put up for auction, as it will be soon after we get into port, then ——”

“We should possess the gold,” interrupted Ned.

“Exactly.”

“Uncle,” said Ned, after a moment’s pause, and with a heavy sigh, as if he regretted what he was forced to say, “It would be dishonourable.”

“Dishonourable!” exclaimed the old man in surprise. “Talk of honour with thieves like these?”

“Yes,” said Ned, “the principle has passed into an old saying —

‘Honour among thieves,’

and I will not violate it — I am of them — I came out with them, as we all came, to risk our lives for gold — banded together in daring and in danger ; and, though the fates have been unkind to me in the venture, nevertheless, I cannot reconcile myself to play this trick upon my shipmates.”

“ You are a romantically-honourable fellow, Ned ! ” said his uncle. “ I would not have you obtain wealth if you have a scruple about the means.”

“ If you think of any way in which you yourself could manage to procure an agency for this purpose,” said Ned, “ I will say nothing about it : though I am not sure if that is not a breach of trust ; and question if I am not bound in strict honour to tell them this.”

“ I cannot have such an agency,” said his uncle ; “ that is quite out of the question, utter stranger as I am in England ; but, as for telling them, Ned, do not tell them yet : they have not got us into port, and there are slips ‘ between the cup and the lip ’ — France and Spain have their privateers and ships of war as well as England, and, if a Spaniard should retake us, — ”

The old man became suddenly silent, for a hasty step was heard descending the companion-ladder ; the door of the cabin was opened, and the mate popped in his head to say the privateer was making signals.

Ned hurried to the deck, and, glass in hand, was on the alert to answer his consort. The signals gave notice of a strange sail, and also told the prize to keep closer company. To achieve this, the privateer shortened, while the prize made all the sail she could ; and, when a couple of hours had brought them sufficiently near, a boat was ordered from the Spaniard to the privateer, where Ned received orders how to manage the ship through the night ; — for the night was approaching — and so was the strange sail, whose aspect was not pleasing to the company on board the snow, for it looked ship-of-war-ish, and not friendly ; and though the priva-

teer might be equal in sailing, the prize certainly was not. It was debated for some time whether the two ships in company might be able to beat off the enemy, should she prove such ; or if it would not be more advisable to throw overboard the guns of the prize, which, thus lightened, might have a better chance to run for it. It is scarcely necessary to say which way the question was decided. When did the question ever lie between fighting and running, that the British seaman did not throw up his hat for the fight ? Ned was sent back, therefore, with orders to keep close to the privateer during the night, and, in case of an attack from the strange sail, to make a good bull-dog defence of it, while the privateer should take every advantage of position, and make her shot tell. That the prize might be the better able to keep her colours to the mast, an additional draft of men was given for the working of her guns ; for hitherto, as she sailed under the protecting cannon of the privateer, she only numbered hands enough to work the ship, without any view to fighting : but, now that danger threatened, this necessary supply to her guns was afforded, while, at the same time, Ned received the order to make all possible sail he could during the night, to avoid the necessity of hostile collision. Reversing the order of the noted sea-song, which says —

“ We ’ll fight while we can — when we can’t, boys, we ’ll run ! ”

Ned’s duty was precisely the reverse —

“ We ’ll run while we can — when we can’t, boys, we ’ll fight ! ”

As the boats rowed to the prize the last red rays of the sun tipped each wave with crimson, and seemed to forebode blood ; at least, so fancied Ned, who went back silently and full of thought. The announcement of a strange sail at the very moment his uncle suggested such a chance, struck him as remarkable, and was received with the superstitious reverence of a sailor. Then, if

the sail should turn out to be Spanish, that he should be entrusted with the defence of a ship which, for his uncle's and for his own conscience' sake, he should wish to be retaken, was an embarrassing circumstance, for here were wishes divided against duty ; and in such a frame of mind, what man could wish to fight ?

With a depression of spirits rare with Ned, he stepped on board and resumed the command of the ship, whose deck he never quitted throughout the whole of the night ; during which gloomy forebodings overcast his spirit, when the intervals of the anxious duty he had to perform gave thought a moment's liberty. A presentiment that he was doomed to fall, haunted his midnight watch ; and when, as the dawn revealed the cold dead level of surrounding waters, the strange sail loomed larger in pursuit, he felt the fight was inevitable, and braced himself with the manly determination honestly and resolutely to defend his ship.

The sun now rose above the horizon, and morning, with its freshness and its brightness, sparkled over the waters. In another hour the pursuing ship fired a gun, and showed French colours. The privateer and her prize took no notice. In half-an-hour more the chase-guns of the Frenchman were opened on the flying ships, and, every ten minutes, as Ned looked over the taffrail of the Spanish merchantman, he saw the shot falling closer astern.

CHAPTER XX

GENEROSITY OF ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR

THE affair of the china closet had spread over Paris rapidly, and the defeat of so able a strategist as Marshal Saxe was looked upon as too good a joke to be laid on the shelf; the consequence therefore was, that the redoubtable count, hitherto invincible in love and war, felt so much of ridicule attach to the adventure, that he quitted the capital and retired to his *château*. But before he withdrew he prepared a terrible retaliation upon Ellen, fully in the spirit of the threat with which he quitted the house of Madame de Jumillac on the day of his defeat. He procured *lettres de cachet* against Ellen and her father, on the ground of their being in reality nothing better than English spies, while they were apparently attached to the cause of the exiled Stuart.

Lynch, it was his intention to consign to the Bastille, where he would be irrecoverably beyond all means of counteracting the marshal's designs, and protecting his beautiful daughter, whom the count destined for an imprisonment not so dismal, but more detestable, than that of the Bastille itself.

It was not the first time the count had availed himself of that most iniquitous engine of all tyrannies, the *lettre de cachet*, for the accomplishment of his libertine desires; and he was not the only one who made it serve other purposes than those for which it was supposed to be intended. This unquestioned measure of imprisonment, for whose exercise no one in the executive was responsible, invented to uphold the despotism of the

crown, was too frequently used to serve the purposes of a licentious court; and the person whom the *lettre de cachet* dragged from the bosom of home, was not always consigned to the Bastille. *That* place served for troublesome fathers, husbands, or brothers, while the surrounding *châteaux* of the voluptuous capital more frequently were the prisons of ladies who fell within the grasp of this secret instrument of unscrupulous power.

This seems almost incredible now, when the tyranny that disgraced France has been subverted for ever, and popular privilege based on the ruins of regal oppression; but, in the days of which our story treats, the crown, its minions, and the *seigneurie* of France, held undisputed power over all the lives, liberties, and honour of the people, — that people who, driven at last to desperation, rose in maddened masses on their tyrants, and took swift and terrible vengeance; — a vengeance so bloody, and so fraught with human suffering, that we shudder to remember; but at which, if we consider the provocation, we can scarcely wonder.

The marshal had retired, we have said, to his country retreat. It was the celebrated royal *château* of Chambor, which had been presented to him by the king as a mark of his favour for the brilliant services of the soldier; and the gift was the more prized by the gallant count, that it had been a favourite retreat of one whose name stands highest in the list of chivalry. Here Francis the First had enjoyed his voluptuous leisure; and this palace, built by the gallant king, had been since dedicated by many a monarch to pleasure, and was not likely to have its celebrity impaired, in that respect, by its present occupant. Saxe had determined to make a double capture of father and daughter; and, armed with his terrible warrants for their arrest, waited till Lynch should return to Paris before he should consign him to a dungeon, and carry off Ellen to the *château*.

At last that moment arrived, and Saxe was awaiting

the arrival of an emissary he had summoned, in that very chamber which, doubtless, had often been the scene of intrigue, — that little room which yet bore evidence on its window-pane of the presence, in bygone days, of the gallant founder of the fabric, whose hand had traced there the well-known couplet —

“*Souvent femme varie
Mal habil qui s’y fie.*”

The count was not alone. Voltaire, who was then on a visit with him, had just risen from the breakfast-table, and was scanning the couplet on the glass with his keen eyes, marking the form and cut of every letter. In the meantime the servant of the marshal’s pleasures entered, received some sealed *pacquets* from his master to be delivered in Paris, together with strict injunctions to be *sure and swift* in the matter of which he before had received the *private* commands of the count.

The emissary, with the assurance that “*Monseigneur* might depend on him,” bowed low, and left the chamber on his fearful mission. The marshal flung himself back in his *fauteuil*, and watched Voltaire as he was still looking at the couplet of Francis.

“That seems to fascinate you,” said Saxe. “Is it the autograph or the sentiment you admire?”

“I am amused,” said Voltaire, “at the vanity and conceit of the royal rhymers.”

“I cannot see either in the lines,” said the marshal.

“The man,” said Voltaire, “who puts a couplet thus *en evidence*, thinks his production very clever; and I do not see any great exercise of ability in discovering what he has taken so much pains to engrave.”

“But is it not true?” returned the count.

“Certainly. — But I only said it was not clever.”

“Yet the saying is known all over Europe; and that which has lived two centuries has some claim to distinction.”

"It has lived because it is true," said Voltaire. — "Truth is immortal. At the same time it must be avowed this is a very commonplace truth, and derives its immortality not from Francis: for I doubt very much if a king had not written it, and written it thus, that every sight-seer in Europe might tell, on going home, he had seen the celebrated writing on the window of the *Château de Chambor*, that the lines would have survived his reign. No. Its immortality may be derived from a more respectable antiquity than two centuries, for women were much the same two thousand years before as two hundred after Francis."

"All I pretend to say is," said the marshal, "that Louis now might just as fitly and truly write those lines as Francis."

"Yes, my friend," returned Voltaire; "and so might Pericles have written of Aspasia, or Cæsar of Cleopatra; or, to go back to the beginning, I believe, if there had been another man in the world immediately after the creation, Adam might have carved the same saying on the tree of knowledge."

The count laughed at the conceit, and Voltaire smiled at the success of his sally; and, according to the tactics of wits by profession, who are glad to retire after saying a "good thing," he made the excuse of being obliged to write, to make his bow for awhile; and, after these two sceptics in human virtue had amused themselves at the expense of the oft-abused gentler sex, the marshal, settling himself into a position of greater ease in his chair, dropped into a luxurious dose, and dreamt of *La belle Irlandaise*.

It was the third day after, that the marshal's messenger was approaching Paris, and about the same time Prince Charles Edward and his adherents were holding council at his little court in its neighbourhood. The French cabinet had refused open aid in his cause, and seemed disinclined, if not unable, to give him anything

more than good wishes: — these were at his service in abundance, — but good wishes will not supply the sinews of war. Many of his adherents went so far as to believe that the professions of the French government were all hollow; and that the desire for peace with England made them hesitate in making any movement in favour of the young Pretender.

Lynch was most indignant of them all. He had run the extremity of risk in extensively recruiting in Ireland for the Irish Brigade in the service of France, believing (as he was led to believe) that the entire brigade would be given to the service of his “rightful king,” as he called Charles, and believed him to be: but when he found that this was not to be the case, his indignation was deep, and partook of that disgust which honest and earnest natures feel at breach of faith.

“Did they think,” he would say, “that I would have made myself a recruiting officer for Louis? — Did they imagine I would enlist Irishmen to shed their blood for French quarrels and French glory? Insolent! — I enlisted my countrymen for the cause of their king — to strengthen that gallant brigade which I fondly hoped should have the largest share in placing him on his rightful throne; — and what is my reward? — I see not only their swords refused in that holy cause, but even worse; many of the brave fellows I enlisted have not been enrolled in their native brigade, but drafted here and there into French regiments, in utter violation of the understanding with which I embarked in the desperate cause of enlistment in Ireland. Curse them! — And he, their great marshal, — gallant and able though he be, staining his laurels by a profligacy so unblushing, that even the honour of a soldier’s daughter, which should be sacred in his eyes, is held as nothing! — Oh, the profligacy of the time and place disgust me, and I long to be quit of the infected land.”

While debating the affairs of the prince he would say,

—“Strike at once!—While the terrors of Fontenoi still hang over George, make a descent on Scotland.”

This he had repeated more than once at the present council held by Charles Edward, and the prince declared himself to be of the same opinion.

“If I go alone,” exclaimed Charles, with energy, — “I will show myself in Scotland, and trust to the loyal hearts there to rally round their prince.”

“If we could even get a thousand regular troops,” said Drummond.

“The happy time is more to be considered than men,” said Charles.

“And if we bring arms, we’ll find men to bear them,” added Lynch.

“True,” said Charles, — “And some expert officers will accompany me, who will soon teach them discipline.”

“The arms you can have, prince,” said a secret agent of the government.

“And a swift brig of eighteen guns lies this moment at the mouth of the Loire, ready for your highness’s service,” said Lynch.

“And I will venture to promise,” said the government agent, “that one ship of war shall sail in your company, and give protection; while a portion of the officers of the Irish Brigade can be allowed leave, and may join the expedition. — So far the government is willing to wink at the aid rendered; but, under existing circumstances, any more open demonstration in your cause, prince, is impossible.”

After some further debate, in which details were entered into, unnecessary to particularise here, it was agreed that the adherents of Charles should proceed to the mouth of the Loire, and hold themselves in readiness for embarkation, for which the arrival of the promised frigate should be the signal. Lynch informed the prince that Walsh, the Bordeaux merchant, was already at Nantes, and had three thousand gold pieces at his high-

ness's service, and also a house there ready for his reception.

Lynch was called from the conference, at this moment, at the urgent desire of a messenger, who had manifestly ridden hard, for his horse was reeking and dripping wet, as he stood at the door panting for breath. The messenger handed him a note, — he broke the seal hastily, and read —

“BELOVED FATHER,

“As you value all that is dear to you and to me return here instantly. — Your own

“ELLEN.”

The urgency of the note made him contract his brow as he read; he cast an eager glance of enquiry at the servant, who answered the look by words.

“Mademoiselle desired you should take my horse, Sir.”

In another minute Lynch was in the saddle, and riding at speed to Paris. On reaching the house of Madame de Jumillac, and asking for his daughter, a servant told him he would conduct him to where Mademoiselle was, and, opening the hall-door, led the way to the street.

“Has she been taken from the house, then?” asked her father, in alarm.

“Mademoiselle left the house suddenly, Monsieur, with Madame and another lady in a carriage.”

Lynch's uneasiness was somewhat appeased at the thought of Madame de Jumillac being still in Ellen's society; but he urged the servant to speed, and walking at a rapid pace, they were not long in reaching a handsome house; there, on Lynch presenting his name, he was immediately ushered into an apartment, where, amidst objects of taste, which adorned the chamber, and furniture of the utmost elegance, a quantity of shabby-looking clothes were strewed about the floor, or hung

upon the chairs, making a contrast too startling not to be observed by Lynch, whose wonder was increased by seeing Ellen standing amidst a heap of bodices, petticoats, caps, and jerkins, of all fashions, she herself wearing a peasant's costume, which was nearly completed, the finishing touches being in the act of completion at the hands of a very lovely woman. There was one remarkable trait in this affair; it was, that, though engaged seemingly in preparing for a masquerade, which usually inspires mirth, there was rather a serious and business-like air about the whole proceeding, and an expression of anxiety shadowing every face.

On Lynch's entrance, he was received by the beautiful lady who was acting tire-woman, with an air of supreme elegance; and, as he was taxing his memory to recall where he had seen her before, Ellen advanced to her father, and, hastily expressing her delight at seeing him in safety, begged to present him to Mademoiselle le Couvreur.

An involuntary expression of something between surprise and displeasure passed across his face, as Lynch saw his daughter thus engaged in offices of intimacy with one whose reputation was not stainless; and Madame de Jumillac, with all the quickness of a Frenchwoman, advanced and said —

“You know not, *Monsieur le Capitaine*, how deeply we are indebted to Mademoiselle le Couvreur.”

She then commenced an explanation of the affair to Lynch; the purport was in brief, this: Adrienne had, in some way, which she did not think it necessary to explain, got information of the Count de Saxe's infamous design; and she, though herself not a model of purity, had, nevertheless, enough of a woman's sympathies remaining to shudder at the thought of the marshal's plot, and hastened at once to the house of Madame de Jumillac to give warning of the impending danger, and suggest a mode of escape. Adrienne, aware there was no time

to lose, hurried Madame and Ellen away instantly from their home to her own house, where she ordered the superintendent of the wardrobe of the theatre to be in attendance, with a choice of peasant costumes, both male and female.

It so happened that the day was the octave of the feast of *Corpus Christi*, on which day the Bastille was always thrown open for public inspection, and was visited by the surrounding peasantry of Paris in thousands, who were anxious to see the interior of this prison-fortress, whose name carried with it so much of mystery and terror. Adrienne, therefore, suggested that Ellen and her father, in the disguise of peasants, should visit the Bastille; and, wandering about there all day amidst the crowd, find safety, by being in the very spot to which there was a government order to convey them; judging truly, that, of all places in Paris, the Bastille must be the last where they would be sought for, and that in the evening they could pass the barriers securely among the groups of country people then quitting the city.

Ellen's disguise was now completed; the only difficulty Adrienne experienced being to keep down her beauty as much as possible. Contrary to all the regular rules of the toilette, her object was to make the lady look ugly instead of handsome; but, with all the skill of an experienced and accomplished actress, used to the artifices of personal disguise, this was more than even Adrienne le Couvreur could accomplish.

When Lynch heard of the infamous design on foot against him and his daughter, his indignation knew no bounds; he lost all patience, and burst into a fierce and terrible invective against the marshal, clutching the handle of his sword at intervals, as though he longed for the extremity of vengeance, and even suggesting the possibility of his hastening at once to the libertine's retreat and demanding satisfaction at the point of the

sword. From such fruitless passion and vain attempt he was at length cooled down and dissuaded by the persuasive words of the ladies, who now retired from the chamber with Adrienne, she promising to Lynch the immediate attendance of the theatrical wardrobe-keeper, who would do as much for him as had been accomplished for Ellen.

"Observe," said Adrienne, "I have made believe that all this masquerading is but for the fulfilment of a little bit of private fun; so clear your brow, *Monsieur*, and seem to treat the affair as a bagatelle."

With these words she retired, and the dramatic dresser made his appearance, and in some twenty minutes the captain of the Irish Brigade was converted into a rustic, and might have passed for the "Antoine" or "Basil" of some pastoral farce.

When the ladies were allowed to return to the room, Adrienne gave some finishing strokes to the "making up" of Lynch, and father and daughter were prepared to go forth on their pilgrimage. The next point of consideration was, whither they should fly when they were past the barriers, for concealment for any time near the city was impossible.

"Opportunely," said Lynch, "I was on the point of departing for Nantes, and this only hastens the journey a few days."

"Your road thither lies directly towards *Chambor*," said Madame de Jumillac, in alarm.

"All the better," said Adrienne. "When it is found that the birds are flown, none will suspect that they are flying towards the net of the fowler."

It was then arranged that Madame de Jumillac should drive to Prince Charles Edward, tell what had occurred, and ask him to procure a passport as if for one of his own adherents, who were in the habit of being permitted to travel under feigned names; and that, under favour of night, they should meet at a safe place of rendezvous

near Paris, named by Adrienne, and thence Ellen and her father hasten to the coast. Such necessary preliminaries being arranged, Ellen uttered unfeigned and touching thanks to Mademoiselle le Couvreur; and receiving in return kind wishes for the success of the plot, father and daughter, as Basil and Annette, went forth upon the streets, and proceeded to the Bastille. As they approached the fortress, they mingled in the crowd of peasantry, and assimilated themselves as much as possible to their gait and manner, and imitated the upturned looks of surprise and gaping wonder which were bestowed on the lofty and ponderous towers. They crossed the drawbridge, and as they passed under the low-browed arch, and Ellen felt herself within the prison, she shuddered at the thought of discovery, and clung closer to her father. An admonitory look, and a whispered word of caution, recalled her to self-possession, and she affected an ease to which her heart was a stranger. — Sometimes they stopped to hear the remarks of some spokesman of a group, who pointed out something worthy of observation, or made some remark in a levity of spirit ill-suited to the place, which made his hearers laugh.

“Heaven pity the poor captive,” thought Ellen, “who hears the thoughtless laughter of those who come to see the place of his misery! How bitterly must a laugh sound to him!”

Ellen observed a turnkey eyeing her intently; the gaze was, in fact, attributable to the brute’s admiration, but to her it seemed as if he suspected her, and, with the cunning peculiar to his craft, saw through her disguise. Her heart sank within her; and as her arm touched her father he felt her shudder. Again his words were used to reassure her, but she took occasion to point out the turnkey to his observation.

“How that man looks at me!”

“Because he thinks you are pretty, Nell, no more. —

Steady, my girl, and fear nothing."—The turnkey approached, and chucking her under the chin with as galliard an air as the savage could assume, said, —

"There 's a pretty girl! — you 're pretty enough for a lady, my dear."

"Pretty enough for a *lady*! — Could he mean anything?" — Ellen attempted a smile, but it was very faint. — The turnkey thought it was shyness.

"You are too pretty to be bashful, my dear," he said. — "I should think you have soft things said to you too often to be surprised. — This is your father, I suppose, with you."

"Yes, Sir," said Ellen; "but he is deaf; and, as he cannot hear what is said, he never speaks much."

She said this to exonerate her father from the necessity of speaking, for his accent had not that purity which hers possessed — a purity which could deceive a native; — besides, her power of imitation was such, that she could mimic the *patois* of many districts, and dreaded not present discovery on the score of language.

"Then, if he is deaf, I may say what I like to you — eh? — that was not a bad hint of yours," said the fellow, with a wink.

Ellen shook her head, as much as to say he must not go too far.

"You 're the prettiest girl in your village, I 'll be sworn. — Where do you come from?"

"Lonjumeau, Sir."

"Lonjumeau! — ah, I like the girls of Lonjumeau, well. — Do you know Etienne Barolles, who lives there?"

"No, Sir," replied Ellen, sorry she had hit on a village in which he had acquaintances.

"I expect him to-day."

Ellen devoutly hoped he would not come.

"But, as he has not arrived, I 'll wait no more here, where I promised to stay for him; and I 'll show you the whole place, if you like."



The Bastille

Ellen thanked him for his offer; and a group of peasants taking advantage of this guidance, won through a pretty face, were permitted, on asking leave, to join the party, of which Ellen was quite the queen; and no peasants ever had such satisfactory sight-seeing in the Bastille as that group that day. There was nothing deserving of notice neglected by the turnkey; the narrowest spiral stair of its topmost tower, and the lowest and most noisome depths of its *souterrains*, were exhibited in the truest pride of a showman, who cared little whether it was their knees, or their hearts, he made ache, so he excited their wonder; for the more they wondered the greater man was he; and as the greater man, of course, the more acceptable to the pretty girl for whose sake all this was done. Occasionally, a halt was obtained, by his stopping at some particular place to point out where a stone had been once ingeniously removed, or an iron bar cut through, to achieve an escape; and such recitals made within the walls of this terrible prison, whose very stones seemed to deny the possibility of the tale, added such wonder to these stories, that they surpassed the marvels of fairy lore. The turnkey, seeing the incredulous looks sometimes cast upon him, and sometimes even called upon to answer doubting querists, who would venture to question the janitor in that peculiar excitement which an interest in an escape from bondage always makes, would beg to remind them that only few, *very* few, had ever succeeded in such achievements. "No, no," he would say, "when once people get in there, they don't go out in a hurry. There, for example," — and he banged his ponderous bunch of keys against a door as he spoke — "inside there is a prisoner who has never been out of his cell for thirty years!" What a chill the words cast over his hearers! As for Ellen, she felt it to her heart's very centre, and put up an inward prayer for God's special mercy over her father and herself in that day of danger,

and prayed that, with the shades of evening, his guardian spirit might descend to shield them through their many perils. This thought for self-preservation once passed, her gentle nature winced as her imagination reverted to the poor captive within that door whereon the crash of those ponderous keys had fallen. What did he think of that startling noise? — was it the executioner come to claim him? — was the hour arrived when death should relieve him from his misery? — did he hope so; or did the love of life still exist in the withered heart of that poor captive? — or did he remember that this was the day when his prison was open to public view? Did he rejoice in hearing the hum of human voices — this evidence of the presence of his fellows, even through his prison door? — or did the contrast of *their* freedom with *his* captivity make bondage more bitter? Or was some remnant of human pride still left to be wounded at the thought that *his* door was pointed out, like some cage in a menagerie, as containing some special monster demanding heavier bars, and peculiar watching?

Link after link of such heavy thoughts weighed down her spirit till she almost wept, while the turnkey thought he was doing the most amiable thing in the world, and making himself particularly agreeable.

Passing along one of the broader and more airy passages, he stopped at another door, and, shoving it open, said to Ellen, "You may look in there," and pointed the way. She hesitated; her ordinary courage was subdued by the appalling influences with which she was surrounded; and a thought shot through her brain, that, if she entered within that door, it might be shut upon her! She shuddered at the terrible imagining.

"What are you afraid of?" said the Cerberus, laughing. "'Tis only my own room; come in," and he led the way, beckoning Ellen and her father to follow, while the crowd remained outside.

The chamber seemed to be nothing more than a

hollow in the thickness of the wall, but was made as comfortable as such a place could be. Its owner opening a little cupboard that hung in a corner, produced a bottle of wine, and a glass, which he filled, and offered to Ellen, remarking that sight-seeing was tiresome work, and that there was yet much more to be gone over.

Ellen had experienced that sinking of heart which makes a restorative so desirable, and therefore gladly accepted the proffered hospitality; and though the wine was but poor stuff, it was most welcome. After giving another glass to her father, the turnkey pledged them both in a brimmer himself; and as he smacked his large protruding lips, assured Ellen a girl might do worse than marry a turnkey. This was said with a very significant look of admiration at *her*, and a self-satisfied grin, which showed that the gentleman stood on very good terms with himself.

"I cannot often get leave to go out," said he, "but the first time I can go to Lonjumeau, I will call and see you."

Ellen assured him it would give her and her father much pleasure.

"Whereabouts do you live there?"

This was rather a puzzler, for Ellen had named Lonjumeau on the spur of the moment, when he asked her where she came from, and knew but little of the place; she therefore was obliged to shelter herself under fresh inventions every step she took, and, for the present, said she knew but little of the village, as they had only removed to it within a few days.

"Oh, new comers," said the turnkey. "But then you know where your own house is."

"Oh yes," said she, "to be sure. I am not so silly as not to know my own house, though I *am* only a country girl."

"No, you don't look much like a fool," said the turnkey.

"La! how ready you gentlemen of the city are at making compliments," returned Ellen.

"Why, who could be uncivil to *you*?" said he, with a smirk. "But where do you live? — tell me that."

"You know the post-house;" said Ellen — that being the only place in the whole village she herself knew anything about, and only knowing that by having changed horses once in passing through.

"To be sure I know it," said the turnkey.

"Well, as you pass the post-house there is a turn down to the left."

"I know it," said the turnkey — "there's a grocer's shop at the corner."

"I believe there is," said Ellen; "but I have such a bad memory, and have been such a short time there — but turn down at that corner, and there are some houses ——"

"A great many," said the turnkey.

"Well, there's where we live," said Ellen.

"But in *which*?" said the turnkey, who was determined on making a visit.

"Do you remember any palings there?" asking Ellen, fishing for knowledge.

"To be sure I do — on the left."

"Just so!" said Ellen. "La! how clever you city gentlemen are! you know everything, if you only see with half an eye!"

"Oh, I remember quite well," said the turnkey, stimulated to further description, "some small houses, with vines on their front."

"The very houses," said Ellen.

"There is a house near," pursued he, "with a remarkable chimney."

Ellen, afraid of engaging too much in particulars, said she was not sure.

"You must have seen this chimney."

"I'm not sure about the chimney, Sir, but I'm sure I have seen smoke," said Ellen, with well-affected simplicity.

"Tut! you pretty simpleton," said the turnkey, "your eyes are too good not to make better use of them."

"'T is the fourth house, Sir," pursued Ellen.

"The fourth. Very well, I'll find you out."

"You can't miss it, Sir."

"But in case of accident, you may as well give me your name, too, that I may enquire in the neighbourhood."

"My name is Annette Claudet, Sir," she answered; and her admirer, satisfied with his enquiries, and promising a visit the first opportunity, offered another glass of wine, which being declined by father and daughter, he played turnkey on the bottle; and having locked it up again in his corner cupboard, pursued his course of exhibition over the prison.

There was a garden he showed, where the more favoured prisoners were permitted to take exercise. To Ellen it seemed as if the few sickly flowers were languishing for liberty, and could not bloom in bondage; and the weakly trees appeared to have outgrown their strength in stretching upwards, in the hopeless endeavour to get a peep over the wall at the nature outside for which they pined. "What melancholy reflections," thought Ellen, "is this garden calculated to excite in those who are indulged in the use of its walks, if they look on it as I do!" Thus every fresh object she saw impressed her more and more with a sadness approaching despondency; and though she knew the place afforded her temporary concealment, she longed for the approach of evening, which would place her once more outside its walls, and permit her and her father to pass unsuspected amidst the peasant groups beyond the barriers of that city, where, even now, they were sought for by the myrmidons of power.

The wished-for time at length arrived; the Bastille began to pour forth the gaping crowds of idlers: and amongst the earliest of the departing groups were the disguised fugitives, who had the good fortune to pass the barriers in safety, and breathed freer as they found themselves on the open road; and when half an hour more

placed them among quiet hedges, then Ellen, taking her father's hand, and uttering a fervent ejaculation of thankfulness to Heaven, ventured to express her belief that they were now in safety. A walk of a few miles brought them to the appointed place, where they might expect to see their friends; and as they approached the house, they saw one of the windows open, which commanded a view of the Paris road; and, peeping from behind its curtains, the lovely face of Adrienne beamed with a benevolent joy as she caught the first glimpse of the fugitives, and knew they were safe. After waving a welcome to them, she retired from the window; and by the time they reached the little entrance gate, the hand of Adrienne herself had drawn its bolt, and father and daughter were received in a pretty little parterre, and congratulations were warmly exchanged among the party.

"Is Madame de Jumillac here?" enquired Ellen.

"No," answered Adrienne. "But before you ask any questions, you must sit down, and submit to regular eating and drinking; for neither you, nor *Monsieur le Capitaine*, can have had any refreshment for many hours, and remember, you have a long journey before you."

Ellen and her father obeyed the hospitable command, given with so much grace and kindness, and partook of an elegant repast prepared for them; after which Adrienne told them how matters had fared since they had parted in the morning. It was not long after their disguise had been completed, that Madame de Jumillac's house was visited, and strict search made for Lynch and his daughter; which, failing there, was pursued in other quarters, the rank even of Prince Charles Edward not screening his retirement from invasion.

"Under these circumstances," said Adrienne, "it was impossible that Madame, or even the prince, could be of the slightest use in conducting the affair; therefore you must pardon me if I undertook to act in the place of your friends, and I hope you will not think me intrusive

in thus becoming an agent in your safety; but you must perceive at once, that any passports obtained through those channels would have put your pursuers on your track, and, therefore, I advised Madame de Jumillac to let me procure them, and further entreated her to forego the desire she had of bidding you farewell. — Here is a letter she entrusted to my care for you, Mademoiselle,” — handing Ellen a note, which was hastily opened and read with suffused eyes, as the expressions of touching tenderness reached her heart. — “And here, Monsieur, is your passport. You had better look over it to see under what name you travel; and then the sooner you both cast your disguise and prepare for the road the better, for a post-chaise will be here anon, and it is needless to counsel speed under such circumstances.”

Her advice was followed: and when Lynch and Ellen had resumed their proper attire, and returned to the apartment where they had left Adrienne, they found her engaged in packing up a little basket, which she handed to Ellen, saying that, as they must travel all night, she had put up a few *confitures*, and some little restoratives, which might be agreeable in the morning, when she would feel exhausted after her night's fatigue.

“How thoughtful! — even to such trifles as these — you have been for my sake, *dear* Madame,” said Ellen, offering her hand.

Adrienne pressed it tenderly, touched at the earnestness of her manner; and the word “*dear*,” so uttered, and coming from such pure lips, sounded to her sensitive soul little short of a blessing.

“Let me kiss your hand!” said Adrienne respectfully, and as if she felt she asked a favour.

The gentle soul of Ellen was touched at this proof of an erring woman's sense of her loss of caste, — and that at a moment when so much was due to her. With all the warm heart and enthusiasm of her country, Ellen threw wide her arms, and while heaven-born tears sprang

to her eyes, she exclaimed "My hand! — how can you ask for my hand only? — Come to my heart!"

In a moment they were locked in each other's arms; and Lynch, stern though he was in his morality, blamed not the noble nature of his pure child in thus mingling her embraces. He looked on in silence, through which the sobs of the two women were audible, and, for some minutes, neither could speak.

At length Adrienne assumed her self-command, and, clearing the tears from her eyes, gazed on Ellen for an instant with a look of admiration and gratitude. "You are a noble creature," said she, "and worthy of all that could be done for you."

"And what have you not done?" answered Ellen, — "preserved to me my father!"

"And deeper still *my* debt," said Lynch, "you have preserved to me a daughter."

"We must part," said Adrienne. "The carriage waits, and time is precious. — Come!" She led to the entrance as she spoke; and as they stepped out into the parterre, the soft beams of the moon shed a soothing light on all things.

"And now, farewell, and Heaven speed you!" she said, turning to Ellen. The moonlight fell full upon her fair forehead and deep and lustrous eyes, and Adrienne thought she seemed more like a being of heaven than earth.

"You are like an angel," she said, with almost devotion in her voice, "and those soft sweet eyes beam peace into my very soul." She stooped and plucked a stem from a rose tree; "I will keep these roses," she said, "in remembrance of this hour; and whenever I see them they will recall the benign look of those angelic eyes, and I can fancy that a seraph, for once, looked kindly on me."

"Give me one of those flowers," said Ellen, "'t will be precious to me as to you."

They divided the stem between them; and, after a

few last parting words, and a fervent blessing from Adrienne, Ellen and her father entered the carriage, and started on their toilsome and perilous journey.

For many miles they were silent ; both were occupied with their thoughts, — those of Ellen reverting to the scene in which she had been engaged, while Lynch's were cast forward to the journey before them, for the accomplishment of which one serious consideration pressed upon him, namely, that he doubted if the money he had about him would be sufficient to carry them through. He entered into conversation with Ellen on this point at last, and they held a gloomy council of war as they drove through the darkness, for by this time the moon had set. It was decided at last that they should exert themselves to pass Blois as soon as possible, for, until then, while between Paris and the seat of the marshal, they must run the risk of encountering his emissaries, should they be delayed at any intermediate post. A calculation of miles *versus* money was entered into, and Lynch, on reckoning up his cash, almost doubted being able to accomplish this object. They dare not write to Paris for money, as a letter might tend to trace them, therefore they must send a letter all the way to Nantes to obtain supplies. It was in such anxious debate the night was passed, and horses changed throughout the darkness at the successive posts ; and the dawn began to break on the sleepless travellers, as they approached the town of Etampes. There is something peculiarly grateful to the senses in the return of day, when you have been journeying for many hours through darkness ; and to spirits like those of our travellers, overcast with anxieties for the future, that darkness was yet more drear. It was with peculiar welcome, therefore, that they saw the first rays of the sun burst from their purple bondage in the east, and sparkle on the dewy vineyards through which they were now travelling. Pleasant slopes, too, here and there, were stretching

down to the river Juine, and the swept aspect of smiling nature shed balm on Ellen's spirit. The spires of the town appeared in the distance, rising among its surrounding meadows, and the morning chimes of the bells of St. Martin floated on the refreshing breeze; the postillion cracked his whip with more energy, and the jaded hacks pricked their ears, and seemed to step out more cheerfully, in expectation of the rack and manger of the hostelry. In half an hour they were entering on the skirts of the town, and Lynch suggested to Ellen that she should refresh herself with breakfast, but assuring him she felt no inclination as yet for the morning meal, they merely changed horses, and pursued their journey. The truth was, Ellen was anxious to spare their purse as much as possible, and had determined that the little basket of *confitures* should satisfy any craving of nature until she had passed Blois. On reaching their next post, however, her father again urged her to take some breakfast, but Ellen commenced unlacing her little basket, and told him, with a significant nod, that breakfast, dinner, and supper, for the next two days, were in that little basket.

Lynch understood her motive in an instant, and urged her to be sure that she was not overrating her strength; but Ellen, with a sweet smile of assurance, bade him be content on that point. He called her a brave girl, declared she might give even an old soldier a lesson on prudence, and, acting on her suggestion, said he would subsist on an occasional crust and *buvette* (as a hasty cup of refreshment was called) until their point of danger was passed. He quitted the post-chaise, and entered the little inn to call for a cup of light wine, for Lynch, being an old campaigner, was not afraid of that beverage in the morning. As a pretty lively grisette was handing him the drink, Ellen suddenly entered the house, her face beaming with excitement, and having ordered the girl to bring them breakfast directly, took her father's arm, and led him into the parlour of the inn. Lynch

could not account for this sudden revolution in Ellen's determination, and her change of manner.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, while the flush of emotion restored the colour to her cheek, — "that noble creature!"

The words would have been unintelligible, but that she opened the little basket as she spoke, and there, lying amongst the *confitures*, was a purse well stored with gold.

Lynch could not speak, nor Ellen utter another word, but with trembling lip and glistening eye she stood looking at her silent father till her heart was full to overflowing, and, unable longer to repress her emotion, she threw herself on his breast and wept.

Ellen was not a crying lady by any means; but her tears on this occasion may be pardoned, when we consider the sudden revulsion of her feelings. At this point of need, when, to save a few *livres*, she was willing to abstain from needful sustenance, and opened her little basket, content with the slender support it contained — heedless of hunger in the more necessary desire for flight — at such a moment to see a full purse was enough to make a full heart, and a stoic only could be calm; the difficulties and dangers which beset them were lessened by this timely supply, and the demon, Want, that so lately threatened to be in league with their enemies, was overcome.

The smiling grisette now made her appearance, the table was soon spread for breakfast, and cheerfully did father and daughter sit down to their morning repast.

"What is the name of this village, my girl?" enquired Lynch.

"It is called Montdésir, *Monsieur*."

"An appropriate name," said Ellen to her father, "for the place where we have found what was so much to be wished for; à Montdésir j'ai trouvé mon désir."

"Come!" said her father, "I am glad to see you are merry enough to make a *calembour*."

They both, however, displayed renovated spirits; and

he was as willing to listen to as she to utter lively sallies — for lively she was. She had quite shaken off the gloom which oppressed her overnight; for it seemed to her that fate was inclined to favour their escape, and Ellen augured well of the remainder of their journey. No time was lost, however, in pursuing it; fresh horses were ordered, and now that they had got those golden wings which can transport the traveller with accelerated speed, a trifling *douceur* in the stables always secured the best pair of horses, and a bribe to the postillion pushed them to their best pace, so that the next fifty miles were much sooner passed than the former, and they were enabled to dine at Orleans. Here Lynch offered Ellen a few hours' rest; but she preferred the prosecution of their journey, and another night of travel was undertaken. The next morning saw them approaching Blois; this, the point they were anxious to pass, was reached in safety; and now they were within twelve miles of the man who sought their capture: little did the marshal know how near to him was the prey his myrmidons were then seeking in Paris. This proximity to their enemy made Ellen very anxious, however, and she begged her father to make no further delay than change of horses required. Even at Chousy and Veuve she refused any refreshment; and it was not until reaching Haut Chantier that she took a slight breakfast. On they sped again, and reached Tours in time for dinner, which Ellen enjoyed more than her breakfast, as her courage rose in proportion to the distance placed between them and their enemy. Her father suggested some rest at Tours; but as there were still some hours of the day available, Ellen declared herself strong enough to pursue the journey farther. Fresh horses were therefore ordered; and now, leaving the southern route, they struck off to the right, westward, making for the coast; and having achieved two posts and a half, Ellen was content to give the night to sleep, and they rested at Pile St. Marc.

CHAPTER XXI

THE EXPEDITION STARTS FROM PORT LAUNAI

IT was one morning, early in July, 1745, that a large merchantman was seen, under jury-masts, making what sail she could up the Loire, assisted in ascending the stream by being in tow of a handsome French corvette, whose prize she seemed to be. On reaching Port Launai they dropped their anchors, as the sands prevented vessels of their burthen proceeding higher.

A boat was lowered from the corvette, and the captain went on shore to report himself. Being congratulated on bringing in a prize, he replied, the prize was not so very much, as she was a Spaniard, retaken from an English privateer; and, therefore, as the vessel of a friendly state, they could only claim salvage upon her.

“To judge from her masts,” said the officer with whom he spoke, “you did not get her without blows.”

“No; the Englishmen fought like devils, and a great number were killed; such as there are I will send up to Nantes when the tide makes. By-the-bye, that is a very pretty brig that lies in the river; do you know what she is?”

“It is suspected she is meant for the service of the Chevalier St. George. You know whom I mean!”

“To be sure I do. Was n’t I at Dunkirk when the troops were embarked in his cause, and did n’t I barely escape going on the rocks? Parbleu! I sha’n’t forget that gale in a hurry! So he has got something in the wind again?”

“So it is rumoured here.”

"Well, I wish him better weather than he had last — that 's all — good-bye !"

As the naval officer was returning to his boat, he was accosted by a gentleman, who held out his hand and claimed acquaintance.

"Do you not remember me ?" said the stranger.

"I have a recollection of your features, and yet I cannot recall where it was we met."

"You don't forget Dunkirk ?" enquired the stranger.

"Ah ! I have it now. — The Irish Brigade — you were on board my ship —"

"The same."

"Glad to see you," said the sailor, shaking him heartily by the hand. "But you are not in uniform now, that is the reason I did not remember you."

"Is the corvette here, captain ?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, there she lies yonder."

"Might I speak a word in private with you ?"

"Certainly. I am going on board this moment ; will you come ?"

"Willingly."

"Something brewing, I suppose," said the captain, with a significant nod, and pointing to the pretty brig.

"We will speak of that when we get on board," returned the stranger.

With these words he followed the captain to his boat, and they were rapidly rowed to the corvette ; and as they passed the prize, which was lying close alongside, a voice shouted loudly, "Captain Lynch ! Captain Lynch ! !"

Lynch — for the strange companion of the naval commander was he — looked up, and, with no small surprise, saw Ned leaning over the bulwark of the merchantman, and waving his hand as he called to him, saying he wished to speak with him.

Lynch explained to the Frenchman Ned's desire, which the captain said should be gratified, as he would

send for him to come on board the corvette. "'T is a strange chance that you should meet here," said the Frenchman. "Do you know him well?"

"Not intimately," said Lynch. "But all I know of him I have reason to like, for he has laid me twice under obligation — once deeply so. He is a very spirited young fellow."

"I'll swear to that," said the Frenchman; "for I never saw a man fight a ship more gallantly."

"But what brought him fighting on board a Spanish ship?" enquired Lynch.

"That is a most extraordinary piece of romance, which I can't pretend to tell you, but which of course he can enlighten you upon when you see him. His uncle, who is owner of the ship, and a Spanish subject, interceded with me not to confine your young friend with the rest of the prisoners, but to grant him *parole*; and as I had proved him to be a gallant fellow, I made the old man happy by acceding to his request. And now for this private affair of your own," he added, as he led him into the cabin of the corvette, and pointed to a seat.

"You are right in your suppositions about the brig yonder," said Lynch. — "I need say no more, — for the less said about secret expeditions the better; and, however you may receive what I have to propose, you, of course, will affect to know nothing about our designs. We are all ready on board, but we dare not, in so lightly-armed a vessel, venture to sail in British waters. We have been led to expect, in an underhand way (for the government will do nothing for us openly), the protection of a sixty-gun ship, but she is not yet arrived, and we may be disappointed in the end, while every day's delay is detrimental to our cause. Now, as you are cruising in the Atlantic, could you not just as well take a turn with us to the northward, and I am prepared to promise the prince would not be ungrateful."

The captain said he dared not act without orders;

that everything connected with the marine was cavilled at in those days, — that no commander might risk the slightest overstepping of duty.

Lynch continued to tempt the sailor, suggesting many modes whereby he might excuse or justify, “a *little* run towards Scotland.” “For instance,” he said, “could you not *suppose* you saw a sail, and say you chased it?”

“You forget, my friend, that there are other eyes than a captain’s on board ship, and that there are accounts kept of our doings. — I dare not comply with your request.”

Lynch, finding it vain, gave up the attempt, and returned to the deck, where he found Ned had already arrived, and cordial was the greeting he gave him, reminding him they had not seen each other since the night they parted at Courtrai.

“And that you presented me with a sword,” said Ned.

“Which I heard you made brave use of,” returned Lynch.

Ned hereupon ventured to hope Ellen was well, colouring so deeply as he spoke, that it was plain the enquiry was not uninteresting to him.

Lynch answered in the affirmative, and said she would be glad to see him if the captain would extend his *parole* to a visit on shore; “for I hear you are a prisoner,” said he, “and that there is some very strange piece of romance about this affair in which you have been engaged.”

Ned owned it was so, and that he should be delighted to relate to him the circumstances of the adventure, if he would favour him with a visit on board the merchantman.

Lynch consented, and Ned was delighted, for he had many objects in view in getting Lynch on board. In the first place though he would not join in practising a deceit on his shipmates regarding the gold concealed in the snuff, he had no such scruples about Frenchmen, and hoped to obtain through Lynch an agency by which this money might be recovered. In the next place, he wished Lynch to understand that he was his uncle’s heir, and

was anxious to set before the eyes of his fair one's father the wealth to which he should succeed. Great was Ned's joy, therefore, when he saw Lynch set his foot on the deck of the merchantman, and presented to him Señor Carcojas, for he still assumed the Spaniard, while Ned retained the name of Fitzgerald.

After giving a rapid account of his privateering adventure, Ned then confided to Lynch the secret of the hidden gold, and the means whereby it might be saved, concluding with asking Lynch's assistance.

Lynch paused for a moment, and, after some consideration, said he knew a little of the captain of the corvette, with whom he had once sailed, and though he should be glad to oblige Ned, yet, for the interest of a gentleman to whom he had only just been introduced, he would not like to interfere in such an affair.

"Allow me on that point, Sir," said Ned, "to set you right. — My uncle's generosity permits me to say, that what is *his* — is *mine*; therefore, in giving us your aid in this, you oblige me rather than him."

"Well, that alters the case," said Lynch, "and as I owe *you* my good offices, perhaps I may assist you."

"Ah, Sir!" said old Jerome, — "do not say perhaps, — say you will. Did you but know the ardent desires that have put this boy of mine on his adventures, I am sure you would sympathise with him. He has been acting under the dominion of a romantic passion, which spurred him to seek sudden wealth in desperate adventure, in the doing which he unconsciously despoiled me, his uncle. Chance led him to discover this, and though he might have kept the secret, his conscience would not let him; he humiliated himself in repentant acknowledgment before me, and that act of grace won him lasting favour in my eyes. Since then, the honourable spirit to his companions in adventure, which urged him to defend this ship to the utmost, against his own interest, has raised him in my esteem, and therefore I beg to re-

peat to you, Sir, that whatever is mine is his; and as I have told you the love of a lady has been the prime mover in all his affairs, I may as well be candid with you and tell you also, that not only whatever is mine is his — but is also — your daughter's — if she will do him the honour to share it with him."

This was a most unexpected proposition to Lynch, who was silent for some minutes, during which Ned, who was rather "taken aback" by his uncle's out-speaking, hung down his head, and dared not look at Ellen's father.

When Lynch broke silence, it was in a question to Ned. — "Does my daughter know you love her?" said he.

"She does."

"Is the love returned?"

"I dare not hope *that*," said Edward. "It was in those few hurried moments of danger at Bruges, which you alluded to, that I had the hardihood to throw myself at her feet."

"And what did she answer?"

"Nothing, in fact," said Ned. "She did not encourage — but — I may say — neither did she disdain me."

"Fairly answered," returned Lynch; "and I will as fairly tell you my intention for her is another alliance."

Ned could not answer in words, but there was an expression of despair in the look he cast upon Lynch more eloquent than language, — so eloquent that it *touched him*. And he continued, — "At the same time I must confess *she* has given no answer on the subject; and on a subject so serious, she shall never be controlled by me to *accept* — however I may consider myself justified in the authority to *object*, — or, at least, *delay*."

Peculiar emphasis was laid on the last word; and it was painful to watch the changes that passed over Edward's face as the sentences followed each other.

"Now I have two propositions to make," continued

Lynch. "There is an expedition undertaken to replace the rightful king of England on his throne; in that expedition we want brave men and ready money. Now, Sir," said he, addressing the old man, "if I get your valuable snuff out of jeopardy, will you advance a loan of a thousand pieces to Prince Charles, to procure arms and ammunition, which we need?"

"Willingly," said the old man. "I wish his cause well."

"And will you," he said to Edward, "give the aid of a bold heart and able hands to the cause, as the price of my consent?"

"With all my heart!" said Ned.

"I must make this additional proviso," added Lynch, "that until our expedition has struck its blow, no word of love must pass between you and my daughter."

This damped Ned's rising spirits; but it was such a brightening of his hopes to have his pretensions entertained in the least, that he agreed to the condition, but hoped he might be permitted to see her.

Her father consented to this, and Ned's heart bounded with joy; but a sudden difficulty presented itself to him in the recollection that he was a prisoner.

"That is a difficulty easily got over," said Lynch; "offer to enlist in the Irish Brigade, and the commandant of Nantes will be ready enough to give you your liberty; and, when once enrolled, it will be easy to manage that you join the expedition."

Lynch set out for Nantes at once, where Ned's liberation was effected; and the secret of the gold was confided to Walsh, the merchant, who, in consequence, became the purchaser of the snuff when the cargo of the prize was offered for sale, which it was in a few days. This valuable lot of tobacco was sent off to a private store, where the peculiar virtues of the snuff were extracted; and though, in modern times, much is asserted in flaming advertisements of the rare qualities of certain

eye snuffs, we venture to affirm that no snuff was ever so good for anybody's eyes as that proved to Don Jerome's.

The thousand promised pieces were handed over for Charles Edward's service, and a commission promised to Ned in the first regiment the prince should raise on his landing.

Ned was now amongst the most impatient of all for the arrival of the promised convoy; he longed to embark in the expedition, which, by engaging him in the honourable profession of arms, would elevate him at once to the rank he desired, — a rank entitling him to the company of a peer, or the hand of a lady. But as yet he had not seen Ellen, though her father assured him he should before they sailed: day after day passed, however, without this promised pleasure being fulfilled. At length the "Elizabeth," a ship of sixty-seven guns, was reported to be waiting at Belleisle, to convoy the brig; and the stores were at once forwarded to the man-of-war, and the prince's adherents given notice to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation on the morrow. In the meantime they were all invited to an entertainment that evening, which the prince gave before his departure. There were a few young nobles and men of rank who had followed him to Nantes, — some to join him in the expedition, some to witness his departure, and breathe good wishes for speed and safety to his sails. Among this goodly company were some noble ladies; and his fast friend, the young Duke de Bouillon, graced this gallant little circle. Hitherto, all these gay people, as well as the prince, observed great quietness while waiting for the arrival of the convoy, wishing the intended expedition to be as little bruited as possible; but now that the hour of departure had arrived, one brilliant meeting was agreed to, where hopeful hearts might cheer the adventurer with parting gratulations, fair lips whisper blessings on his course, and brimming glasses foam to the heartfelt toast of success to the throne-seeker.

There are times when the great find it their interest to be gracious : and at this parting reunion given by the prince, there were no exceptions made among his adherents. Walsh, the merchant, was there, and Ned, as the young gentleman who was to have a commission, was presented to the prince ; and his uncle, who had advanced the thousand pieces, was also a guest. It may be imagined how Ned's love of gentility was gratified by being presented to a real, live prince — joining in the same party with noble ladies, and a whole duke, to say nothing of some clippings of nobility that were scattered about. But beyond this was his joy at seeing his lovely Ellen once more. She received him with a most gracious smile, and spoke with him for a good while : sharing her conversation, however, with Kirwan, who kept near her, and seemed studious in his attentions. “ Ah,” thought Ned, “ there he is again.” It was manifest her father favoured the suit of Kirwan ; and the promise under which Ned was bound, placed him at a sad disadvantage ; he was pledged not to speak one word of love ; but Ned, however, could not help *looking* it ; and he met Ellen's eyes two or three times in the course of the evening in a way no woman could misunderstand. She — *La belle Irlandaise* — received the choicest courtesies of the most distinguished men in the room ; her foot was lightest in the dance, her lip most eloquent in repartee, though fair forms and quick wits were there. Brightly passed that evening ; every heart seemed wrought to its highest beat : and flashing eyes and brilliant smiles met Charles Edward on every side, shedding hopefulness over his spirit, and seeming to prognosticate triumph to that expedition which ended so fatally.

“ Brightly then, to Fancy's seeming,
The wily web of fate was gleaming ;
The warp was gold, of dazzling sheen,
But dark the web she wove between.”

So wrote one in after years ; one who then was present, and smiled and hoped like the rest. And sweet voices were there, and lays of the gallant troubadours were sung, as befitting such a meeting. One beautiful girl gave an old romaunt of Provence ; one of those strange conceits which breathe of love and chivalry. We shall try a metrical version of the quaint old thing, which was called —

THE HAND AND THE GLOVE

I

“ To horse ! to horse ! ” the trumpet sings, midst clank of spear
and shield
The knight into his saddle springs, and rushes to the field !
A lady looked from out her bower, the stately knight drew near,
And from her snowy hand she dropt her glove upon his spear.
He placed it on his helmet’s crest, and joined the gallant band ; —
“ The lady’s glove it now is mine, but soon I’ll win the hand ! ”

II

Above the plunging tide of fight, their plumes now dance like spray ;
And many a crest of note and might bore proudly through the fray ;
But still the little glove was seen the foremost of the band ;
And deadly blows the fiercest fell from that fair lady’s hand !
Before him every foeman flies ; his onset none can stand ;
More fatal e’en than ladies’ eyes was that fair lady’s hand !

III

And now the trumpet sounds retreat, the foeman drops his crest ;
The fight is past, the sun has set, and all have sunk to rest —
Save one — who spurs his panting steed back from the conquering
band ;
And he who won the lady’s glove — now claims the lady’s hand.
’T is won ! — ’t is won ! that gallant knight is proudest in the land ;
Oh, what can nerve the soldier’s arm like hope of lady’s hand !

The song, of course, was received with enthusiasm, where so many soldiers were present ; and as the exclamation of “ *brave* ” and “ *charmant* ” ran from lip to lip, Ned was curious to know what the meaning of the

song was which pleased so much, and enquired of Ellen, who hastily gave him the point of the romance.

Ned was quite charmed with the idea, which inspired him with the notion of making it serve himself a good turn. He had promised not to speak of love to Ellen, but to "give her a hint" now lay so fair before him, he could not resist it. Bowing low beside her chair, he said in a voice sweet with lovingness, "Do you know that I have got a *glove* of yours *already*?"

"A glove of mine?" said Ellen, in surprise, and blushing at the obvious implication.

"Yes," he said, and was going to tell her how he obtained it, when Lynch approached, and he could say no more. She was soon led again to dance, and Ned had no further opportunity of exchanging a word with her. Supper soon after was announced, and a bright last hour was spent; foaming pledges of champagne passed round the brilliant board; and, at last, the parting toast of success to the expedition was given. The glasses were drained and flung backward over each man's head, that their brims, so honoured, might never bear a toast less precious. The ladies rose and waved their handkerchiefs, and tears of excitement glistened on bright cheeks that were dimpled with smiles of gratulation. The joyous party broke up, and soon the dawn appeared of that busy day which was to see the adventures on the water. Port Launai was a scene of bustle at an early hour: a swift cutter lay ready to bear the larger portion of the prince's adherents on board the "Elizabeth," which lay outside the harbour of Belleisle, while a chosen few should bear the prince company on board the "Doutelle." Among these were Lynch and his daughter; and before Ned embarked on board the cutter, he had the mortification to see Kirwan hand Ellen into one of the "Doutelle's" boats, and seat himself beside her, followed by her father and Walsh, who sailed on board his own brig, to do the honours to the prince.

Thus was he separated again from Ellen, while his rival had the advantage of bearing her company. Ned was ungallant enough, however, to make a very horrid speech to himself. "She'll be sea-sick," thought Ned, "and won't be in much humour for love-making—that's a comfort."

Oh, fie! Ned!

He, at the same time, felt a pride in being on board the ship which should protect the bark that bore his "ladye-love;" and when, with favouring breeze, the two vessels in company stood out to sea, there was no eye watched the beautiful "Doutelle" so eagerly as Ned's.

For three days they thus kept company, and were unobserved by the British cruisers; but on the fourth a ship, bearing the English flag, hove in sight, and bore down on them. Under present circumstances, to avoid a hostile collision was desirable; therefore every effort was made to get off without an action; but from the point the wind blew, the Englishman had the power to force them to battle: and though inferior, by ten guns, to the "Elizabeth," determined to engage her, and the brig of 18 as well. The French man-of-war cleared for action, and took a position between the enemy and the "Doutelle," whose men were at their quarters also, ready to assist her consort, and annoy the British ship, who now opened her guns, as she bore down gallantly against such odds. The Frenchman returned the fire with promptitude, and the shot soon began to tell on both sides; in ten minutes more the "Lion" and "Elizabeth" were hard at it, pouring broadsides into each other with murderous effect. And now it was that the "Doutelle" might have done good service; though her weight of metal could not have damaged much so large a ship as the "Lion," yet her guns, well used, might have annoyed her considerably, while engaged with a vessel of superior force; but, shame to tell, she sheered off, and made all sail, in a disgraceful flight, leaving her consort to sustain the whole brunt of

the action, which was fiercely maintained for six hours ; after which, both ships were so damaged, that they mutually gave up the contest. The “Elizabeth” was in too shattered a condition to keep the sea ; therefore she returned to her own shores — a fatal mischance for Charles Edward, for she bore all the military stores. How drooped the hearts of his adherents on board as they thought of the unprovided state in which their prince would reach Scotland, should he dare to continue his course ; but heavier drooped the heart of poor Ned, who saw himself again separated from all that was dear to him on earth, without the smallest chance of knowing where or when he might ever see her more.

CHAPTER XXII

PHAIDRIG'S ENTHUSIASM FOR "THE RIGHTFUL KING"

WHILE Ned was grieving for his separation from Ellen, Finch was regretting the loss of Ned. The gallant fight Ned sustained in the merchantman enhanced his value in Finch's eyes; and when the overwhelming fire of the corvette drove the privateer from the support of her prize, and forced her to seek in flight her own safety and that of the treasure she had already secured, Finch was moved to a deeper regret for Ned's mishap in falling into the enemy's hands than his nature was often susceptible of entertaining; while in this mood, and while Ned's gallantry was fresh in their memories, Finch proposed to the crew, that, in the division of their booty, when they should return, Ned and his gallant companions in the prize should not be forgotten, but their shares allotted and set aside, in case they should survive and return to England to claim them. This, with that generosity which characterises seamen, was readily agreed to, and the privateer having suffered considerably in the action, it was considered advisable to return to port, to secure what they had already got, and refit before they should seek more, unless some small prize should fall in their way. Their good luck prevailed in this respect; they picked up a little French merchantman after a run of a couple of days, which raised the spirits of the adventurers, and greatly consoled them for the loss of the Spaniard. They should have the satisfaction, too, of "lugging something after them" into port, — a great joy to Jack, — and when, after much vigilance to keep clear of the swarm of privateers, both French and Spanish, that

hovered about the mouth of the channel, they caught the first glimpse of their own cliffs, where security awaited them, how the heart of every seaman bounded ! There is no one has the same delight and pride in his native land as a sailor, — it beats that of a landsman hollow ; — nor can we wonder at this if we consider the circumstances that engender the feeling : — Is it not most natural, that, after long and dangerous absences on the waste of waters, the sight of his own shores should touch the seaman's heart ? — that he should rejoice in the coming pleasure of embracing those who wept at his departure and shall smile at his return : —

“ 'T is sweet to know there is an eye to mark

Our coming — and grow brighter when we come : ” —

and though the thought could not be so beautifully expressed by the rough tar, still is it felt as deeply. In anticipation he pictures the bright glance of joy with which his wife or his sweetheart will rush to his embrace — he opens his arms on empty air, and folds them on his breast — he fancies the loved one is within them, and in the delusion of the moment exclaims, “ Bless her ! ”

Even such gentle emotions stirred some of the hearts among the dare-devils on board the privateer ; and as they filled the cup to drink “ Welcome home to old England,” Tresham found a ready echo in every bosom as he raised his voice in praise of the “ white cliffs.” Never was song hailed with louder welcome, nor joined in with heartier chorus, than these careless rhymes which picture the vessel returning “ from foreign,” lowering her boats over the side, and bearing the islanders to their native strand : —

OUR OWN WHITE CLIFF

I

The boat that left yon vessel's side,
Swift as the sea-bird's wing,
Doth skim across the sparkling tide
Like an enchanted thing !

Enchantment, there, may bear a part,
 Her might is in each oar,
 For love inspires each island heart
 That nears its native shore ;
 And as they gaily speed along,
 The breeze before them bears their song :
 “ Oh, merrily row, boys — merrily !
 Bend the oar to the bounding skiff,
 Of every shore
 Wide ocean o’er,
 There ’s none like our own white cliff ! ”

II

Through sparkling foam they bound — they dart —
 The much-loved shore they nigh —
 With deeper panting beats each heart
 More brightly beams each eye
 As on the crowded strand they seek
 Some well-known form to trace,
 In hopes to meet some blushing cheek,
 Or wife, or child’s embrace ;
 The oar the spray now faster flings,
 More gaily yet each seaman sings :
 “ Oh, merrily row, boys — merrily !
 Bend the oar to the bounding skiff,
 Of every shore,
 Wide ocean o’er,
 There ’s none like our own white cliff ! ”

Before sundown the privateer had dropped her anchor in a native harbour, and the scene represented by the fancy of the bard was enacted in reality. The shoreward boats — the plashing oars — the eager eyes and expectant friends — all, all were there ; and the sailors flushed with prize-money, and their friends willing to spend it with them, made the town boisterous with their festivity ; and

Midnight shout and revelry,
 Topsy dance and jollity,

ruled the “ small hours ” of the four-and-twenty.

Finch came on shore, but did not join in such rude mirth. He proceeded to London, preferring to spend

any spare time he could afford there; and really anxious to tell the good-hearted landlady the luck of his adventure, and return the sum she had lent him. On reaching the capital he proceeded at once to his old haunt; and the first object which attracted his attention in the bar, was Phaidrig-na-pib petting the landlady's little girl on his knee; and the familiarity of the child with the blind piper indicated that he had something like a family position in the establishment.

Finch hailed the piper.

"Arrah, is that yourself, then, so soon back?" exclaimed Phaidrig.

"You know me then," said Finch.

"To be sure I do."

"What's my name, then?"

"Sure I heard you spake more than once, Captain Finch; and once is enough for me. Why is not the young master with you?" He meant Ned.

"How do you know he is not with me?" enquired Finch, in surprise.

"Oh, by a way of my own: — where is he?"

"I am sorry to tell you he is a prisoner."

"Oh, my poor fellow!" exclaimed Phaidrig, in distress, clapping his hands: — "A prisoner! — Who cotch him?"

"The French."

"The Lord be praised!" said Phaidrig, as if his mind was greatly relieved.

Finch, in surprise, asked why he gave thanks for his friend being taken prisoner by the French.

"Bekaze I was afeerd it was the English had him," said Phaidrig.

"And would you rather he was prisoner in France than England?"

"Faix, I would; sure, he might meet with some friends there. *The Brigade* is there, and if all fails, can't he 'list? — Troth, that Brigade — my blessin' on it — is

as good as a small estate to the wild young Irish gentry. Besides, if a sartin person I know is in France, and knew of the lad being there, he'd give him a lift, I go bail."

"I guess the person you mean."

"Troth, you don't, — how could you?"

Finch whispered a name, and a few secret words, in Phaidrig's ear, to which the piper replied by a long low whistle; and, turning up his face, and fixing his sightless eyes as though he would look at Finch, exclaimed in a suppressed tone, "Tare-anouns — how did you know that?"

"Oh, a way of my own — as you said to me just now."

"Come up, come up," said Phaidrig, rising and leading the way — "Come up to the little room, and we'll talk — we must n't spake in the bar here."

He led the way up stairs, and Finch and he were soon seated in a snug little bed-room, where Phaidrig's hat and pipes, hanging against the wall, indicated the apartment to be his own.

"You seem quite at home, here," said Finch.

"Oh yes," answered Phaidrig; "the misthris is a kind crayther: — Afther you and Misther Ned went off in that hurry, she took pity on me, as a dark man, without friends, in a strange place, and offered me shelter till it plazed me to go back to Ireland; so the few days I was resting here I used to play the pipes below-stairs to rise the money for the journey, and, by dad, the people used to like it so well — (the pipes I mane) — that they came twice to hear me, and brought a frind with them, so that when I was thinking of making a start of it for Ireland, Mrs. Banks, the darlin', comes to me, and, says she, '*Faydrig*,' says she, for the English can't get their tongues round the fine soft sound of our language at all, and does be always clippin' it, like the coin¹ — the crayther could no more get the fine

¹ Coin-clipping was a common offence at the period.

mouthful of soft sound, than climb the moon — she could n't say *Faw-dbrig* for the life of her ; but she has a fine soft heart for all that ; and, says she, ' I wish you 'd continue playing in the house,' says she, ' for you are bringing custom to it, and, to make you as comfortable as I can, and not give you the throuble of groping your way along the streets,' says she, ' you shall have a room in the house, and share of the best that is going.' "

" I suppose the end of all this is," said Finch, " that you have married the widow ? "

" Oh no, captain," said Phaidrig, laughing ; " faix I niver tried to get at the soft side of her heart ; and I 'll tell you why — because it might get her into throuble — as you 'll see, when I tell you all in a minute or two more — and I would n't hurt or harm her for the world, for she 's as fine a hearted crayther as ever breathed the blessed air of life."

" That she is indeed," said Finch.

" Well, I staid when she asked me — and, somehow or other, there wor many gentry came about the house when they heerd an Irish piper was here, and among them, from time to time, I got the ' hard-word ' ¹ that there were warm hearts here in London for one that was ' over the water,' ² and they used to ask me to private parties to play — ' by the way ; ' ³ but it was probing me deep, they wor, about the hopes of the ' blackbird ' in the bushes in ould Ireland : and I have seen more than one noble lord about the matther."

" *More*, I have no doubt," said Finch, with emphasis.

" What do you mane ? " enquired the piper.

" Put a *Barry* to that," was the answer.

" Wow, wow ! " ejaculated Phaidrig ; " I see you know more than I thought. Well, my Lord Barrymore hears

¹ Secret intelligence, or signal.

² The well-known phrase indicating the Stuart.

³ A pretence.

from Scotland regular: and we are towld that we may be expectin' somethin' there afore long."

"I have no doubt of it," said Finch.

"Ah then, now, captain," said Phaidrig, "don't be angry if I ask you one question ——"

"Not if you ask me fifty," said Finch.

"How comes it that, being in with our side, you go on the sea and attack the French and Spaniards, that would help us?"

"A fair question, Phaidrig; and I'll give as fair an answer: When I was engaged in the 'free-trade,'¹ as we call it, I had occasional communications with adherents of 'Somebody,' and was always willing to give a cast across the water to gentlemen in distress; and I don't say but I would as soon see the man who 'sits in Charley's chair' out of it; for, to be candid, I care very little for either of them; but as, in those great affairs, poor men, like me, seldom come in for anything but blows, and the profits are only for the few and the rich, I don't see any harm in making my own fortune in my own way, and feathering my nest while I may; and while the war is a-foot, and English privateers *will* go out and seize French ships, I don't see why I should n't pick up my crumbs as well as others, for whichever side is uppermost won't care a curse for me when peace is made: therefore, though I would not betray any man engaged in this political game — and perhaps go as far as to wish them well — neither will I join in it, but get on as fast as I can in lining my pocket with French and Spanish prize-money — I don't care which."

"But suppose you wor made a captain of a man-of-war, where you would have prize-money all the same, and honour and glory into the bargain? ——"

"But where's the man-of-war, Phaidrig?"

¹ In one of the early chapters of this work, the term "free trade" was objected to by a critic, as an anachronism; but it is frequently found in the writings of the time.

"Sure, we'll take them!" said the piper.

"Easier said than done, Phaidrig."

"I wish you'd talk to Lord Barrymore — maybe it's an admiral you'd be?"

Finch laughed at the sanguine expectation of the Irish piper.

"You might as well have a word with him — I'm going there to-night."

Finch declined, and expressed his wonder that Phaidrig should have anything to do with such desperate affairs, more particularly under the privation of sight, which rendered him so helpless in case accident should throw him into the hands of his enemies.

"I can't help it," said Phaidrig; "though I have no eyes, I have a heart all the same, and it beats for the rightful king — and whenever the row begins, I must be in it."

"You don't mean to say you'll join the fighting parties?"

"To be sure I will. Won't him I love best in the world be there — the bowld Lynch, I mane? — and won't I folly him to the death? — and one comfort is, that though I am blind, and worse off than others in that regard, I'm not worse off in another, and that is — I can die but once."

"But you run greater risk; for should danger hem you in you could not escape."

"That would be an advantage; for when I could not see to run I'd stand; and don't you think many would stand with me? — for who, with a heart in him, would desert the poor blind man in the front of the fight? — and it's there I'll be (plaze God!) liting away for them, rousing the blood in them! — Hurroo!"

He waved his hand wildly above his head as he spoke, and Finch looked in admiration upon the heroic blind man, who, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, jumped up, hastily reached down his pipes from the peg where they

hung, and began playing a wild battle tune. The noise of the music in the house attracted attention, and in two or three minutes the door was opened, and Mrs. Banks made her appearance; her joy and surprise were great at the sight of Finch, who, as usual, saluted her heartily; and Phaidrig, hearing the smack, cried out —

“Ah, captain, you divil, you ’re at it again.”

“Don’t object, Phaidrig — she’s not yours yet,” said Finch, who saw in the heightened colour his words called up to the cheeks of Mrs. Banks, that his suspicions of the favour in which Phaidrig was held, were not unfounded.

END OF VOL. I.

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